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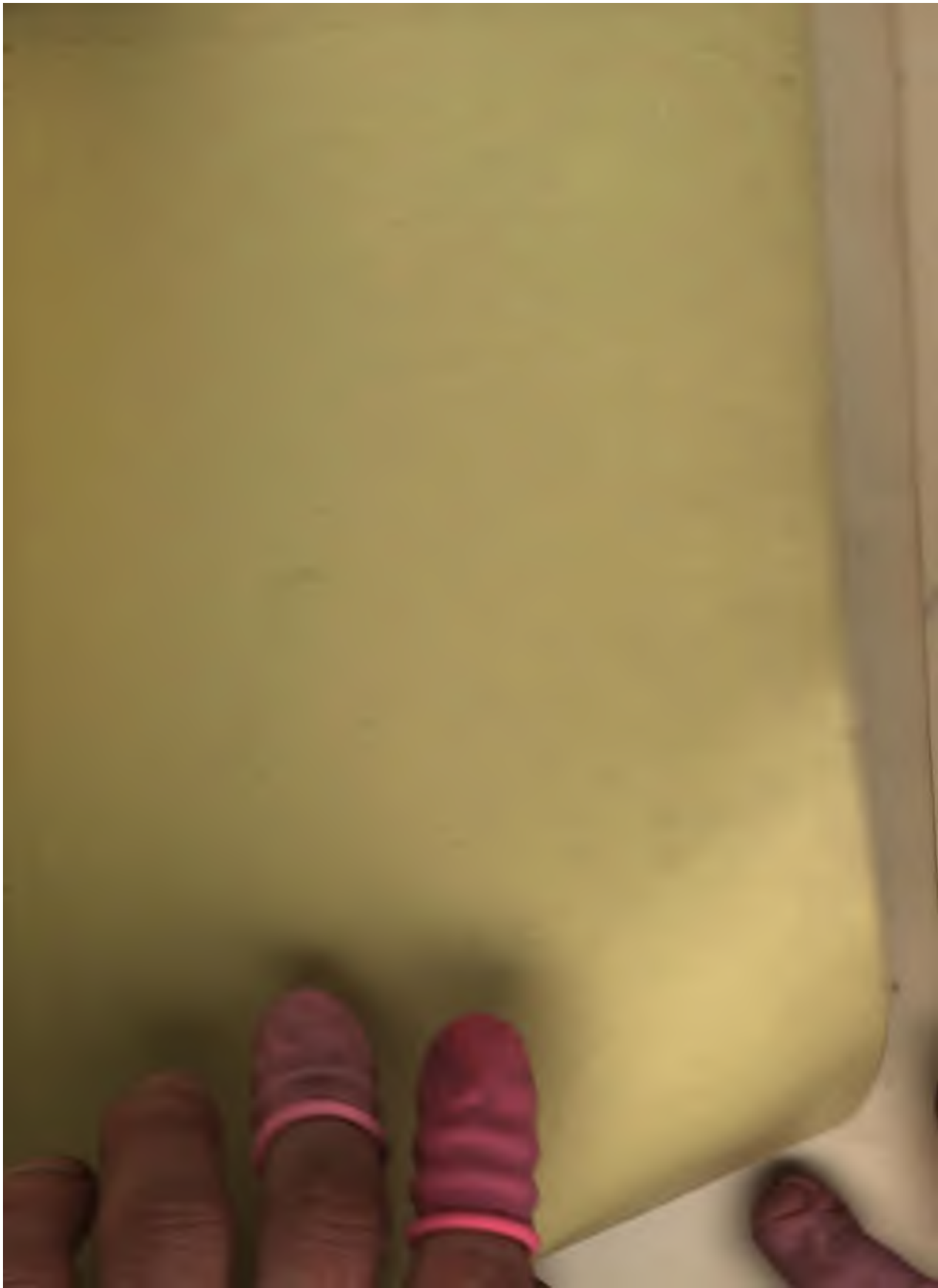
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POCAHONTAS SAVING THE LIFE OF CAPTAIN SMITH.

B R A V E L I V E S

AND

N O B L E.

BY

C L A R A L. M A T É A U X,

Author of "Home Chat," "Around and About Old England," "Wonderland of Work," etc.

"HOWE'ER IT BE, IT SEEMS TO ME,
'TIS ONLY NOBLE TO BE GOOD."



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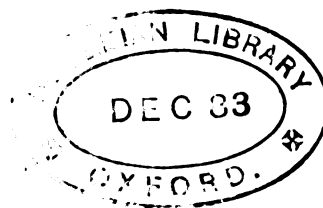
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BRAVE LIVES AND NOBLE.

A SCOTTISH HERO.

“ Old Maurice of Inchaffery—save his grey head from harm—
Has brought to bless our battle-fields, St. Fillan’s relic arm ;
But how our hearts beat in us when we heard the good man say,
That living arms and laymen’s nerves were all required to-day ;
And when he raised the cross and bade us cry unto the Lord,
And seek the grace of every saint that ever drew a sword ;
And pardon’d fight and pardon’d fall, scarce was the council given,
When hand to heart, and knee to knee, and every eye to heaven.

“ Ye could have heard the abbot tread, unsandalled though he trod,
So breathlessly the Scottish host were crying to their God ! ”

J. B. Manson.



ONE lovely summer’s morning a handsome knight came riding slowly through the woods of Tutbury. His heart was sad and depressed because of home troubles and dissensions that had called him back from the holy wars of Palestine. He, the heir of that Bruce whose claim to the crown of Scotland had been set aside by Baliol at the cost of so much treachery and blood, seemed now at the lowest ebb of fortune. No wonder that his eyes fell half jealously on the noble fortress yonder, with its tall battlements overlooking the Clyde, and its fair acres golden with the ripening grain ; its fosse and drawbridge, making it a bold, strong domain for any lord to own. But suddenly he remembered how the Lord of Carrick had fallen in those very crusades in which he himself had but lately figured, and from which his armour still carried its dints, and his cheeks, still brown bronzed



"THE ABBOT OF INCHAFRAY WALKED THROUGH THEIR RANKS."

with the glare of the fiery sun of Palestine, their scars. At this thought he reined in his horse the better to survey the scene, and as he thus paused there came a sound of laughter on the wind, and soon riding by, a gay hawking party, at the head of which was the young widowed Lady of Carrick, fair and bright as the day, with a valuable merlin on her gloved hand, for those were times when such sports were enjoyed.

Evidently she had given up grieving for her stern old lord, and was amusing herself as she best could in the shadow of her splendid halls, but such amusements pall, and halls were apt to become dull and tedious residences to noble dames.

No wonder she paused, on seeing the warlike stranger bowing low before her; no wonder her attendants pressed eagerly round to hear the latest news he so willingly told of foreign camp and English court. In those days such a chance was a most scarce and a welcome one, for even the noblest depended upon passers-by for knowledge of what was going on in the outside world, and passers-by were few.

Loud and joyfully did the warder blow his horn at sight of the gay cavalcade returning, for knight and lady rode side by side, and the feast was spread for the stranger, who could not, had he wished, have refused to share it; and the fair Lady of Carrick soon listened and pitied "for the perils he had passed, and he loved her because she pitied him."

But, thrown together thus, it was no day for slow and punctilious wooing, for had one word of his presence there reached certain jealous nobles, who were "biding their time" for the lady's favour, the Bruce would for many reasons have had small chance; the king would have certainly prohibited the wedding, and so to save trouble, before a fortnight had passed, there was a quiet marriage solemnised in the chapel, of which none knew. Thus opposition came too late, and the happy pair, after paying a heavy fine into the royal coffers, were left in peace.

This was the little romance connected with Robert the Bruce's parents, and it was at Tutbury that the child was born, and grew tall and bold and strong, scrambling like a young kid among those rocks and fastnesses, those heather-covered ways and mossy lawn sides where on that pleasant June morning his father had come riding, little knowing of the good fortune at that moment nearing, in the form of a pretty lady. It was in these wild and

beautiful places that the band of eleven frolicking brothers and sisters—all destined to be persons of importance—passed a happy childhood. Robert, one day to be crowned King of Scotland, and Edward, King of Ireland, and the mother of Regent Murray, of Scotland, these and more were there. But it is of the Hero of Bannockburn I have to tell, and this page of Robert's story I will conjure up by the aid of the "Northern Wizard," Scott, who loved to tell of the Bruce, so bold and brave and true.

"Being the 24th of June, at break of day, the battle began in terrible earnest. The English, as they advanced, saw the Scots getting into line. The Abbot of Inchaffray walked through their ranks barefooted, and exhorted them to fight for their freedom. They knelt down as he passed, and prayed to heaven for victory. King Edward, who saw this, called out, 'They kneel down; they are asking for forgiveness.' 'Yes,' said a celebrated English baron called D'Umfraville, 'but they ask it from God; not man. These men will conquer or die upon the field.'"

The English king ordered his men to begin the battle. The archers then bent their bows and began to shoot so closely together that the arrows fell like snow-flakes on a Christmas Day. They killed many of the Scots, and might, as at Falkirk and other places, have decided the victory; but Bruce was prepared for them. He had in readiness a body of men-at-arms well mounted, who rode in full gallop among the archers, who having no weapon save their bows and arrows, which they could not use when attacked hand to hand, were cut down in great numbers by the Scottish horsemen, and thrown into total confusion.

The fine English cavalry then advanced to support their archers and to attack the Scottish lines. But the ground was dug full of pits, the horses fell into these holes, and the riders were thrown, tumbling about without any means of defence, and unable to rise on account of their armour. The Englishmen began to fall into general disorder, and the Scottish king, bringing up more forces, attacked and pressed them still more closely.

On a sudden, while the battle was obstinately maintained, an event happened which decided the victory in a most unexpected manner.

The servants and attendants on the Scottish camp had been sent to a place behind the army, afterwards called the Gillies' Hill, but when they saw their masters were likely to gain the day, they rushed from their place

of concealment, with such weapons as they could get, that they might have their share of the victory and the spoil. The English, seeing them come suddenly over the hill, mistook this disorderly rabble for a new army



BRUCE ADDRESSING HIS ARMY BEFORE THE BATTLE.

coming to sustain the Scots, and, losing all heart, began to shift—every man for himself.

Edward left the field as fast as he could ride. A valiant knight, Sir Giles d'Argentine, much renowned in the wars of Palestine, attended the

king till he got him out of the press of the combat; but he would retreat no farther, saying, proudly, "It is not my custom to fly," and with that he took leave of the king, set spurs to his horse, and calling out his war cry of "Argentine! Argentine!" he rushed back into the thickest ranks, and was killed, sword in hand.

Years passed by, and crowned by his loving adherents as the first warrior of the age, the Bruce lay a-dying. Around him pressed his sorrowing friends and soldiers, to whom he gave wise advice concerning the safety of his dear native land; then he turned to the good Lord James of Douglas, and reminding him that he was still under the ban of the Church, begged of him, by their tender friendship's sake, to carry his heart to Palestine, and to see it buried in the Holy Land, where all good Catholics loved to rest; and this the loyal Douglas, amid his tears and sighs, vowed to do, and soon departed on the melancholy errand, accompanied by a princely train. But on his way he was prevailed on to stay and aid the King of Spain in his disastrous war against the Moors.

Wherever the fight was raging most fiercely there was the Douglas. At last, in very desperation, he loosened the casket that hung about his neck, and flinging it among the infidels, cried, "Forward! gallant heart, as thou wert wont, Douglas will rescue thee or die!" Then with eight or ten followers he broke through the Moorish squadrons, but was soon overpowered and slain. So died the chivalrous lord. The body of the brave champion and the relic of the Bruce were interred together in the Abbey of Melrose.





MAYORS AND MALCONTENTS.

“STRONG REASONS MAKE STRANGE ACTIONS.”—*Shakespeare.*



HERE had been great stir in London of late. First, because of the coronation of young Richard II., who was only ten years old when he took up that heavy crown, which Bolingbroke was to snatch from his weak hands; and next, because of the bold doings of John Philpot “Maier,” of whom the citizens might well be proud; for had he not fitted out, at his own expense, and led an expedition against the celebrated Scottish pirate, Mercer?—who, so little and so ill were such things attended to, had actually been allowed to carry off English shipping, even from the Port of Scarborough, besides infesting the northern coasts to their great distress and ruin; and how long this might have gone on I wot not, had not Philpot, without so much as saying “with your leave or by your leave” to laggard authorities, sailed away, and coming up with the fleet—for the Scottish “Rover” had French and German allies—he gave them battle so bravely that he captured not only most of the Scarborough vessels, but sixteen Spanish ships, and the bold Mercer himself, with whom he returned gaily to London town.

His fellow-citizens received him with joyous acclaim, triumph, and exultation; but the lordlings were offended at his presumption in undertaking an affair of such importance without their permission, so for thus saving his country from contempt and loss, the conqueror was summoned before the Council, “but he made so good a defence, with so much modesty, that he was dismissed without further trouble,” and we may imagine it



THE MOTHER OF RICHARD II. APPEALING TO WAT TYLER.

was well he was not sent to the Tower; it would have been shame to England.

Yet the "maiors" of those days were important personages. Only a little time since, one had waited, with a deputation of citizens in grand array, upon young Richard, and acknowledged him as their king, and on his entry into London had met him in splendid procession, and shown him a stately pageant, erected at Chepe in honour of his coming—it seemed like a castle—and from it flowed wine, which was handed in golden cups to the monarch and his courtiers, by four beautiful damsels of his own age, that also bestrewed his head with gilt leaves, and scattered "florins," resembling gold, among the populace. It was also the mayor's office to act as butler at Richard's coronation.

A fair and glittering sight the handsome boy-monarch must have presented, for his apparel was very sumptuous always, one of his coats being covered with precious stones, valued at 30,000 marks, about equal to £20,000. His colours were white and red, so to do him honour we hear of the mayor and citizens being all clothed in party-coloured gowns, some in tight suits of the same, so that one half of a man was white, the other scarlet, "which," says Chaucer, "made the wearer look as though the fire of St. Anthony, or some other mischance, had cankered and consumed half their bodies."

This was the time, too, when long-toed shoes, called "crackowes" and resembling claws, were fastened by silver chains to the knee, and sleeves called "pokys," shaped like a bagpipe, and reaching to the feet, were worn. But it is not of court splendour that we want to hear, rather of the citizens and their famous magistrates, Philpot and Walworth.

There had long been great complaint throughout the counties. Poor men had become tired of being treated as villains and bondsmen by their lords. Whatever their own business, they must leave it, to plough gratis the baron's land, to reap, carry, winnow, and thresh his grain; make his hay, hew his wood, or do whatever else he chose to order, while he and his lived gaily on the best, and the people on the meanest fare and in the poorest hovels. There was a fire of indignation smouldering, which was at last set blazing in Kent, from which it spread far and near.

It was bad enough to have suddenly to pay a heavy poll-tax, from

twelve pence to twenty shillings; it was even worse to put up with the insolence of the tax-collectors, who went from village to village, behaving cruelly and rudely to the poor rustic people, who bore it but in sullen fashion, till it came to the turn of one big bold man, a slater and *tyler* of Dartford. He, when an officer dared to lay rude hands on his little daughter, "up with his lathing staffe and smote him that the brains flew out of his head; then great noyse arose in the streetes," and the poor people, being glad that offence had taken form, prepared to support Wat the Tyler, and vowed to stand by him. Need I tell what followed?—how the ball, set rolling, scattered all before it; how men came streaming in from the counties, headed by leaders such as Jakke Miler, Jak Carter, Jac Trewman, and Jon Ball the Preacher, who, we are told, took for the text of his first sermon the ancient query—

"When Adam delved and Eve span,
Where was then the gentleman?"

Away came Wat Tyler's host streaming through Canterbury, where presently—tumultuous, unruly, mad—they met King Richard's mother on her return from a pilgrimage. Quaint courtier Froissart notes it thus:—

"She was in great jeopardy to have been lost, for the people came to her chaise and did rudely use her, whereof the good lady was in great dread lest they should have dealt rudely with her damsels. Howbeit, God kept her," and she got safely away to her royal son, who was waiting anxiously for what might befall.

The next great news was that 100,000 insurgents were assembled on Blackheath, and presently that London Bridge, closed by Walworth the Mayor, had been opened by the citizens to the men of Kent, and all this time much slaughter, damage, and destruction done; for the rebels had but one password—"With whom hold you?"—and whoever would not answer—"With King Richard and the true Commons"—off went his head.

Yet who could wonder if a people so long down-trodden should be, as it were, maddened with success, and misuse it shamefully in very ignorance of self-restraint?

At last they met the young king with sixty horsemen, face to face,

before the Abbey of St. Bartholomew, Smithfield, and there happened a scene familiar to most of us, for historians have loved to describe it.

Bidding his victorious crowds stand back, Wat spurred forward so that his horse touched Richard's horse, and said, exultingly :—



DEATH OF WAT TYLER.

"King! dost thou see all those men there?"

"Yea," answered the king, "why dost thou ask?"

"Because they are all under my command, and have sworn to do whatever I bid them."

"Very well," said the king, "I have no objection; bid them depart."

"But," said Tyler, "dost thou think my people will depart without thy letters of grace; we will carry them with us."

"Why?" replied the king; "so it has been ordered that you shall all of you have letters, by villages and towns; so return to thy fellows and bid them depart peacefully."

But Tyler turned to the squire who bore the king's sword, and demanded it, saying—"Give me that sword."

"I will not," said the squire, "for it is the king's sword; and thou, who art only a mechanic, not worthy to bear it. If only thou and I were together, thou would'st not have dared say what thou hast for as large a heap of gold as that church," he added, wrathfully, surveying the speaker.

"By my troth," answered Tyler, roughly, "I will not eat this day until I have thy head." But now the mayor and a dozen men, armed under their robes, pushed through the crowd, Walworth saying loudly:—

"Knavel! how darest thou behave thus in the presence of the king, thy natural lord? it is too impudent;" and the Tyler answered, jeering:—"Hey! does it concern thee?" and other hard words, upon which the mayor drew his sword and felled the rebel, others pushing him out of sight as he lay dying; but his followers missing him, cried "They have slain our captain, let us kill the whole of them," and drew up in battle array, each man bending his bow, and in fierce earnest. Then the king rode forth, commanding that none should follow, and called, in his soft, boyish voice, half entreating, half commanding, yet naught afear'd:—

"Sirs! what aileth you? You shall have none other captain than me, who am your king;" and as he sat there so trusting and brave, the bent bows slackened, and some called for peace, and by means of promises and fair words that great meeting dispersed. The king returning went immediately to the lady his mother, who had remained at his palace in great anguish and fear. On seeing him safe, she rejoiced exceedingly, exclaiming, amid tears:—

"Ha, ha, fair son, what pain and anguish have I not suffered for you!"

"Certes, madam," answered Richard, "I well know that. But now rejoice and give thanks to God, as it is fit we should praise Him, seeing I have this day regained mine inheritance and realm of England, which I had well nigh lost."



A MADCAP PRINCE.

“I do wish your honours may increase,
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you, and obey you as I did.
So shall I live to speak my father's words :
‘Happy am I that have a man so bold,
That dares do justice on my proper son ;
And not less happy, having such a son
That would deliver up his greatness so
Unto the hands of Justice.’ You did commit me,
For which I do commit unto your hand
The unstained sword that you have used to bear,
With this remembrance—that you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
As you have done against me.” *Shakespeare.*



NO need to tell more of the incident our Shakespeare has summed up in these few lines, which show us the venerable judge standing with bowed head but upright conscience, before the newly-crowned monarch of England, so lately “The Madcap Prince of Wales,” he, who at fifteen had won his knightly spurs at the battle of Shrewsbury, and had since oft-times fought against that valiant Welshman, “the irregular and wild Glendower.”

Prince Henry's father, whose head, it is said, was better than his heart, cared not to have his son's interference in state affairs, nor, because of the money spent in wars and other matters, did he care to supply his heir's youthful extravagances, which were not a few, as we may judge from the fact that not only did Chief Justice Gascoigne, but also the



PRINCE HENRY BEFORE JUDGE GASCOIGNE.

Mayor of Coventry, commit the prince for open violation of the law's decorum, for broils and open riots, and even worse.

Old Stowe tells us how "Hal" used to disguise himself and lie in wait for Receivers of the Crown lands, or of his father's patrimony, and in the masked disguise of a highwayman, set upon them, and rob them of what he, no doubt, held as partly his own by rights, though, for all his soldierly training, he sometimes got soundly beaten in the tussle, yet afterwards always rewarded such of his father's officers who made the stoutest resistance. A madcap prince truly, while his father lived.

But it is pleasanter to think of Henry as the brave monarch who, leaving behind him all the unworthy companions and unkingly follies of his youth, took up that father's sceptre and sword, and vowed to live so that the world should wonder at his wisdom as they had done at his weakness and reckless folly.

Perhaps you would like to know that at this time our hero was in stature a little above the middle size, his countenance beautiful, his neck long, his body slender and altogether elegantly formed. He was very strong, and so swift that, with two companions, without dogs, or missive weapons, he once actually caught a doe, one of the fleetest animals.

Because of his descent from Edward III., Henry had a weak title to certain dukedoms, yet it seems strange to remember now, that profiting by the internal divisions disturbing France, our bold English king soon thought proper to forward to that troubled country a claim to its throne, and also to the hand of the Princess Katherine with 2,000,000 crowns dowry. The Government did not refuse him the maid or the money, but they naturally enough declined an English sovereign, the more decidedly that they had a king and a dauphin of their own already.

Barons and knights and archers, eager for military fame, engaged to follow Henry of England, "the scourge of a justly incensed Providence," as he termed himself, and somewhat arrogantly, as seems to us nowadays. Well, having assembled a large and magnificent army, bound to serve for a year and a day under his banner, Henry sent over Antelope, his pursuivant-at-arms, to formally demand about half of France as a right; this the old king mildly but firmly declined to resign, while the Dauphin forwarded a parcel of tennis-balls, telling Henry that, from what he himself had heard,

they were likely to be far more useful to his grace than cannon-balls.

"Ay," cried our king, angrily, "these balls shall be struck back with such a raquet as shall force open Paris gates;" and in hot haste and hurry he embarked his troops and landed safely at the mouth of the Seine.

This is not the place to tell what desperate perils soon surrounded the invading forces in a hostile land, where they marched through dangers innumerable, until one moonlight night, when weary, faint, and hungry, they suddenly beheld the entire French army drawn up on the plains of Agincourt, overwhelming in numbers, full of jollity, because of the easy victory they would gain over these island dogs on the morrow. They all feasted, and laughed, and sang merrily, except when they fell to disputing about how they had best dispose of their prisoners, some being for killing them indiscriminately, others for ransoming the nobility for ready gold.

Next day the English went to battle like men who had but to do and die. The king rode here and there on his grey palfrey, while the rising sun shone on his shining steel armour and his jewelled crown. He bade them remember Crecy and Poitiers, and when bold Walter of Hungerford wished aloud that some of the good bowmen, idling in merry England, were here, Henry cried, "Not one of them, Walter; if God gives us victory, the fewer we are the more honour; if we lose, the less the loss to our country; but we *will* not lose." Nor did they.

Seeing his brother Clarence overthrown, Henry rushed to his assistance, and, bestriding his body, defended it till it could be dragged away. Then pressed about him a band of knights who had sworn to kill this invading king or die, and one struck him so that he fell on his knees; but his followers closed about them, and every knight was slain. Then another pushed forward, and, with one stroke of his battle-axe, clove in two the very crown that Henry wore, leaving his head unhurt.

Never was battle so fatal to France as that of Agincourt. Henry landed at Dover, where he was met by a population half mad with rapturous delight. He was carried in the arms of his people from the ship to the strand, and a triumphant procession following, escorted him to London, where the citizens, headed by the magistrates, met

their victorious monarch on Blackheath, and conducted him to the City, where he was royally received with procession and songs, which proclaimed him "Lord of England! Flower of the World! Soldier of Christ!"



THE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF HENRY V.

On London Bridge, all packed with people, he found the usual Giant, who invited him to enter the City, while crowds of hidden angels chanted, "Blessed is he who cometh in the name of the Lord!" Strangely extravagant pageants truly, those invented by our forefathers.

The streets were all hung with rich tapestries emblazoned, and in

Cornhill, where the fountains ran with wine, stood a huge tower, filled with personifications of the Patriarchs chanting, "Sing unto the Lord a new song, praise His name in the Holy Church;" and there were set free a great number of birds, which flew about the king, and filled the air with rejoicing. At Paul's Cross he was met by a crowd of persons magnificently robed and mitred as bishops, who received him with loyal prayers, while, as he dismounted and advanced to the altar, the city bells rang merrily for joy at the great victory gained.

But Henry could not rest on his laurels. He had to speed back to the uneasy land upon which he had laid his armed heel, and there he was again fighting when news came over the sea of the birth of his little baby-heir—news that all thought would fill his kingly heart with delight; but, strangely enough, his joy was completely damped when he heard that the child was born at Windsor. The bold, fearless soldier went about heavy and oppressed, all because of an old prediction that formed itself into a sort of jingling rhyme, which the king could not forbear repeating sadly—

"I, Henry, born at Monmouth,
Shall small time reign and much get;
But Henry of Windsor shall long reign and lose all.
As God wills; so be it."

Poor little infant Henry of Windsor, his troubles began early; for he was but nine months old when he lay fatherless in his weeping mother's arms. Henry of Monmouth's "small time" was ended, and there was deep and sorrowful mourning for him through the land.

Then followed a magnificent funeral. The body was laid on a chariot drawn by four fine horses, and on the chariot lay an effigy representing the brave king, clad in his royal robes, with a crown of gold and a sceptre and ball; and the canopy of silken brocade was borne by the highest in the realm. It was followed by all the nobility of England and a numberless train of people, till it reached Westminster Abbey, where Henry the Fifth, "this star of England," was laid with his ancestors.



JOAN OF ARC.

“Where is my strength, my valour and my force ;
Our English troops retire. I cannot stay them,
A woman clad in armour chaseth them.”—*Shakespeare.*



AT Domremy there were many things to be rejoiced over. For instance, an old, old church, which had looked just as worn and grey in the memory of all in the village; and in the church two life-sized pictures of those good patron saints, Catherine and Marguerite—solemn, sad-eyed saints, all with gold surroundings, on which the sunshine loved to linger.

Besides this, there was a Hermitage, in which holy men had mortified their flesh; and beyond that, a fair statue of the virgin of Seven Troubles, on whose mystic shrine Joan d'Arc—the little daughter of a farmer—had loved to hang votive wreaths of daisies ever since she could toddle.

Now, Joan was a tall and strong, though withal a timid and sensitive maiden, much given to strange thoughts, deeper than the thoughts of the rough rustics of Domremy. A demurely pious maiden, of whom the old curé was heard to observe, she was the one person who always attended confession, yet never needed it. The girl took great delight in traditionary ballads, and the place was said of old to have been the abode of saints. Besides, there was the enchanted beech; every one knew its gnarled and knotted trunk. Strangers might smile, but all the natives knew how, on moonlight nights, elves came skipping over the hill-tops to silently dance and weave their spells in its shadows. Often and often Joan stole out and away to the beech-tree to try to



JOAN WOUNDED AT THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

get a peep at its fairy visitants ; but though she looked as closely as she dared, she could not distinguish them from the mysterious forest beyond, from which, old tradition had it, there would one day spring a saintly maid, who would be of service to France in a dark period of sorrow and oppression—a maid whom the saints would love and protect.

At this time Domremy had many a stray visitant passing through : wounded soldiers and mendicants, all telling their bitter tale of the success of those hated English, whose king claimed the French throne because of Henry V.'s marriage with a French princess. How Charles of France was resisting the claims of the baby King Henry, but all uselessly, because the Burgundians were with the English. Orleans, the stronghold, was besieged ; when that fell, alas ! all would be ended. The sceptre of France would pass to strangers for ever.

A change took place in the conversation of the neighbours ; day by day the strange excitement grew fiercer ; the young girl heard little except the wrongs of France and the evil plight of Orleans. The loyal hearts of peasants burned at the recital ; only the populace of Paris could bear patiently with this Anglo-Burgundian confederacy, which threatened such national disgrace ; elsewhere all were enraged at its injustice.

One thing was plain to all who listened to the confused news that reached such places as Domremy, and that was—could Prince Charles once be properly crowned at Rheims, after the fashion of his great ancestors, there would be comparative safety ; but that could not be done unless the city of Orleans should be properly protected ; “but how ? but how ?” was the question. It seemed unanswerable.

“How, indeed !” grumbled a disabled soldier who had begged a loaf, and in return was telling the last ill news concerning the Battle of the Herrings. “Hearts and arms have grown craven before these island warriors. As things are, nothing less than a miracle can set the crown on our Charles's head. Uncrowned he is helpless and lost.”

The young girl—she was but sixteen—wandered away, her heart full of excitement and indignation, as she looked up at the stars, shining softly over the beech-tree, and thought of the tradition of that maid who was to serve her country ; and presently, in the dim light, a strange glamour taking possession of Joan, it seemed to her as if she saw a flame,

and heard a voice bidding her be brave and good, as became the chosen one. Her task was the making a way clear for Prince Charles, who, through her means, should be victoriously crowned at Rheims, and save France.

Faith had not died out of Joan's heart, at any rate. She could



ATTACK ON A TOWN IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

not rest for thinking of this strange fancy of her over-excited mind. Again and again it occurred, and at last she was bidden go at once to the governor of Vaucouleurs, and reveal her vision to him, which she did after many difficulties and much opposition from her parents, who thought their girl gone mad, and besought her with tears to be still.

When she stood before the officer, a mere country child in a shabby

red stuff dress, and told him she was appointed to drive the hated English out of France, after seeing the Dauphin crowned at Rheims, he laughed rudely in her face, and ordered her to "be off home and cease bragging."

Charles, with his followers, was four hundred miles away; his exchequer empty; his useless soldiers desperate and downcast. Perhaps because of all this, he did not laugh at this strange story of an inspired village maid; he was not ready to throw away even so slight a chance; besides, he and his councillors being in extremity, and those being days when strange causes turned the affairs of nations, it was worth trying what this girl's claim to the miraculous might be worth. They sent for her, more by way of a passing amusement than aught else, and she came joyfully and readily.

A great crowd of knights, splendidly attired, filled the large hall into which this poor farmer's maid was shown. The prince stood in the background. Looking neither to the right nor left, she advanced, and kneeling instantly before Charles, exclaimed, without hesitation or tremor, "God give you good life, my gentle king."

"It is not I who am king," he replied hastily, to try her.

"It *is* you and no other, sir, and I am Joan—Joan d'Arc—come by God's order to announce that you will be crowned at Rheims, and that I am to aid you in the siege of Orleans."

The Dauphin led Joan aside, and held long and serious conference with her, then he came back, declaring that she had revealed to him things known only to himself and God, and that he believed her inspired. After this a suit of armour was made for her. She girded on a sword which was found, as she said it would be, buried by the altar of St-Catherine, and she was presented to the excited multitude mounted on a war-steed, which she managed with all ease and grace. The people were now as excited with hope as they had been depressed with despair, and clamoured loudly for this young prophetess to lead them against the English, who were invading and spoiling their land. And so it was that seven thousand men, full of hope and enthusiasm, marched forth headed by the maid; and above her floated a white banner, on which was the fair inscription, "Jhesu Marie," and by her rode valiant captains, marshalled by "Dunois" the brave—old fighting-men who would fain have advised from long experience, but that she would not. Yet all she did

and ordered proved strangely successful, and soon all were content to be guided by this fearless village girl—Joan, or, rather, Jeanne d'Arc of Domremy—who, believing herself inspired, inspired all about her.

At first the English laughed aloud at the report that an obscure village maid was advancing to give them battle. Orleans was closely begirt with hostile fortresses, and reduced to its last extremity. What could an army headed by a girl avail the good city in this dire plight? But a strange, cold trepidation soon unnerved their warlike arms. What if the holy saints were indeed with this strange commander; or even supposing she were a sorceress and witch, a worse reputation by far in those days, both in French and English eyes. However, they boldly prepared to repulse her: let her be what she would else, she was but a woman; she could know nought of the difficulties of a siege, and the valour of English soldiers. But little Joan seemed to know more than all the weather-beaten men of war about her, and prepared at once to relieve the city. First, however, in the name of St. Catherine, she ordered that all bad characters should leave the camp, and that all the soldiers should attend mass, and confess their sins with humbleness and contrition. This done, they were to march to the attack, right through the crowded English forces, which were garrisoned in forts that, except at the river Loire's approaches, encircled Orleans in a most impregnable chain.

Who does not know the rest of this strange story?—how the young maid in shining armour led the soldiers, exhorting, rallying, sweeping all before her. Fighting with the vigour of a man-at-arms, and the enthusiasm of a crusader—here, there, everywhere—until panic seized upon the English soldiers, and they flung down their arms and fled before this strange champion; and at last left a clear way open to Rheims, where, with the "Maid of Orleans" at his right hand, was solemnly crowned Charles the King.

Her task finished, she begged to return to Domremy. It was, however, not to be, though she vowed, almost with tears, that the skill and the cunning had departed from her. She was prevailed upon to stay, and, all heavy-hearted, led that fatal sally where she was at length unhorsed, wounded, and taken prisoner—a joyous *Te Deum* being raised by the captors of this heroine of seventeen, who had baffled and defeated their bravest and best.



ELIZABETH WYDEVILLE.

"Born all too high, by wedlock raised
Still to be cast thus low!
Would that mine eyes had never gazed
On aught of more ambitious show
Than the sweet flowerets of the fields!
It is my royal state that yields
This bitterness of woe."—*Wordsworth.*



ELIZABETH WYDEVILLE! How familiar the name is! how we instantly picture the handsome young widow of a Lancastrian knight kneeling before an all-powerful king, and entreating for the restoration of rights withheld from her children! We see the scene as Shakespeare conjured it, and hear Edward, whose heart was in the matter, say enthusiastically—

"Brother of Gloster, at St. Alban's Field,
This lady's husband, Sir John Grey, was slain.
His lands were seized on by the conquerors.
Her suit is now to repossess those lands,
Which we, in justice, cannot well deny;
Because in quarrel of the house of York
The worthy gentleman did lose his life."

And what a disturbance the announcement of his marriage with the fair suppliant caused, not only in England but in France, where Warwick the sturdy "king-maker," was at the very time negotiating for his royal master's espousal with the Lady Bona of Savoy. What ill thoughts and words must have been spread concerning the obscure lady who had so



ELIZABETH WYDEVILLE AND HER CHILDREN TAKING SANCTUARY IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

suddenly and completely set all other arrangements aside, and become mistress of a mighty realm; indeed, it was declared that the "Kyng was enchanted," as doubtless he was, but only by her sweet face.

Yet, though obscure as far as fortune went, Elizabeth was well born, for she was the daughter of Sir Richard Wydeville and of Jacquetta, Duchess of Bedford, whose secret marriage with a poor English knight had so incensed her noble relatives that her dower was forfeited and her husband imprisoned for some time, by order of the Council, and made to pay 1,000 crowns. So much for wedding a royal ward. For a long time the young pair suffered much trouble and tribulation, living far from the Court, and ignored by their friends. Their home was in the Manor of Grafton, where little Elizabeth was born, and where she grew into a winsome maid.

There is on record a curious old diary, said to be part of one kept by the young country lady in those happy days when the shadow of troubles to come had not yet darkened her life. It is interesting in many ways, especially because it shows us the home life—the ways and doings of a country maiden—in the long ago of the 15th century:—

"Rose at four o'clock; helped Catherine to milk the cows, Rachel the dairymaid having scalded her hands in so bad a manner the night before: Made a poultice for Rachel, and gave Robin a penny to get her something comfortable from the apothecary.

"*Six o'clock.*—The buttock of beef rather too much boiled, and the beer a little of the stalest. *Mem.*—To talk to the cook about the first fault, and to mend the second myself by tapping a fresh barrel directly.

"*Seven o'clock.*—Went to walk with the lady my mother into the courtyard. Fed five-and-twenty men and women. Chid Roger severely for expressing some ill-will at attending us with broken meat.

"*Eight o'clock.*—Went into the paddock behind the house with my maid Dorothy. Caught *Things*, the little pony, myself, and rode a matter of six miles without bridle or saddle.

"*Ten o'clock.*—Went to dinner. John Grey, a most comely youth; but what is that to me? A virtuous maiden should be entirely under the command of other parties. John ate but little, and stole a great many tender looks at me. Said women would never be handsome, in his opinion, who

were not good-tempered. I hope my temper is not intolerable. Nobody finds fault with it but Roger, and he is the most disorderly serving-man in the family. John Grey likes white teeth; my teeth are of a pretty good colour, I think. My hair is as black as jet, though I say it, and John, if I mistake not, is of the same opinion.

"*Eleven o'clock.*—Rose from table. The company all desirous of taking a walk in the fields. John Grey would lift me over every stile, and twice he squeezed my hand. I cannot say I have any objection to John Grey. He plays at *prison bars* as well as any of the country gentlemen; is remarkably dutiful to his parents, my lord and my lady; and never misses church on Sunday.

"*Three o'clock.*—Poor farmer Robinson's house burnt down by an accidental fire. John Grey proposed a subscription among the company for the relief of the farmer, and gave no less than four pounds himself with that benevolent intent. *Mem.*—Never saw him look so comely as at that moment.

"*Four o'clock.*—Went to prayers.

"*Six o'clock.*—Fed the hogs and poultry.

"*Seven o'clock.*—Supper on the table. Delayed to that hour on account of the accident at farmer Robinson's misfortune. *Mem.*—The goose-pie too much baked, and pork stewed to rags."

Simple, housewifely, little lady Elizabeth! One would feel glad that she married so good a youth—charitable and remarkably dutiful to his parents—only he was soon to lie stark and still on the disastrous field of St. Albans, his estates forfeited, and his widow obliged to return with her children to the old home at Grafton, where after three years she presented a petition for redress to the King, who chanced to be hunting in the neighbourhood. The next is a chapter of history, for most of you have read of that quiet stolen marriage on the 1st of May, 1464.

It was no use disbelieving, as many would fain have done, that the widow of John Grey was now Queen of England. Edward IV. soon brought her to London in great state. She was carried through the streets in a horse-litter for all to see, preceded by many new knights created in her honour, and crowned amidst feasting and tournament and loud cries of "All

hail, Elizabeth, our blessed new Queen!" What a change from the quiet home life at which we have had a peep that told of such sweet content!

For all her state and splendour, I do not think Elizabeth was happy. Treason and troubles and trials made her crown sit very uneasily, and when her royal husband died, and she and her family of five young daughters



EDWARD IV.

and two sons were left to the tender mercies of his kindred, she was fain to retreat in hot haste to the sanctuary offered within the walls of Westminster Abbey, where she waited in fear and trembling for what would befall.

Young Edward V. was already in the Tower—nominally till such times as his uncle Glo'ster could provide for his coronation; but Glo'ster was more intent on getting the little Duke of York in his clutches, and soon sent and took him from his sorrowing young sisters and fearful mother, who cried in anguish of heart because of her sore foreboding.

“‘Farewell, my own sweet sonne. God send you goode keeping. Let me kiss you once yet ere you goe, for God Himselfe knoweth when we shall kisse together againe’; and then she kissed him and blessed him, and turned her back and wept and went her way, leaving the childe weeping as faste.

“Then the childe was led by many lords temporal into the mydest of Westminster Hall, my Lord Protector recevyng hym at the sterre chamber door with many loving wordes, and so departed with my Lord Cardinal to ye Towre, wher he is, blessed be Jhesu, merry.”

Thus reported one who little knew of the dark deed to come, for instead of crowning the fatherless Edward, Duke Richard, as we all know, himself assumed the “round” of sovereignty, and had a very splendid ceremony performed on the occasion, wearing a robe of crimson velvet, embroidered with gold “and trimmed with minever puffs, and shoes of cloth of gold; and for the anointing, a tabard of white sarsnet and a coif of lawn, which being put on his head after the unction” was not to be removed for eight days. Though Glo’ster, by fraud and malice, possessed himself of his nephews’ persons, he could not rest secure while those two innocents breathed; and hence came a tragedy of which the final words are to be read in Latin on a cold grey stone altar in that same Abbey which had given sanctuary to his mother, and where the little boy of eleven had been proclaimed:—

“Here lie the relics of Edward V., King of England, and of Richard, Duke of York, who, being confined in the Tower and there stifled with pillows, were privately and meanly buried by order of their perfidious uncle, Richard, the usurper. Their bones, long inquired after and wished for, after lying 191 years in the rubbish of the stairs (i.e., those lately leading to the chapel of the White Tower), were, on the 17th of July, 1674, by undoubted proofs, discovered, being buried deep in that place. Charles II., pitying their unhappy fate, ordered these unfortunate Princes to be laid among the relics of their predecessors, in the year 1678.”





ISABELLA OF CASTILE.

“FOR CASTILE AND LEON COLUMBUS FOUND A NEW WORLD.”—*Epitaph.*



ISTORY'S pages record no more splendid reign than Isabella of Castile's, who, it is pleasant to note, was descended from our English “old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster.”

As a child she was graceful and very lovely to look upon, and as dignified and grave as a little Spanish queen. She had two brothers then, one the reigning monarch Henry—some called him “Henry the Imbecile”—and a younger one, Alfonzo, of whom nobody thought much in comparison with his sister, then studying all kinds of princely accomplishments and scholarly learning in her peaceful convent school.

The proud Castilian nobles at length grew so enraged with the doings of the feeble Henry that they deposed him in effigy—a ceremony so strange and unusual that it is worthy of description.

In an open plain not far from the city of Avila was erected a scaffold of sufficient elevation to be seen from all the surrounding country. A chair of state was placed on it in which was seated an effigy of King Henry, clad in sable robes and adorned in all the insignia of Castilian royalty—a sword at its side, a sceptre in its hand, and a crown upon its head. A manifesto was then read aloud, exhibiting in all glowing colours the tyrannical conduct of the base king and the consequent determination to depose him. The Archbishop of Toledo then tore the diadem from the head of the statue, the Marquis of Villena removed the sceptre, the Count of Placentia the sword, the Grand Master and other nobles, the rest of the



FERDINAND AND ISABELLA RECEIVING COLUMBUS IN STATE.

regal insignia, and next the image was ignominiously rolled in the dust amid groans and clamours. Alfonzo, then only eleven years old, was seated on the vacant throne, and the assembled grandees came one by one to kiss his hand in token of homage, while the trumpets sounded the accession of a new sovereign.

Alfonzo soon died, however, overweighted by the cares of State, and his crown was offered to Isabella, but she refused it, saying that it was still her brother Henry's, and that while he lived none other had a right to it, and she for one would be no usurper.

Many wooed the fair princess, even, it is said, our English Edward IV.; but one she already loved—her cousin Ferdinand of Arragon, and heir to the throne of that country. Young and of a chivalrous nature, he was bronzed by exposure to the sun, and strengthened by the toils of war. She was tall, fair, with bright chestnut hair and beaming blue eyes, the handsomest lady that one ever beheld, dignified and modest, and most gracious in her manners—so said all about her. Indeed, these two bright young beings seemed born for each other, though in mind the lady excelled.

Now King Henry did not approve of his heiress marrying this prince, so he had her kept under close watch and ward, and would have made her wed a creature of his own, only that she escaped from the fortress prison away to the friendly city of Valladolid, and Ferdinand, having private news of the whereabouts of her little court, started to join her, through a country patrolled by whole squadrons of cavalry, all on the alert to arrest his adventurous Highness and turn him back. He had also to pass a line of the enemies' fortified castles on the frontier, but with half a dozen attendants disguised as merchants, Ferdinand, acting as a common servant, looking after the mules and attending on his abusive masters' wants, passed over the dangerous ground in safety. Only one unlucky thing happened—the "servant" lost the purse which contained the funds necessary for the expedition. However, late one night they arrived, hungry, cold, and faint with much travel, at a little place called the Burgo of Osma, occupied, luckily, by partisans of Isabella, but the guard disapproving of the din the new arrivals made at the gate in the dark, one of them flung a big stone at the first head he saw. Had it not missed its aim, there would have ended the princely wooer's romantic quest.

But matters were soon made clear, and there was much welcoming festivity and blowing of trumpets and calling together, and at dawn Ferdinand hopefully resumed his journey with a good armed escort, for whom there was no pausing till the eager young prince stood before his rejoicing betrothed. It was Gutierrez de Cardenas who first saw and



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

pointed out to her the approach of the royal horseman, crying, breathlessly, "Ese es, ese es!" "This is he, this is he." In commemoration of which he was permitted to place on his escutcheon the letters S. S., the sound of which in Spanish resembles that exclamation.

Many humble excuses were sent to Henry, and soon there followed a joyous wedding—a union destined to open the way to the highest prosperity and grandeur of the Spanish monarchy. Yet for the moment such was the poverty of this royal young pair that they had to borrow money from such of their followers as had any to lend, to defray the expenses of the ceremony which was to make them one.

The next scene shows us an immense crowd, and Isabella, royally

attired, riding on a Spanish jennet, preceded by an officer on horseback bearing aloft a naked sword, the badge of sovereignty. Presently she dismounts, and ascends a platform, on which is erected a splendid throne. A herald loudly proclaims, "Castile, Castile, Castile, for the King Don Ferdinand and his consort Donna Isabella, queen proprietor of these kingdoms." Then the royal standards are unfurled, the bells clang merrily, and a discharge of ordnance from the castle announces the accession of the new sovereigns. The queen having received the homage of her subjects, and swearing to maintain the liberty of the realm, descends from the platform and slowly paces to the church, where prostrated before the high altar she implores the protection of God for herself and her country.

Such was the simple form of this great queen's coronation.

No mention of Ferdinand and Isabella would be complete unless we add the name of Columbus, who himself gratefully declared how—"In the midst of general incredulity the Almighty infused into the queen, my lady, the spirit of intelligence and energy, and whilst every one else in his ignorance was expatiating only on the inconvenience and cost of my expedition, her Highness approved it on the contrary, and gave it all the support in her power." Well might he own her generous protection.

One little speech of Isabella's must be recorded, for it stamped her renown for ever as the patroness of the wonderful new world, till her time undiscovered. When the king looked coldly on Columbus, and pleaded an empty treasury and his Moorish wars, while statesmen and learned men mocked aloud, especially when he declared the square earth to be round; yet the queen would not let him depart from Spain, and maybe carry the glory of his discoveries to other nations. She pleaded in favour of his cause, exclaiming, when all else failed, and there seemed no hope—

"I undertake the enterprise for my own crown of Castile, and I will pledge my jewels to raise the necessary funds."

Even Ferdinand could no longer resist, and Columbus was recalled, created admiral, and viceroy of all lands he might discover, and his eighteen long years of patience rewarded with the command of three small vessels, with which he sped away over the seas.

Eight months after this there were great stir and rejoicing in the

land. "El Admirante," handsome and stately, was kneeling before the royal pair, for whom he had won the most wonderful prize of these West Indies. They had risen to meet him, and received him almost as an equal, commanding him to be seated and to tell them of his adventures, which he did in simple sailor-like fashion, neither he nor his hearers quite understanding that it was not a part of Western Asia but an entirely new hemisphere that he had discovered. There is a letter extant in which, after giving a simple, straightforward account of his discoveries, he says:—

"Whatever may have been hinted in former times of the existence of these islands, either in writings or in discourse, it is certain that it was only by obscure conjecture, and that no one ever asserted that he had seen them, and accordingly their existence appeared merely fabricacy. Let then our King and Queen, their Nobles, and all their happy realms—and indeed all the nations of Christendom—return thanks to our Saviour the Lord Jesus Christ, because he has magnified us with so great bounty and victory. Let solemn processions and other holy offices be celebrated, and let the temples be veiled with festive boughs! Glory be henceforth to dust on the earth as there is glory in the heavens; for he is advancing forth to bring salvation to the perishing soul of the heathen. Let us, too, rejoice, both on account of the exaltation of our faith, and of the increase of our temporal advantages, in which not only Spain but all Christendom will participate. Farewell.

"Lisbon, the day before the Ides of March."



MEDAL OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.



THE GREAT LORD CARDINAL.

“ONLINE A POOR MAN’S SONNE.”

“This Cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashioned to much honour. From his cradle
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceedingly wise, fair spoken, and persuading;
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not,
But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting
(Which was a sin), yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely. Even witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he raised in yon
Ipswich and Oxford!”



ANY events which were to prove important in after times took place about the year 1485. One was, that Richard, the uncle of cruel notoriety, fell at the battle of Bosworth, which put an end to those cruel Wars of the Roses, which had extended over thirty years. Another, that at the University of Oxford a poor student of not above fourteen years of age, was made Bachelor of Arts, an unheard-of thing, of which the good folk of Ipswich, whence he came, were naturally not a little proud, though they had laughed when they first heard that the son of butcher Robert was to be sent to College, even though the father had often boastfully said the child was apt to be learned, and that certain good friends and masters would assist in the charge. Why could he not be content to let the lad



ARRIVAL OF WOLSEY AT LEICESTER ABBEY.

be trained in the shambles?—the most natural course, and to be expected from a person of so low a degree.

Any way, the boy progressed, and strangely enough graduated as Master of Arts in the very same year in which his future imperious and splendid sovereign lord, Henry VIII., was born.

Young Wolsey, being much made of, grew ambitious as well as learned, and had been heard to say that if he could ever get only one foot into Court, he would soon rise high. So we will next peep at him when after some years he had become chaplain to the King Henry VII., who presently finding him to “bee a man of sharpe wit,” sent him on a private mission anent a Princess of Savoy he had thought of for wife.

Here was “the one foot in.” If the young priest could do nothing else as yet, he could astonish his Tudor majesty by the shrewdness and dispatch with which he would carry out his bidding, travelling being no easy work in those days. He instantly sped away from Richmond Palace, embarked, and reached Gravesend, set off on a fleet horse, rode as for dear life all night, and dashed nigh breathless into Dover at the very moment when the packet was under weigh, but he leaped into a small boat, caught her up, and before noon was safe on shore at Calais. On and on again, neither sparing post-horses nor gold, never staying to eat or rest, until late at night, he stood in the presence of Maximilian, craving hasty answer to the Lord Henry of England’s message. So well and eloquently did the chaplain speak, that the emperor, interested in this ardent young ambassador, granted all his master’s requests, and despatched him back at once, escorted as far as Calais by a splendid train of nobles, “to doe him a curtesie.” Fortune still favoured determination, for he stood at Calais town gates, just as the return packet was ready to sail, and in less than seventy hours arrived once more at Richmond Palace, his errand accomplished most satisfactorily. Then he went to bed, satisfied, surely, that he had earned a night’s repose and a chance of promotion.

When Henry came out of his chamber to mass, the first person he saw was Wolsey, standing calmly in his usual place, upon which sight His Majesty frowned heavily, and stopped.

“Ha! How is this, Sir Chaplain? Were it not full time that you

should prepare to depart on the errand you wot of. Methinks it were fitting I chose some less tardy messenger, or my affairs may suffer."

"Sire," said the exultant Wolsey, bowing low, "the business is accomplished, I trust, to your grace's contention. I have been with the emperor, and bear you his gracious answer here;" and, kneeling, the chaplain presented the letters of credence.

But the king could not believe such a tale; there must be trickery somewhere, and the Tudors were not to be easily hoodwinked. So, hiding his wonderment and admiration under a tone of lofty reproof, he remarked, coolly, it was a pity the thing had been concluded in such hot speed, as he had sent a pursuer after, with messages concerning certain things to be amended, things which he, the king himself, had omitted to mention as particularly important. To which Wolsey answered humbly enough, though no doubt his downcast eyes were sparkling with exultation, and his heart beating high, "Forsooth, sire, I met the messenger yesterday by the way. I had become so bold upon mine own discretion, perceiving the matter to be very necessary, to despatch the same, and forasmuch as I have been so bold to exceed my commission, I most humbly crave your Grace's royal pardon."

The king replied, rejoicing at such shrewdness, "We doe not only pardon you but give you our princely thanks, both for your good exploit and happie expedition;" and he held out his royal hand to be kissed, and went his way smiling.

From this moment Wolsey, "the poore man's son," was secure, and finally he rose to be Archbishop of York and Chancellor of England. During the first twenty years of the reign of Henry VIII., Wolsey was the prominent figure—a splendid priest, as able to conduct the business of the State as he was to shine in the court revels. He had his train of eight hundred gentlemen; his splendour surpassed that of the king; the highest nobles in England had to be content to serve him on feast-days with towel and water, all of which delighted the common people, from whose ranks he had risen, and whose good will he fostered to the last—the better to understand this we need remember the then state of the clergy. At priests' houses, and in monasteries, the table-cloth was on the board—literally a board set on trestles—all day long, for the benefit and

comfort of strangers, travellers, friars, and pilgrims. Then there were charitable doles at all religious houses and in every parish; and for each parish, there being no poor-rates, there was a church-house, to which were attached spits, pot-crooks, and whatever was necessary for dressing



HENRY VIII.

provisions, and where the housekeepers often met in seasons of jollity for forming charitable plans. In every church also there was a "poor man's box," and the same at all inns, but few or no alms-houses.

As the astute Wolsey soon discovered, the king loved pageants, gaudy shows, and disguisings, which by their mingled and exaggerated oddity and splendour, and the ingenuity of the machinery used, resembled in many

ways a modern pantomime. We hear how one Twelfth-night, which he kept at Greenwich, there came into the Great Hall "a rich mount," which was set full of flowers of silk, specially of broom slips full of pods; the branches were of green satin, and the flowers flat gold of damask, which signified *Plantagenet*. On the top stood a goodly beacon giving light; above the beacon sat a king and five others, all in crimson velvet spangled with gold. Four "wodehouses" (men dressed up in skins to resemble savages) drew the mount, and the king and his company descended and danced alone. Then suddenly "the rich mount" opened, and out came fair ladies all hooded and in gold embroidered satin, and they danced first alone, then with the masquers, after which they all returned to their mount and were conveyed away. Another time two persons played a dialogue before the king and cardinal to the effect "Whether Riches were better than Love."

Wolsey also kept his royal master amused with out-of-door sports, for Henry was passionately fond of hawking. Indeed, this amusement on one occasion well-nigh cost him his life, for as he was following his hawk on foot and attempting to leap over a ditch with a pole, it snapped, and in went his, by no means light, majesty, plump into the dirty water, and what was worse, sticking head downwards in the black mud. Well was it for him that the falconer, Ned Mody, chanced to see the undignified plight of his royal master, and was able to reach at and drag him out.

But a black shadow fell across the haughty cardinal's bright path, and strangely enough it was that of a beautiful woman, the lady Anne Bullen; and because of churchmen's opposition to his wedding this fair maid, the lately appointed "Defender of the Faith" grew vexed, and took the seal of office and the splendid York palace from his long-favoured priest, sending him away from court in disgrace. Indeed he would even have sent him to the scaffold, to which he soon consigned the Lady Anne, whose smiles had worked such mischief, but that rude death interfered with his grace's plans—even when his victim was on his way. Who does not know those last remorseful words at Leicester?—

"Had I but served my God as diligently as I have served my king, He would not now have given me over in my grey hairs; but this is my just reward."



A CAPTIVE PRINCESS.

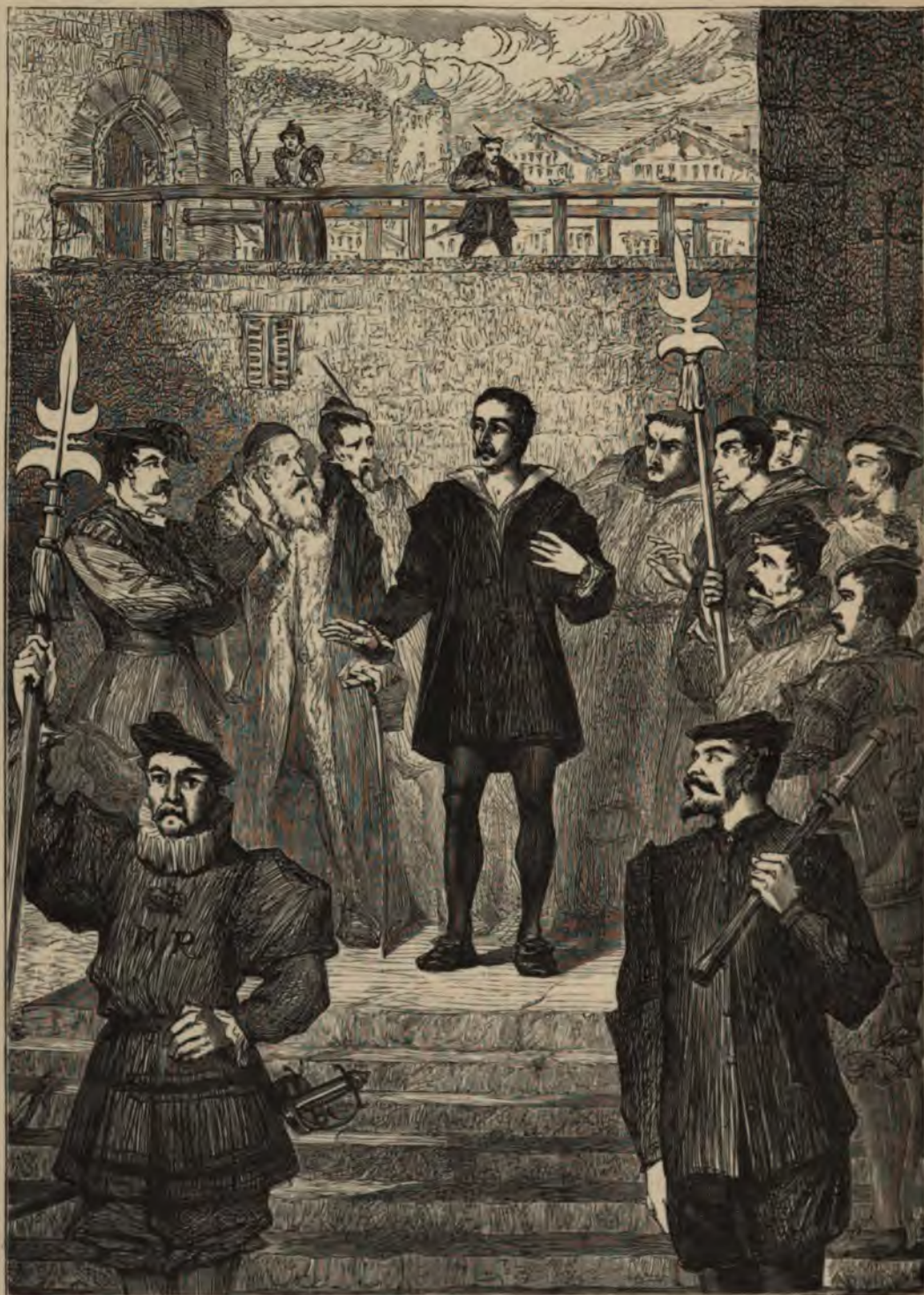
O Fortune ! how thy restless wavering state
Hath wrought with cares my troubled wit.
Witness this present prison, whither Fate
Hath borne me, and the joys I quit.
Thou causedest the guilty to be loosed
From bands wherewith are innocents enclosed ;
Causing the guiltless to be straight reserved,
And freeing those that death hath well deserved.
But by her envy can be nothing wrought.
So God send to my foes all they have thought.

A.D. M.D.L.V. ELIZABETH, Prisoner.
(Written in charcoal on a shutter window.)



ON a dark winter's night, in 1554, when all the inhabitants of Ashbridge House were quietly asleep, there arose a sudden stir outside, and a loud barking of disturbed dogs. It was a lonely place, where resided a young princess of some importance just then, for there was stir and tumult in London, partly on her account, partly on that of fair, young Lady Jane Grey—the sweet “twelve days” queen—whose life was to be sacrificed to the ambition of relatives and friends.

How much or how little of all this Elizabeth knew it is hard to say, but so much, certainly, as made her fain not to venture from her new country home if possible. Only a few days since a message had come from Mary the Queen, bidding her hurry up to Court. Upon this she had hurried off to bed instead, and declared herself far too ill to travel.



WYATT ON HIS WAY TO EXECUTION.

"Too ill, forsooth, the meek traitress! Not too ill to conspire with Wyatt, and Courtney, and others against her sister Mary! Away, and bring her to our presence!" So cried Mary; and thus it was that at nearly midnight, three royal commissioners arrived, accompanied by Her Majesty's own leech, to ascertain whether this sudden illness might not be as suddenly healed, which it was, strangely enough, at the sight of the stern mediciner and his companions.

At first the young lady, imperious and yet terrified, refused to see them; but then, being also politic, and finding that in the Queen's name they would take no "nay," she, looking very white and startled, ordered their admittance to her chamber, asking as they came bowing low into her presence—

"Is the haste such that it might not have pleased you to come in the morning?"

They began to answer awkwardly enough "that they were sorry to see her Grace in such a case——" "And I," interrupted she, "am not glad to see you at this time of the night;" and then she told how sick she was, and how she could not endure to travel for a long time to come, not for her life. However, in the end, having remembered an old saying, "The better part of valour is discretion," she considered, and consented to start the very next day but one, which chanced to be the day and hour on which that innocent Lady Jane and her lord were to be executed—an ominous time, surely, for such a one as Elizabeth to venture within the clutches of an angry queen. No wonder she thrice fainted as she sat in the litter Mary had sent for her, and was now so really ill that she was five days on her journey. Perhaps, for her safety, it was well that she happened to be so delayed.

But all the lion awoke in the breast of this daughter of the Tudors when she entered London as a prisoner of state. Sickness and tremors were thrust aside—

"Her cheek was pale, but resolved and high
Were the words on her lips and the glance of her eye."

She dressed herself all in white—emblematic of innocence—and had her litter opened wide, that all who chose might see how proudly and

disdainfully she could meet the perils at hand. About her rode a hundred gentlemen in velvet coats, as a sort of guard of honour; these were followed by about a hundred more in the royal livery; and as she rode a troubled crowd followed, many weeping as they remembered her fair mother, Anna Bullen, who had passed to prison and death not seventeen years ago.

Thus she went through Smithfield and Fleet Street to Whitehall, where she trusted to meet her enraged sovereign. Mary, however, refused to see her, and so she was taken on to Westminster, put in a part of the palace resembling a prison, inasmuch as none could go in or out without passing a guard, and here she remained in an agonising state of suspense; the next announcement being that a barge was in readiness to convey her Highness to the Tower, and she must prepare to go at once, as the tide served, which would tarry for no one.

Then with all imploring words she begged to see the queen—the sister who had once promised never to condemn her unheard; but no, they would not: they dared not, in fact. Only Sussex, more noble-hearted than the rest, did her lowly courtesy, saying, “she should have liberty to write her mind,” swearing, as a true man, he would himself deliver the words to the queen, whatsoever came of it, and bring her back the answer; but that he could not do, as no answer was condescended.

A passionate letter, such as one in dire distress would write, took so long to write that the tide was missed; for which the angry queen rated her council soundly, as the next would not serve till midnight, and in the darkness there might be chance of escape or rescue.

It was Palm Sunday, and every one was away carrying their palms to church as the barge was brought up, and Sussex and the Lord Treasurer came once more with their unwelcome message—“Madam, the tide serves—the tide that tarries for no man.” This time their captive only said, knowing full well her head was in the balance, “The Lord’s will be done; I am contented, seeing it is the queen’s pleasure.” Luckily Mary was her sister, though irritated by suspecting that Elizabeth had much to do with all these conspiracies and risings that cost so much blood, that she was treacherous, and that on any possible opportunity she would depose her. But what was to be done? Would any of the Lords of the Council, she

asked them, take charge and responsibility of this troublesome guest? Not one. Then, as the queen must away to her Parliament, Elizabeth must to the Tower. Oh, doleful prison! whence her mother, and only the other day her guiltless Cousin Jane, had stepped to the scaffold!

No wonder that, when the Council after charging her with abetting Wyatt and the late risings in the West, told her of her destination in the queen's name, Elizabeth cried out in wild dismay:—

“I trust that her Majesty will be far more gracious than to commit to that place a true and most innocent woman, who never has offended her in thought, word, or deed.”

And she, the proud girl, who had bravely borne so much, entreated them passionately to intercede for her with the queen. “Not there!—not there!” was her cry, until they, hard and stern men, I wot, melted into pity, and promised they would do their best; but it availed not, for presently a guard was placed at her chamber door, an armed force in the hall, and two hundred “white-coats” in the garden, to prevent rescue or escape, but of all her friends not one dared to appear. Poor Elizabeth!

Yet she looked up towards the banks and the many windows as they hurried her into the boat, and presently said passionately:—

“I marvel what the nobles mean by suffering me, a princess, to be led into captivity. The Lord knoweth wherefore; for myself, I do not.”

So early had they started that the barge could scarcely shoot the bridge, striking it, and only with great peril passing through. Then on, all too swiftly, till they rowed into the black shadow of the Traitor's Gate, through which so many had of late passed to their death.

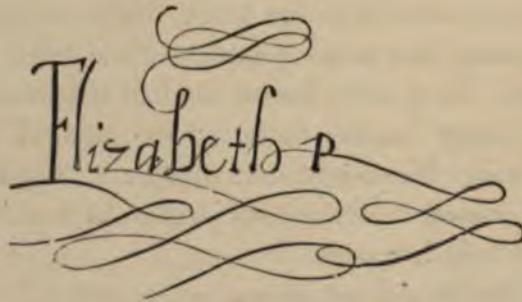
Poor prisoner! Here was a horror she had not foreseen, and hard did she struggle at being landed there. “She was no traitor—she was Elizabeth of England. She might not, would not; besides,” casting about her for a practical reason, “neither well could she land, unless she should step into the water over her shoes.”

One saying “She might not choose in the matter,” would have offered her his cloak; for as she stood debating the rain was soaking her slight figure pitifully, but she dashed the offering impetuously aside, and at last setting her foot on the rough, wet stairs, exclaimed:—

"Here lands as true a subject, being prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs. Before thee, O God, I speak it, having no other friend but Thee alone." And, indeed, at that moment she must have deemed that even He had forsaken her.

Only a short time since Wyatt had landed on these very stairs. Only the other day he had paid, on the dismal Tower Hill yonder, the forfeit of his life for the very plot in which this new captive knew full well she was suspected of sharing, even though the loyal gentleman had protested to the last concerning her innocence. Well might she shudder as she looked up at the dismal prison, and wonder whether his words would avail to save her.

We are apt to picture Elizabeth only as the splendid Tudor Queen, beruffled and bejewelled, and holding her own, fiercely and firmly. We are apt to think of her only as a hard, cold, and calculating old woman. Yet in those times she was very unhappy, though young and pleasant to look upon—too pleasant, maybe, to suit that stern-faced half-sister, of which it was yet to be recorded that, "in the mornynge ded Quen Mari, and that the same day, at afternon, all the chyrches in London dyd ryng, and at nyght did make bonfyres and set tabulls in the strett, and ded ett and drynke and mad mere (made merry) for the new Quen Elsabeth, Quen Mari's syster."



Elizabeth



MASTER JOHN KNOX.

"THEY THAT STAND HIGH HAVE MANY BLASTS TO SHAKE THEM,
AND IF THEY FALL THEY DASH THEMSELVES TO PIECES."—*Shakespeare.*



IN the old town of Edinburgh, just where the High Street contracts into the Netherbow, stands a house occupied more than three hundred years ago by the celebrated Scottish reformer. Over the doorway is an inscription—

"Luve . God . and . thy . neighbour . as . thyself."

There was also stuck upon one of its corners a small effigy of this apostle of Presbytery, in a preaching attitude, pointing to a stone in the wall on which the name of the Deity was inscribed in Latin, English, and Greek. Knox is said to have frequently preached from a small window near this effigy, and many were those who came to hear.

"John Knox!" How familiar his name, yet how little most of us know of the man's true character. I think it was best summed up by that Regent of Scotland who, turning from the new-filled grave in the old churchyard of St. Giles, exclaimed, thoughtfully, "There lies he who never feared the face of man," "or of woman either," he might have added, judging from the way the stern reformer treated the young queen, who, it was said, always exerting herself to please high and low, and being the most beautiful and also perfect of the women of her age, could win over any heart.

But Mary was a Roman Catholic, and that blackened all her beauties and virtues in Knox's eyes. Maybe he remembered how she had said in France that she loved him not, for of all the men in Scotland she thought



INTERVIEW BETWEEN JOHN KNOX AND MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

him the most dangerous, and, therefore, he was not inclined to be pacified by promises of tolerance, even though she made open proclamation at Edinburgh Market Cross, stating "That she was most desirous to take order, with the advice of her estates, to compose the distractions unhappily existing in her realm—that she intended not to interrupt the form of religion which, at her return, she found established in her realm, and that any attempt on the part of others to do so should be punished with death, but that she, on the other hand, commanded her subjects not to trouble or molest any of her servants, or any of those who had accompanied her out of France, either within her palace or without, or to make any derision of them, under the same penalty."

Little was urged against this fair proclamation, except that one grumbled that "it gave the queen's servants liberty to commit idolatry," and Campbell of Kinyeaucleugh complained that the zeal of men was strangely abated. "I have been here but five days, and at first I heard every man say 'Let us hang a priest!' but, after that, they have been twice or thrice to the abbey. All that fervency is past. I think there must be some enchantment by which men are bewitched." Witches and enchanters were seriously believed in both in Scotland and England—ay, even in France also.

"In varry deed," cried Knox, "so it came to pass; for the queen's flattering words on one part, ever still crying, 'Conscience, conscience, is it a sair thing to constrain conscience,' and the subtle persuasions of her supporters, on the other part, blind men, and put them in opinion she will be content to hear preachings, and so, no doubt but she may be won to think with them in the end."

Then followed that famous conference between the new lady of the land and her most refractory subject, none being present but the Lord James her half brother, and her Maries as a matter of course.

"Why, sir," asked the fair queen, reproachfully, "why do you seek to work me ill among my subjects?—why have you, as I hear, already written a bitter book against my just authority?" She meant "The First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment (rule) of Women."

"Touching the book, which seems so highly to have offended your

majesty," he said, calmly, "it is most certain that I wrote it, and am content that all the learned of the world judge of it."

Naturally she was very much hurt and angry, because this same "Monstrous Regiment" declared that women should not reign; but she merely inquired of the author, "Ye think, then, I have no just authority?" and Knox, not daring to give a direct answer, which would have been treason, went off on a long rambling speech, winding up in this insolent fashion:—

"If the realm finds no inconvenience from the regiment of a woman, that which they approve I shall not further disallow than within my own breast, but shall be as well content to live under your Grace, as Paul was under Nero."

A pleasant similitude truly. Well might the English ambassador remark of Marie, "She is patient to bear, and beareth much;" and she needed to be a very Griselda at the time when Master Knox held forth.

A long discussion followed, he speaking harsh truths so haughtily that she exclaimed at last, weeping bitter indignant tears:—

"Then I perceive that my subjects shall obey you and not me, and shall do what they list, not what I command, and so maun I be subject to them and not they to me."

"God forbid," gravely replied he, "that ever I take upon me to command any to obey me, or set subjects at liberty to do what pleaseth them. My travail is that both princes and subjects obey God; He enjoined kings to be foster-fathers and queens nursing-mothers to His Church."

"Yea," answered Marie, plainly, "but ye are not the Church that I will nurse. I will defend the Church of Rome; for I think it is the true Church of God." "Your will, madam, is no reason," retorted Knox, and much more of the like, which caused one to write compassionately:—

"You know the vehemence of Mr. Knox's spirit, which cannot be bridled, and does sometimes utter such sentences as cannot easily be digested. I could wish he would deal more gently with her, being a gay princess, unpersuaded, but surely in her disputations with him she doth declare a wisdom far exceeding her years, being as yet not twenty."

About a month before the queen's coming from France there had arisen some disturbance in Edinburgh because the old games and

pastimes had of late been put down by the stern hand of growing fanaticism, and the people, no longer allowed, as their fathers were, to frolic on their wonted holidays, had risen against the authorities in high dudgeon and revolt. May-day, its games and its flower-crowned queen, had been prohibited long since, but the craftsmen held fast to their



JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE.

JOHN KNOX.

celebration of the tameless Southron outlaw, "Robin Hood" and his woodland band. But the Session interfered. Knox denounced the whole thing from his pulpit, declaring such doings accursed and not to be indulged in except at peril of the soul's loss, and they were stayed by the strong hand, until a company of merry varlets must needs at this time revive the observance, and dressing up one of their company—

James Kellone, the shoemaker—perform their harmless antics as of old. But lo! the anniversary befell on a Sunday, which made the matter so serious that poor Robin was seized upon and condemned to be hanged in the market-place, upon which there was sudden stir among the craftsmen, and they humbled themselves to stern Master Knox and the Bailies, begging for the life of their poor mate, but the authorities turned deaf ears. They would do nothing but have the shoemaker speedily hanged.

When the time came for the sentence to be carried out, and the gibbet was set up, indignation overflowed. The 'prentices and serving-men, instead of looking quietly on as they were expected to do, seized upon the Provost and Bailies, and would have done as much for Knox could they have reached him. Then they shut their civic dignitaries fast up in Sandy Guthrie's writing-booth, while they "danged" down the tall gibbet, and, having smashed it to bits, rushed off to the Tolbooth, which, finding it fastened within, they broke open with hammers or whatever they could get hold of, and dragged out, not only their own particular outlaw, but freed all other prisoners, in defiance of both bars and gaolers.

So far there was more uproar than hurt, but one of the prison Bailies, seeing his chance, fired a horse-pistol at the assailants, upon which the disturbance spread far and near. A five hours' fight followed, during which never a townsman stirred to defend the Bailies, who were at last obliged to promise a general amnesty, as the only condition upon which they could get out of the trap they were so fast in. Yet notwithstanding this, the offenders, cooling down, knew they were in ill case, and thought they could not do better than sue humbly for good grace from their bonny liege lady. So thus it happened that riding forth to the abbey she was met by a company of supplicants, "rebels of the crafts of Edinburgh," and the whole band kneeling in the dust begged of her to pardon them for their late excesses, and she readily granted them full grace, much to Master Knox's dissatisfaction, for methinks he would still have had them hanged, and he cried, wrathfully:—

"That because she was sufficiently instructed that all they did was done in despite of religion, they were easily pardoned by her Highness."

Though, poor queen, she was more wishful to endear herself to her new subjects than to despise the preacher, but it was indeed difficult to satisfy this stern reformer. Her most innocent actions were wrong,

and he even blamed her for things over which she could not possibly have any control. It is a curious matter to turn back to the sixteenth century, and read in what way the uneducated could be influenced. What a hold superstition and prejudice had taken on the ignorant people when they could believe in such omens as these which are recorded !

“ In January there fell wet in great abundance, which in the falling froze so vehemently that the earth was one sheet of ice. The fowls, both great and small, freisit (froze) and might not flee ; many died, and some were taken and laid before the fire that their feathers might resolve, and in the month of February was seen in the firmament battles arrayed, spears, and other weapons, as it had been the joining of two armies. But the queen and our court made merry, and there was banqueting on banqueting. The queen would banquet all the lords, and that was done upon policy to remove the suspicion of her displeasure, because they would not, at her devotion, blame John Knox.”

There had been much trouble in the dear land of her adoption, and when glad news came of a restoration of peace to France, Marie, who took deep interest in her uncles, was disposed to be merry, and her Court was gay with music, masques, and dancing. Grave Knox, on the contrary—honestly believing that such a peace would be but a prelude to a persecution of the Protestants—was scandalised at these gaities, and preached loudly against the tyranny and malevolence of princes in general, but especially of the Guises, and by innuendo of the young queen, who, interrogating him on his conduct, was answered by almost the whole of his sermon, with the addition, “ that if in fiddling and flinging princes were more exercised than with hearing God’s word, and in the company of fiddlers and flingeres, and flatterers, found pleasure, they must expect to be rewarded by everlasting punishment ; ” to which sharp speech Marie answered gently, “ I know that you and my uncles are not of one religion, and, therefore, I cannot blame you for conceiving an ill opinion of them, but, if you disapprove of aught, come to myself, speak openly, and I shall hear you willingly.”

Endless troubles were now distracting Scotland. The Regent Murray was assassinated by Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, whom he had spared when actually brought out for execution. Consternation filled the hearts of the Scottish reformers, and Knox had a bad fit of sickness, yet recovered

enough to preach at least once on Sundays, though when the partisans of the queen obtained possession of Edinburgh the preacher was in great danger. His friends begged of him to go into hiding, but this he would not agree to, until a musket-ball narrowly missed him, merely through his having just arisen from his chair. After this he returned to St. Andrews, where he continued to preach, even though through weakness he had to be helped into the pulpit.

"I heard him teach the prophecies of Daniel this summer," wrote a student. "I had my pen and little book, and took away such things as I could comprehend. In the opening up of his text he was moderate for half an hour, but when he entered on application he made me so think, that I could not hold my pen to write."

"He was very weak. I saw him every day that he taught, go slowly and wearily, with a furring of martens about his neck, a staff in the one hand, and good godly Richard Ballenden, his servant, holding up his other arm, from the abbey to the parish church, and there, by the same Richard and another, lifted up to the pulpit, where he was obliged to lean at his first entry, but before he had done his sermon he was so active and vigorous that he was like to ding the pulpit in blads and fly out of it. Mr. Knox would sometimes come in and amuse himself in our college yard, and call us scholars unto him and bless us and exhort us to know God, and to do all good service in His cause."





NED OSBORNE'S LEAP.

“ London Bridge is broken down ;
Dance o'er my Lady Lee ;
London Bridge is broken down,
With a gay lady.

“ London Bridge is broken down ;
Dance o'er my Lady Lee ;
How shall we ' build it up again,'
With a gay lady?

* * * * *

“ Build it up with stone so strong ;
Dance o'er my Lady Lee ;
Huzza ! 'twill last for ages long
With a gay lady.”—*Old Ballad.*



IT is not of the present bridge “ of stone so strong ” that I have a touching tale to tell, but of that old, old one of wood and clay that once spanned the silvery Thames; for it *was* the silvery Thames in the days when bluff King Harry, or his strong-handed daughters, ruled our land; and the bridge that crossed it was important because of the houses of wealthy citizens that crowded closely together, and the open shops well stocked, and the warehouses, though as late as 1477, when Falconbridge besieged it, there were but thirteen houses besides the gate. In 1666 the houses were destroyed by the Great Fire, and it was not rebuilt in the same fashion again.

Instead of being merely a passage across for horse and foot, it was considered a genteel place in which to carry on business. There were many “ haberdashers of hatts and small wares, and stillers of strong waters, and



NED OSBORNE'S LEAP.

silke men, and wooling drapers, and a scrivener and clarke." And there was a strong central drawbridge, with a chapel and terminal towers, on which were set the gory heads of many traitors; while below could be seen the twenty small and dingy arches built upon wooden piles, through which dashed and worried the fair waters of the river, fretting roughly to pass, and oftentimes working woe on the smaller boats that could not hold their own against wind and tide. No wonder that one of the popular city sayings was that "London Bridge was made for wise men to go over and for fools to go under;" for it was not always a matter of choice. Folk were far too daring in such matters then as now. Had not the Duke of Norfolk himself, with a brave following of gentlemen and retainers, crossed in a boat from St. Mary Overies yonder, in the shadow of a November evening, struck against a pile, and, being swamped, barely escaped with his life—he and three others only being saved through ropes from above?

One thing that made the richest citizens' wives content to live in the big rambling timber houses on the bridge was the fact that many a gay pageant entered London by that way. Long since, Richard II. brought his little eight-year-old queen through so dense a crowd that several persons were pressed to death; then there were waving of banners, and cloth of gold, and trumpets and drums, and giants. No public procession was complete in the good citizens' eyes without these images; they loved to tell how, when Henry V. made his triumphal entry, he was received by two huge ogres, standing at the beginning of the bridge, one bearing an axe, and also the keys of the city hanging to a staff. And so with Henry VI. A mighty giant of wickerwork awaited him as his champion, with a drawn sword, and an inscription by its side beginning—

"All those that be enemies to the king,
I shall them clothe with confusion."

But now that we have taken a backward glance at the old "bridge of wood and clay," let me tell you of a little romance which took place in the long ago, when the Tudors reigned in England, and the citizens were lords and masters of London, in a different fashion from what they are now.

Among all the rich and respected merchants whose fortunes had been made in those quaint timber houses overlooking the river every way, none

was more rich or respected than the good cloth-worker, William Hewet, afterwards "Sir William" and Lord Mayor of London. Though possessed of land and fair estate, he loved the ceaseless, and, truth to tell, somewhat harassing, splash of the waters around and beneath this busy home better than the song of birds or the silence of the country. Here he had grown in wealth and the good esteem of his fellows; here he had brought his bride; here his "Baby Anne" was flourishing fair and fresh as a rose in June. What more could the heart of man desire? Master Hewet was content and thankful, and wished for no change.

But for all that the good merchant kept a close look-out after the business and the men and 'prentices in his employ. Well he knew that the latter were a troublesome set to deal with, ever ready to fling down their tasks and fly at the cry of "clubs" or the chance of a dispute or squabble. Only one youth could he rely on, and that one, a Kentish lad, more gently nurtured than the rest; one who had told him on his very first coming, and in all innocence of heart, that his father had bidden him become rich and respected, even as Master Hewet, and that he, Ned, intended doing so, by God's grace, and Master Hewet only nodded "yes." In those days 'prentice lads were usually considered and treated as members of the master's family, holding their peace and behaving submissively it might be, as became youth and ignorance, yet looking forward to the time when they, too, would be proud merchants—a high and independent position to hold, and only attainable after years of toil.

Two years had passed since then. Young Ned Osborne grew tall and straight, but not over strong. "Baby Anne" grew rosier and sweeter day by day—just a soft little prattler to kiss and caress and love—and the cloth-working was going on briskly, when one summer's morning something startling happened—something that might have broken the good merchant's heart; something that *did* alter the course of two lives.

Another satirical saying anent this peculiar neighbourhood was to the effect that "if London Bridge had fewer eyes it would see better than it did." This was intended to insinuate that if those crowded houses had not so many big windows, there would be less staring at the river going on, and more seeing concerning indoor matters. And there was truth in this saying, too; only perhaps if the "eyes" had not been so bright and lively

Maid Lettuce would not have been tempted to open hers so widely, or to linger with bouncing "Baby Anne" clinging to the ledge, staring out at the gay scene—the ferry-boat laden with folk bound to Paul's, or the fishermen's vessels bringing in shining stores, on which the sunshine glittered and glinted till the pretty fish shone like white light, attracting



OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

the child's blue eyes, just as the gay ribbons of some smart Court ladies did those of Maid Lettuce, who relaxed her hold better to stare, just at the instant when the child darted forward to clutch at her vanishing delights. In an instant there was a splash in the waters below; above, a girl was shrieking in despair and signalling wildly to a distant boatman for help.

Ned Osborne, busy measuring cloth in a large room, became suddenly aware that for a single moment the stuff was shaded by a fluttering something that was past and gone and had splashed below, before he could draw breath. Why or how he felt so instantaneously that "something"

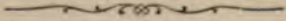
was dear "Baby Anne," he never knew; certainly he had no time to see. He did not stop to seek assistance; he did not shriek or call—Maid Lettuce above was doing that; he just bounded on to the deep sill, forced back the lattice, took one quick glance to where the mocking sun was gilding a bright little curly head, and then, flinging off his dark jerkin, went down with a muttered "God's mercy!" into the very surf of the waters—down just in time to catch the soft little body, to feel the frightened clutch of cramped, chubby fingers. Another moment, and "Baby Anne" might have been dashed against the cruel wood and clay that hedged them in all too closely.

Well was it that the idler suddenly bent to his oars, and came quick, flying to the rescue, for Ned was at best but a poor swimmer, and well-nigh exhausted with his efforts to support the child and himself so long. Well was it for the loving parents that only now they knew of the peril from which their darling had escaped so providentially.

And thus "Baby Anne" was saved by her father's "'prentice," and in the years to come Mistress Anne grew into a sweet, fair maiden, admired by all her neighbours. Young lovers wooed; even the handsome Earl of Shrewsbury would fain have wed the heiress of Sir William Hewet; yet she favoured none but her fond father's partner, now making a grand name for himself in the world of commerce. And when friends remonstrated, and would fain advise, because her father heeded none of these fine offers, the kind old merchant would rub his hands gleefully, and answer, "Tut, tut, sirs; Osborne saved her, Osborne shall wed her, an they will it so." They did "will," and, as far as history tells, lived happily ever after. He won her even a title, for we find that by-and-by Queen Elizabeth granted Sir Edward Osborne and Richard Staper, the charter of the Levant Company, "doing good offices for the peace of Christendom, relief of Christian slaves, and good vent for the commodities of the realm."

The grandson of Ned Osborne, the cloth-worker 'prentice, was created Duke of Leeds in 1694; and surely he was an ancestor to be proud of. Such men—

"Are fortune's jewels, moulded bright."





MARIE STUART.

“ Adieu ! sweet land of France, adieu !
All cherished joys gone by ;
Scenes where my happy childhood grew,
To leave ye is to die.

“ Love, glory, genius—all too dear,
Have darkened all my prime ;
My fate shall change to cold and drear,
In Scotland’s ruder clime.
My heart, my heart, with sudden awe,
Feels a vague omen’s shock ;
Sure in some ghastly dream I saw
A scaffold and a block.

“ Oh, France ! in all her woes and fears,
The Stuart’s daughter she,
As now she greets thee through her tears,
Shall ever turn to thee.”



POOR young Queen. Streaming were her eyes and heavy was her heart when she landed, on a dark and stormy morning, in the year 1561, at Leith ; and, as we are told in the quaint language of the time, “ was convoyit up to her palice of Halyrudhous,” where at night she was serenaded with “ a melodie (she said) lyked her weill, and she willed to be continued some nychts after with greit diligence,” though, poor lady, she wept bitterly when she compared her rough surroundings with the pomp and graciousness of all she had left behind in that fair France of her adoption. Now she had to bear with



AT THE GATES OF HOLYROOD.

harsh disapproving looks, her dress, her manners, and especially her religion, giving dire offence to these uncompromising leaders of the Scottish Reformation—these strange new subjects—with whose ideas she was as yet totally unacquainted, and whose very appearance somewhat startled her.

Would you like to hear how the lovely “lady of Scotland” occupied her time in these early days at Holyrood? — how, after dining at “twelf houris,” she read from the ancient historians with grave George Buchanan, and presently played chess, or went hawking or shooting at the butts. She had brought minstrels and singers in her train—players on the viol and players on the lute; and, having a passion for music, paid a whole ten pounds that an ancient organ might be put in order. In her more private hours she sat embroidering all sorts of exquisite things, chatting meanwhile with her four Maries, all noble maidens, as the sad old ballad runs—

“ There was Marie Seton, and Marie Beaton,
And Marie Carmichael, and me ” (Marie Hamilton).

(But it should have been Mary Fleming and Mary Livingstone.) Besides, there was Jane, the “Queane’s *fule*” or jester, a usual attendant at courts.

These four Maries were exactly of the Queen’s own age; they had been playmates, classmates, maids of honour and bridesmaids to the fairest Marie of them all, and now were her greatest comforts.

All that first year of her arrival in her new kingdom the young Sovereign was ill and in low spirits; but with Christmas-tide she mended, and on Twelfth-night gave a grand entertainment, at which was present the English ambassador, who had brought her a “faire diamond ring from her cousin Elizabeth, of England.” Then it was that she taught her new Court the French frolic of “The Bean,” which became as common afterwards as at the merry Court of France.

The “Bean,” hidden away in a large cake which was cut into pieces and distributed at hazard, fell to the lot of sweet Mary Fleming, who was therefore appointed Queen of the Revels, and held her state with pretty dignity. Nothing would suit her royal mistress and friend but that the maid should don her own regal attire, she herself retaining her plainest widow’s robes of black and white that she might not spoil the illusion.

"Two such sights in one state, in so good accord, I believe were never seen," wrote the ambassador, "as to behold two such worthy Queens possess one kingdom without envy, both upon a day. The Queen of the Bear was in a gown of cloth of silver; her head, her neck, her shoulders, and the rest of her whole body so beset with stones that more in our own jewel-house there were not to be found, the Queen wearing no jewels but a ring from the Queen's Majesty hanging from her breast, with a lace of white and black about her neck."

A sight worth seeing, surely, although one can well imagine that "The Queen's Majesty" had small sympathy with such light pastimes as delighted a lady ten years younger, and far more elegant in her simple black gown than Elizabeth in the French, Italian, and costly English weeds she affected about this time. On the return of her ambassador Elizabeth asked all sorts of questions, ending with "Which of us twain is fairest?" A difficult query indeed to answer, when made by such a jealous and imperious mistress, who, however, was content to hear that "She was the fairest Queen in England, as Marie in Scotland." Hearing that her rival was taller, she cried, "Then she is too high, for I myself am neither too high nor too low"—a conceited speech, methinks, for a lady to make.

Then she longed to see her cousin secretly, and the ambassador hinted that if she would disguise herself in a page's dress, even as James V. had done to see the lady who was to be his wife, he could convey her in safety and secrecy, no one being privy but a few of her attendants, who could declare her indisposed, and not inclined for society.

Elizabeth, though tempted, shook her head regretfully, with the remark, "Alas, if I might do this!" and turned to the state affairs she understood so well, and the flattering courtiers she despised and mocked.

In the bright May days succeeding, Queen Mary, who had been travelling about her new dominions, returned to Holyrood, and thence went in state to the Parliament. There was plenty of gay stir and ceremony on this occasion, the Duke of Chatelheraud carrying her crown, the Earl of Argyle her sceptre, and "Proud" Moray the sword of state. She had never seen a Parliament or spoken a speech before, and this one, written in French, she translated as she read. So gracious and graceful was their Queen that she wellnigh won over those stern lords to forget

that she was as yet French at heart, while, as she rode back through the crowded streets to Holyrood, many a bonnet was flung high, and many an earnest voice cried "God save that sweet face!"

Had they known all they might have added, in pity, "Alas, poor Marie!"



ABDICATION.

Poor Marie indeed she was from the very first moment she was born—for even then King James lay a-dying. "It cam wi' a lass, and it will gang wi' a lass." The dying father had murmured those despairing words almost with his last breath: he was thinking of the Scottish crown, which had come to the Stuarts through intermarriage with Marjory,

Bruce's only daughter, and well was it he might not foresee the sad times that were to come for the baby princess, crowned at nine months old, and affianced at six years of age to the boy Dauphin of France. She was but nineteen when she first came, a widowed queen, to Holyrood, where the trials and troubles soon commenced which were to end in a helpless struggle, in a forced and indignant abdication, in shame and in death.

But of these sad things so much has been written that I would rather tell of events that precede them. How on a wild March day in 1565, in "the parochie kirk, and in the Chepell Royall," the banns of marriage were proclaimed, and at five o'clock on Sunday morning, in that same "Chepell," Mary came forth to wed her cousin, Earl Darnley, described as "handsomely long and small, even and straight." A strangely ominous wedding surely, for the Queen was dressed in a "greate mourning gowne of blake, with the greate wide mourning hooede, not unlike that which she wore the doleful daye of the buriall of her husbände." The banns were asked a third time, then three rings—one of them a rich diamond—were placed by her bridegroom on Mary's finger, and they knelt together at the altar, spending the rest of the day in banqueting, while the trumpets sounded largesse, and money scattered for the domestics. The next day a proclamation was published at the Cross of Edinburgh, ordaining Darnley to be called King; and later on the sovereign of France sent him the Order of St. Michael—that is, the Scallop and Cockle-shell Order, the collar of which is composed of cockle-shells. A curious picture of the times is offered in the fact that after the investiture the ambassador was entertained at the palace, where, in the evening, took place a grand masquerade, at which the Queen and her four Maries were present; she and all her ladies appearing in male attire, and presenting each of the strangers with a "whinger" embroidered with gold. Merry times as yet, apparently, but as she herself wrote—

" En mon triste et doux chant,
D'un ton fort lamentable,
Je jette un œil tranchant
De perte incomparable,
En soupirs cuisans
Passent mes meilleurs ans."



THE "GOLDEN HIND."

"WESTWARD HO! WITH A RUMBELOW,
AND HURRAH FOR THE SPANISH MAIN, OH!"



ON the very summit of a high hill there stood a mighty old tree, whose branches spread far and wide. In its enormous trunk were cut steps, so that passing travellers could ascend into its green interlacings, and survey at their ease the fair country below, and the blue, blue sea beyond.

It so chanced that the warlike Commander Drake, on his way to Nombre de Dios, noted this hill and this tree, and being an Englishman, must needs step aside to mount and get a view. Such a wild magnificent stretch of landscape his eye had never seen, while beyond all lay the blue line of the far Pacific—that mighty ocean on which English vessel had never yet sailed, and which Drake had never yet seen; and as he looked and looked, the idea of exploring that great south sea dawned upon the adventurer's mind, and took such fine possession of it that, falling on his knees in this strange place, he implored God's assistance that he might some time sail hither and make a perfect discovery of its wonders.

Years passed before time, tide, and opportunity served; but in November, 1577, the *Golden Hind*, with other vessels, manned by a hundred and sixty-four gentlemen and sailors, left Plymouth on this great errand, and well prepared, under Elizabeth's patronage, to carry it out. There were on board several pinnaces in frames, good store of provisions, musical instruments, rich furniture, and vessels of gold and silver, that the benighted natives might judge of the wealth and civilisation of the English nation.



SIR FRANCIS DRAKE'S FIRST VIEW OF THE PACIFIC.

Let us picture Sir Francis Drake in the prime of his strength and beauty, as he stood on the deck of his good ship in Plymouth Harbour. His crisp brown hair, on which when at sea he wore a scarlet cap, gold banded; his broad, high forehead; his long, grey, steady eyes; his mouth, but that it was concealed by beard and moustache, hard, inflexible, and fierce. Then his dress, so different from that of a commander of our times, consisting of a dark loose seaman's shirt, belted at the waist, and about his neck a plaited cord with a ring dangling to it, in which his long and sinewy fingers were wont to play.

Away they sped over the broad seas, where they met with such adventures that I would fain tell, only they would fill this entire volume. I can only note that in September they entered the Pacific, which Bilboa had of old claimed for the Kings of Castile and Leon. But now the elements mocked the English explorer; the gale blew steadily and dispersed his vessels—one vanished altogether, another sailed away back again as best she could, and only the *Golden Hind* remained. She, after much difficulty, anchored off Cape Horn, where Drake landed, and, lying down, stretched himself as far over the cliff as he could reach, saying on re-embarking, "Now I have been farther south than any man living."

Near Peru, the natives let fly their arrows at a boatful of the new comers, and almost every man was wounded. Drake received one arrow in his hand and another under his eye; but he would take no revenge, saying they were mistaken for Spaniards. Soon he captured a Spanish vessel laden with pearls, gold, and wine; and next a big treasure-ship. The captain of this last, mistaking them for Spaniards, invited them on board, where they very soon became masters of everything.

Much more might I tell of months of dangers, and delays, of ventures, and gains, but that 'tis time to turn our sails homewards.

One curious experience had the commander, at Ternate, where Drake requested to trade for spices, and was answered that the king himself was coming to visit this English ship. But first he sent four large canoes, in each of which were some of his Majesty's greatest statesmen, "attired in white cloth of Calicut, having over their heads, from one end of the canoe to the other, a covering of thin perfumed mats, borne up with a frame made of reeds for the same use, under which every one did sit in his

vellous tales went about concerning Drake after this, that he was by many considered a magician. One funny story related to Madame Drake. It was said that she had, like every one else, supposed her husband dead, and latterly determined to wed one of the many suitors her beauty and riches encouraged. When on her way to church, one of Drake's "familiar" gave him sudden warning of what was going on at home, upon which, to give her notice, he hurriedly loaded a big gun, and fired right through the earth, with so true an aim that the ball came up on the other side, crashing against the church-door just as the ceremony commenced; upon which the bride uttered a shriek, and drew back from the altar, crying aloud:—

"That comes from my dear husband!"

"From Drake?" shouted the bridegroom. "How can that be?"

"But it is," answered madam positively; "and while he lives there must be neither troth nor ring between us." And she kept to her word.

Later on, when came the terror of the Armada, Drake's name was on every tongue, and his power still believed to be preternatural. It was rumoured how when first made aware of the approach of that threatening "crescent of ships," he was playing at skittles at the Plymouth Hoe; that he calmly played out his game, and then, taking a block of wood and a hatchet, he leaned his arm, and chopped up the log, casting the fragments into the sea, where, by some "uncanny" means, each chip became a man-of-war, wherewith to defend the coast of England—

"When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain."





THE STORY OF "LA BELLE SAUVAGE."

POWHATAN was a great chief among chiefs, and his lodge was in the far-away valley of Werrowocomoco, where, when not on the war-trail, he camped with many braves. Powhatan was bold and cunning, yet withal tender-hearted, especially when his eyes lighted on his one little daughter, Mataox, whose beloved young mother lay at rest near the fair waters of the mighty Delaware.

A sweet dusky maiden this, with the step of a bounding fawn, with bright dark eyes and long raven hair that waved nigh to the edge of her scarlet moccasins. Very precious to her tribe, as I have been told; so that when it was known that the White Faces had come from afar to make a settlement beyond the river, and called the poor place Jamestown, the Indians who had first thought of slaying and next of trading with these strangers, were in fear lest evil might befall their king's young daughter should the white medicine men choose to bewitch her, or the evil eye fall on her. So they changed her name, that the man might be foiled and the eye not see her, and called her in public, instead of Mataox, Pocahontas—a name of which the meaning, and every Indian name has its special meaning, was kept a mystery even among themselves.

The new comers fenced in their town with earthworks and palisades, but by the time that the kernels of corn first appeared in the country, Powhatan and other Sachems determined upon attacking the intruding palefaces at Jamestown, when, by a strange chance, it happened that their captain and leader fell a helpless prisoner into their hands. The moon was asleep, they captured him, and great was their rejoicing. Even



Pocahontas clapped her hands, for she longed to see a white man ; of them she had heard much.

How it came about I will tell, as it was recorded in the summer of 1610, by the White chief himself, Captain John Smith, whose "portraictuer" is before you on the next page.

He it was who first tracked the waters of the Chickahominy, and who left his people, taking with him two men and an Indian youth for a guide, with whom, in a small canoe, he travelled many a mile, and at last found a way even through tall reeds and hanging branches. Then, when he could pass no farther, he landed, and bidding the men watch, strode away inland with his guide before his footsteps, swinging his gun as he went exploring.

But some stragglng knaves of Powhatan slew the two weary boatmen asleep by a fire of twigs—slew them as they lay. Then they tracked the chief, and behold, he was still following in the trail of the guide. Not caring to come too near, because of the gun, they let fly their arrows, one of which stuck fast in his leg, but the others fell short ; upon which he caught the arm of the guide, who stood all abashed, and whipping off his own leather thong, or garter, quickly had it fast about the native's arm, and, swinging him round, used him as a barricado, or shield, and from behind him wounded many, because they dare not come nigh his weapon.

And as all this time he retreated, he would in safety have made his way back to the canoe, but that, as he advanced, his buckler, trembling and staggering before him, must needs fall and drag him into a hole full of thick mud, where they would both have choked. The natives were so afraid of the gun that the captain had to fling it away before they would venture to come and drag him out, and carry him off, chilled and hurt, to the fire, where he saw the two slain men, and by the fierce looks of the Indians he judged that he himself was not far from death already.

But he stood up boldly, and asked to be taken before their leader ; and they, because of his manner, did not say him nay, but led him with much noise to the noted Opechancanough, and there the captive made no entreaties. He simply drew out one of those mystic things—a pocket compass—the like of which no warrior had ever seen, and, knowing somewhat of the Indian tongue, began to tell of its wonders—how this

needle pointed ever north, and why; and Opechancanough and his braves heard with grave, thoughtful eyes, while the paleface went on telling of the stars, and earth, and sky, and how the sun did chase the night for



CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

ever round the world; and it was good to see how they hearkened, even as children do to a tale that is new and full of marvels.

As long as the captain spoke they listened and asked; then when he spoke no more they, first tying him to a tree, calmly prepared to shoot him.

Yet their chief held the compass in his own hand, and whether there was magic in it to soften his heart I know not, but he suddenly held it up aloft as a signal, at which they unbound the captive and prepared to lead him away to their camp, where ruled the great Powhatan himself.

At first there was a setting of themselves in marching array, with Opechancanough in their centre, and nigh him borne the weapons taken from Captain Smith and his slain men; then the same captain, led by three great "lubbers holdinge him faste;" and so they went in file, six and six and six, with arrows and quivers grimly painted—more than a hundred men. They marched till night.

At the village of Orapaxe all the old people came out; also the women and children yelling joyously, and those who had brought the prisoner did prepare themselves for a kind of war-dance, painting their bodies and hair red, and sticking feathers and bits of fur about their heads. Then they hopped and danced in a ring, brandishing the tails of rattlesnakes, while those who looked on screeched with great admiration at their prowess. The captive, faint and weary, was led away to a log hut, and so feasted with venison stew that he fancied he was fatted to be himself eaten. Such things he had heard of, but it was not so, and they did him no hurt.

Only one old man was anxious to slay him, because that his son was wounded; whereupon Smith cried that at Jamestown he kept certain medicine which would certainly cure the hurts, if he were allowed to fetch it. Upon this they fastened his bonds the tighter, and presently they decided that he might send for it if he could by them, and he took a leaf out of a book, and wrote to Jamestown of his peril, and begged his friends to put certain useful things he named under a stone; then he gave it to the Indians, and told them that if this white leaf with signs on it were given to any Jamestown people, the bottle and other good things would be found under such a big stone outside the palisade, which he described to his captors. On this poor chance his life hung for the present.

Away sped the Indians through frost and snow; but when they saw watchful white people sally forth they grew afraid and fled, dropping the paper in their hurry, yet not daring to return without it. They came back at midnight, and, with little hope, peeped under the stone, where—

lo and behold!—lay each thing they had been promised, after which they swiftly hurried back, and every one was set wondering because of that magical “talking leaf” that had so successfully informed the intruding palefaces yonder of the meaning of their errand.

At last the unexpected party arrived at Werowocomoco, where stood the spacious wigwam of Great Powhatan, outside of which they paused, the centre of an admiring crowd, while the king and his court put on their paint and bravery; and then they saw the king, who “sate on a seate like a bedsted, with ravowcum (raccoon) skinnes, all the tailles hanging by.” His young daughter sat near, and behind many men and women with their heads and shoulders painted red, and their heads adorned with white feathers and down of birds, and big chains of beads of all colours, and of teeth and stones, for it was a great occasion, as each one felt.

Very stately and royal did Great Powhatan feel, no doubt, as he looked to see the effect of all this pomp on the dusty, haggard paleface, to whom one woman brought water, and another a bunch of feathers by way of towel. Then a long and solemn conference was held among the braves, the result being, that suddenly the royal wigwam was thrown open, and a huge log dragged forward, towards which Captain Smith was hurriedly led, and forced to kneel. His last hour had come!

Now, indeed, it seemed that he *must* die. Wounded and bound in the hands of such foes, what chance for our poor Englishman, the war hatchets whizzing about in a preparatory flourish, the better to deal death-blows? What appeal could touch those savage hearts, or stop those upraised arms, or stay the death song-chorus, only delayed because of a fiendish triumph in the agony of the victim in their clutches?

But as he bowed his doomed head, the captain was suddenly aware of a slight young form bounding past him, and of a girl in tears of passionate pity and entreaty pleading for his life—the poor, defenceless stranger’s life. Would not her father spare it to her, his daughter—his little Pocahontas? Would he not give her this man’s life, instead of the beads he had promised her? Did a chief ever refuse when it was the woman of the family asked mercy? And then, as Powhatan would have gently but firmly led her away, she flew from his side to kneel by that of the crouching figure opposite, and, laying her dusky cheek against his head, and spreading

her strong young arms about him, appealed to all for her right as a chief's daughter to save a prisoner's life. Women whose husbands had been slain on the war-trail, children whose parents were slain, could stay the hatchet, even as it hung over a victim's head ; and she, a princess, could surely save this white man, who had not shed the blood of one of theirs. "Powhatan did not love the lone daughter of Deeryes, or he would not let her so implore in vain." And here she rose, and ran with clasped hands and kissed the royal mantle, and Powhatan, all sullen, yet unable to resist her, signified that the white victim should be spared, to make hatchets for him and beads for his daughter. Then, at a sign, the young captain was dragged away, and thrust in a close lodge at some distance, where he lay till night, disconsolate at the prospect of living a slave.

He was suddenly startled by a loud groaning and roaring, as of angry wild animals coming nearer and nearer, but it was only Powhatan and two hundred of his council, all fearfully disguised, who came to tell him he was free, and should have guides back to Jamestown, if only he would send back two big guns and a grindstone, after which the king would never harm him, but look on him as a son, and trade with his people.

Speedily departed the captain with twelve Indians under the care of Rawhunt, the king's servant, and on his arrival right honestly did he deliver the guns. As to the coveted grindstone, they could not even lift one : how then could they carry it back ? So they got beads and many trinkets of red and blue wherewith to charm the eyes of the dusky young maid (she was but twelve summers old), whose pitiful words and determined action saved the English leader's life.

After this the Indians became friendly with the little colony in Jamestown, and often visited it, staring with grave-eyed wonder at the doings of the palefaces, who in time were greatly interested with these strange children of the wilds, and their strange ways and sayings. They spoke of the sun as being asleep from sunset to sunrise ; and in the ord of the moon, when it does not shine in the night, they said "It is dead," all rejoicing at the sight of the new-moon, which brought promise of good. But now it was a period of peace, and soon came the celebration of the close of the year—a great feast which took place at the time of the old moon, in the last of the month we call January.

There was great din and stir about the council-house as hunters came in from every direction, bringing whatever of venison and skins they had been able to obtain; and there was a noisy election of some twenty of the most active and able men into a sort of committee to superintend and take the principal part in the coming festivities—no slight business, as we shall see; for it was to continue eight days, and they would have to be astir from first to last. To select a place where all the tribe could assemble, and frolic and feast; then to strangle two spotless dogs, paint their faces red, and adorn their bodies curiously with feathers, then stick them up on a high pole as a sort of trophy; after which they had to run round among the people, stirring them up with a kind of paddle, and putting out every fire in the huts. If one were left alight, misfortune would follow.

And so the feast commenced, every one dancing, and taking what they liked out of the big steaming kettles. But all the time those twenty men ran here and there, now with nothing on, now dressed in bear-skins, and with big masks of husks, which looked awful, and made the children and squaws scream with affright, and put something into the baskets they carried, that they should go away, but they never stayed long anywhere.

On the ninth day it ended by those twenty restless men assembling, and taking down the painted dogs with much ceremony and sleight of hand, passing into their inanimate bodies the sins and ill-doings of all present during the past year. Then they were publicly burned, and the smoke of all this evil passed away to Nau-wah-ne-u.

Many a time after this did Pocahontas do the infant settlement good service, and it is pleasant to know that instead of drifting into a forest wigwam, she soon learned to love the truths of Christianity, and married that good Puritan, John Rolfe, whose descendants still flourish in New England, proud, as well they may be, of their ancestor, "La Belle Sauvage," who, strange to say, visited England, where she was introduced to the Queen, who made much of her because of her loyal services, knowing that, as Captain Smith wrote to her Majesty, "we owe the preservation of the colony of Virginia, under God, to Princess Pocahontas, now Madam Rebecca Rolfe."



THE GREAT SIR WALTER.

"In Raleigh mark their every glory mixed.
Raleigh—the scourge of Spain, whose heart with all
The sage, the patriot, and the hero burned."—*Thomson.*

NO history is more full of strange pathetic romance than the history of Sir Walter. Every one knows it, from that ready velvet "cloke" to the sad days when, his glories all eclipsed, he patiently sat in the little garden-house of the Tower making healing potions, or writing his famous work, sadly thinking of the old times when he had fought so bravely against the Spaniards, the long detested foes of England, or of that strangely beautiful Virginia he had discovered, and named after his own sovereign in England.

Two very matter-of-fact things do we owe him, namely, potatoes and tobacco; for he it was that, noting how the red men smoked a certain kind of dried leaf, seemingly enjoying themselves very much during the process, brought a good store of the weed with him to England, and also smoked it with edification; only, instead of from a clay, he puffed from a silver pipe, made expressly for his lordship.

By-and-by others followed his example, though many persons, instead of clay or silver, used a pipe simply constructed out of a split walnut-shell and a straw; but it was a long time before such a luxury became general, or was even heard of in rustic places, which reminds us of the well-known story told of Raleigh, when, in the first enjoyment of this luxury, lighting a pipe while his new country servant had gone to the buttery to fetch him a tankard of ale. On his return the poor man was



RALEIGH MAPPING OUT "THE LAND OF GOLD."

horrified at finding his master enveloped in clouds of smoke. He instantly emptied the whole measure over his head, and flew down stairs for assistance, shouting loudly that Sir Walter was on fire, and calling, "Help!—help!"

Sir Walter was very fond of recommending his Virginian leaf, to which, as yet, a great many took exception. One day the queen, who liked to hear and speak about things that interested her courtiers, remarked lightly that "he might be very clever, but he could not tell her the weight of all the smoke he contrived to puff out of his pipe." Raleigh declared the thing was easy. Upon which her Majesty instantly laid him a wager to the contrary—twenty angels in coins of the realm.

"Your grace shall judge," answered the courtier. In her presence he weighed a certain quantity of tobacco, and filling his capacious pipe-bowl, proceeded to smoke until it was all consumed, then he weighed the ashes that remained, and pointed out to her watchful majesty, that the difference indicated the weight of the smoke. As there was no denying the fact, Elizabeth laughingly paid her angels, remarking, in allusion to the alchemists of the day, that "she had heard of many who turned their gold into smoke, but never yet of one who could turn smoke into gold."

So great a favourite with his queen did this once poor soldier become, that he, in time, owned a princely revenue. Castles, manors, lordships, monopolies, and palaces—so that he was enabled to vie in magnificence with the first nobles in the world. Yet she would never grant him the humblest office in Government; some say because of his overbearing manner. He was ever bringing her petitions from those he thought unjustly treated. Once Elizabeth cried, impatiently, "Sir Walter, when will you cease to be a beggar?"

And he, with a low bow, said, "I will cease to be a beggar when your Majesty ceases to be a benefactor."

All went well till the queen—much given to jealousy of all handsome courtiers about her royal self—discovered that this particular one was in love with another Elizabeth, on which she committed them both to the Tower, that they might repent their disloyalty. But this courtier understood the royal lady well, and raved like a madman, declaring he must

see the queen—he could not live without her sweet presence, “whom he was wont to behold riding like Alexander, hunting like Diana, walking like Venus, the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her pure cheeks like a nymph; sometimes sitting in the shade like a goddess, sometimes singing like an angel,” and so on, well knowing it would all be reported, and then



RALEIGH ON THE ORONOCO.

what could such an angel (she was but sixty years old) do but order her captive knight's release, though for long he remained under such a cloud of displeasure, that he set sail for Trinidad, in hopes of finding treasure. This it was made him resolve on visiting Guiana, the fabled El-Dorado, the land of gold, the capital of which was described by the Spaniards as “one vast palace of Aladdin—a congeries of precious stones and precious metals, the very Ophir of the ancients.”

So Raleigh sailed from Plymouth away to Trinidad, where he seized St. Joseph, but no treasure. Then he took to his boats and sailed hundreds of miles up the Orinoco, finding a fertile and beautiful country and strange natives, but not much else, with the exception of some signs of a gold mine, which haunted him for years after, and finally tempted him on an expedition which sealed his fate.

Shall I describe Raleigh as one of the handsomest men, at this time in his prime? He was worth seeing. "A picturesque and dazzling figure, tall, tawny, splendid, with the bronze of tropical suns on his leonine cheeks; a bushy beard, a round moustache, and a ripple of curling hair, which it took his man Peter an hour to dress. Apparelled, as became such a figure, in scarf and band of the richest colour and costliest stuff; in cap and plume worth a ransom; in jacket powdered with gems; his whole attire, from cap to shoe-strings, blazing with rubies and emeralds.

A strange, stirring man, living in strangely stirring times, distinguished for as many vices as virtues, now displaying magnanimity and generosity, now pride, vindictiveness, and cruelty; yet were the eyes of all England turned upon him, admiringly always, pityingly sometimes, lovingly never, there being something in his temper which, however glorious his actions, rendered him unpopular—so say historians.

Such was the man that Scottish James, succeeding Elizabeth, tried for his life, and kept under sentence of death in the grim Tower of London for long weary years, letting him loose now and then when he thought profit might accrue—his second voyage to Trinidad, for instance—then dragging him back to the dark prison wall, and at the end of fifteen years suddenly beheading the noble knight; a shameful deed to do most surely, especially after freely allowing him to once more sail for Guiana, where, seeking for treasure, of which the king was to have one-fifth, though not sharing in the expense or risk of the expedition, Raleigh lost his eldest son while battling with the Spaniards. Then he was disappointed, not finding the gold and silver mines which had lured him hither, and last, because of a general mutiny of his crews he was obliged to return to Plymouth. Even then he might have escaped from England and the vengeance of his avaricious and unjust king, but Raleigh had given his word, and that bound him in honour to submit once more; so home he came, to be loaded with con-



He was just and generous even then. Once when a peasant brought him one of the beautiful little ponies for which the province of Oland was famous, the child, before giving way to the delight he felt in owning so charming a steed, drew out his own little purse, and, eagerly pouring its contents into the big palm of the surprised countryman, cried—"I cannot let you go away unrewarded. Indeed I cannot take this horse from you without giving you all the money I have."

By-and-by he became such a renowned and bold soldier that the Pope dubbed him "The New Alaric," fighting ever for what he considered the right. He was ambitious, but also pious, believing that God had manifestly chosen him to deliver an oppressed people. He had proclaimed himself the bulwark of the persecuted Protestant faith, and well he fought in the cause.

Once we read of the handsome young Swedish king riding with a gay train of officers and nobles into the old city of Nuremberg, when he was met by a long procession of nobles, the ladies of the city, all in their bravery, and the burghers glittering in golden chains, and gems. As he passed through the ancient streets thousands of spectators pressed to the windows, all hung with tapestry and banners, and shouted a welcome to the deliverer of German Protestantism.

Arrived at the Senate House he was presented with four large cannon superbly mounted, two silver globes filled with what the soldiers and chieftains of all times have prized, namely, gold and silver ducats and guilders, besides six waggons piled high with oats and fish, and barrels of wine, for all which good things he thanked the givers courteously, yet declaring that beyond all these he would prize their steady holding fast to the true faith from which their enemies were seeking to divert them.

"I have brought with me many valiant men, who, imitating my example, have left wives, children, and parents, to endanger their lives, as I have ventured mine, in the defence of liberty and religion. Remain immovable in your attachment to the cause you have adopted, and the good God, who has already loaded you with benefits, will grant you even higher favour; your city will continue to flourish, your renown will spread far and wide, and we shall all exalt with blessing and praise the name of the great God"—wholesome advice from a youthful warrior flushed with victory.

By-and-by the hero had to defend the old city from the famous Wallenstein, who, this time, instead of fighting, declared he would defeat the king by a "campaign of famine"—a terrible foe to combat, truly, when the enemy commands all the roads and passes. Soon the inhabitants, the



GUSTAVUS.

peasants, were all within clamouring for food; without, too, there arose murmurs and complaints against the soldiers of Gustavus. "They rob us, sire; they are our worst enemies, for from them we cannot defend ourselves," wailed the poor, crowding about the camp of the king, who had come to protect them, but whose followers were mostly lawless mercenaries. He could be stern and severe, as well as mild and gentle; and, summon-

ing his officers, he spoke hard and bitter words. "You and your men are paid for fighting," he cried, wrathfully, "while I, your leader, protest that on my honour, throughout this war, I have not enriched myself by so much as a pair of boots. What will be said of such soldiers?"

And as they stood, shamed, especially the German troops, he declared that neither rank nor birth should protect future marauders; and as some of the commanders looked inclined to mutiny, he sternly bade them obey and beware. "If you dare to plunder these helpless citizens, I will have you cut down, even in Wallenstein's presence, having reason and Christianity on my side." They bowed obedience; but next day a lieutenant was hanged for pillaging; then a soldier took away a peasant's cow, and the poor humble fellow being heard to remonstrate by the king, Gustavus at once seized the thief with his own hands, and summoned the executioner in haste.

"Spare me, your majesty," cried the culprit, in horror; "you call us your children; spare me, your faithful soldier!"

"Friend," answered the king, grimly, "every soldier is my child, yet it is better for one child to be punished than that the wrath of God should fall upon me and thee, and all of us, on account of thy sin and disloyalty." And punished he was in the sight of all. After that there was safety for the poor Nuremberg folk, because of this leader's firmness.

When last we see our "Lion," he is arraying for the field of Lutzen. He will wear no heavy cuirass. "The Lord Himself is my sufficient defence," he remarks, yet he puts on a vest of elk-skin, said to be proof against sword-thrusts. Then he listens devoutly to a solemn service, performed by the chaplains of the several regiments in the darkness of a foggy dawn, only lighted by the flames of a burning village—a brand of fire lighted by Wallenstein; the drums and trumpets burst forth with Luther's hymn, "Our God is a Strong Tower," in which every soldier present joins with heart and voice, as they do in the "Christ our Saviour," which Gustavus has himself composed. Suddenly the fog rolls away, and the sunshine streams on the opposing armies—fierce masses of living valour, standing face to face, and eager for the foe.

"Forward," cried the king; and forward he rushed—so forward that his tall form was visible to all; and ere long he fell. His page would

fain have helped him mount, but it was too late; the enemy was on them.

"Who art thou?" cried they, crowding about the fallen man. "Thy name and quality—speak!"

He looked up, and said in a loud, clear voice, "I am the King of Sweden, and thus I seal with my blood the liberty and religion of the German nation!" and then he fell back dying.

Not long before he had left his one little daughter to the care of his councillors and the States. She was now but six years old, but they placed her on her father's seat, and kneeling, one by one, those brave and bearded townsmen kissed the weak little hand, and proclaimed her and owned her. Right royally did the soldier's young daughter pass through the ordeal, and right proudly did she listen to the shout "Hail to our 'King' Christina of Sweden! Hail to the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus!"

The orphan princess developed into a strangely hard and unwomanly woman; and who could wonder? Born, as she loved to vaunt, amid shouts of triumph, and cradled amidst palms and laurels in the arms of her playmates—victory and fortune. As a tiny baby she had crowed and clapped her hands at the blare of trumpets and roar of cannon. Her father had promised to take her by his side to battle: "But, to my misfortune, death prevented him keeping his word, and me from serving an apprenticeship under so complete a master!" cried this strange princess, who disdained womankind, and loved to learn all the accomplishments of men. She laughed loudly and swore roundly, and bustled about so industriously, that she was the despair of those around her. She soon mastered Latin, Greek, and all the modern languages, mathematics, history, and divinity, so it is easy to imagine that the girl-queen of Sweden was looked upon as a prodigy of learning, and immensely popular with her subjects, who loved to hear how, after endowing universities and academies, she compelled grave philosophers to play shuttlecock with her, and caused two eminent scholars to pirouette before her in a Greek dance! An enigma to the end was "King" Christina, who, no one ever understood why or wherefore, suddenly abdicated the crown that had been made so glorious by her father, "the Lion of the North."



THE FREE MEN OF SCROBY.

"WE MUST BE FREE OR DIE, WHO SPEAK THE TONGUE THAT SHAKESPEARE SPOKE, THE FAITH AND MORALS
HOLD WHICH MILTON HELD."

THE troubles began when James I. was king, and the laws condemned every one to fine, imprisonment, or open penance, if they listened to sermons preached by any but the clergymen of the established Church of England. Of course this did not please many good folks, who considered that they ought to be allowed to listen and to do as they thought best in such a matter, and after much trouble and discussion, decided they would go away and live in another country altogether; but a royal order was issued, and everybody was forbidden to leave England without a signed permission.

This made the men only more determined. They *would* go—even to Holland, if possible, that being the only place open to "Protestant Dissenters," as they were called. Yet many timid folks drew back, saying, "What can we poor farmers do in Holland, which is a manufacturing country? We shall be starved; and our dear children—what will become of them?" However, when they found that a shipmaster agreed to be ready with his vessel on the Lincolnshire coast, many of the inhabitants of the village of Scroby stole away in defiance of the law—stole off at night, just as though they were thieves, and travelled seventy weary miles, in chill, early winter, some riding on their farm-horses, with their wives on pillions behind and their little children clasped close in front; others tramped bravely a-foot, with their goods strapped on pack-horses. The roads were detestable, and every one was almost tired to death before they caught sight of the sea, looking grey and dull across the long line of sand.



PILGRIM FATHERS ON THE SHORES OF NEW PLYMOUTH.

Then, poor things, came the worst trouble, for the shipowner was a traitor. He let them embark their few possessions, and gave the fugitives up to the officers of the law, who carried them off to prison, after which they had to struggle home penniless, but yet not quite disheartened; for later on they tried again, and yet again, to escape from England.

I cannot tell all their failures—watched, and hounded, and persecuted. Some of these men of Scroby did at last get away on a Dutch vessel. Then a dreadful storm arose, and for seven days they were tossed hither and thither. At last the sailors cried despairingly, "We are lost!" but the pilgrims cried still louder, "Yet, Lord, Thou canst save!" and save He did. When all who knew of that vessel had given her up, she sailed, with torn canvas and woefully battered timbers, into harbour at Amsterdam, and there the poor folk drew the breath of thankfulness and freedom.

Many others managed in time to join the little band that for twelve years remained at Leyden, getting a living as best they could, in factories and at looms; and no one can say how the long hours and close confinement told on these sturdy farmers and field labourers; yet they held their decorous services, and went their way bravely, though the manners and customs of the city people offended the English Puritans sorely, but they hoped that all this time it was becoming more possible to reach America. The coast had been explored by many navigators; attempts had been made to found colonies; but all had hitherto failed, and most fearful tales had come to the eager ears of terrified listeners. The natives were represented as fierce savages, who exercised all sorts of fiendish cruelties on any white men they captured, and would certainly exterminate a helpless band like this of the men of Leyden, their women and children.

However, through difficulties innumerable, and hardships that it would take too long to make you understand, they won their way, buying a small Dutch craft, the *Speedwell*, and hiring the *Mayflower*—the captain and company of the *Speedwell* to remain one year on the American coast, the *Mayflower* to return when the colonists had found a place to live in.

But all could not go as yet, and there followed a sad, sad parting—husbands and wives, fathers and children, new friends and old, stood sobbing and sighing on that bright July morning. They had spent the

night in prayer; and with the dawn they said a final adieu, and embarked on the *Speedwell*. The rope was cast off, the sails filled, and away sped the vessel, bearing the germ of a mighty nation—the founders of a new empire. Away it sped down the Maas, across the North Sea, and on to Southampton, where lay the *Mayflower*, and whence they sailed on August 15th, 1620.

But they were delayed by the treachery of the *Speedwell's* captain, who put back, and now refused to cross the ocean, so that the two companies of pilgrims had to crowd on board the *Mayflower*. One hundred and one passengers at length sailed away “for good” from Plymouth Harbour, the last place in England they were to tread, carrying its name with them to the first land they should call their own, on that venture so far away. They had sailed in the summer sunshine; it was now the 19th of November when there suddenly arose a joyous cry of “Land!” they were, however, quite out of their reckonings. The captain had been bribed to take them far beyond Virginia, and out of the jurisdiction of any Government. But making the best of their apparent ill fortune, they here signed a covenant, adopting that system of self-government upon which the American government is based, even before one foot had touched the unknown land of their adoption. For there were a few of the pilgrims, not those of Leyden, but those who had joined at Plymouth, who were fain to repudiate their obligations to the company at large, and to set up for themselves. To prevent this mischievous arrangement, a meeting was held before the ship came to anchor, and an agreement signed by the heads of families and all unmarried adventurers, which is so singular and interesting a document, that I think it is worthy of a place here:—

“In the name of God, Amen. We whose names are vnderwritten, the loyall subiects of our dread Soveraine Lord King Iames, by the grace of God of Great Britaine, France, and Ireland, King Defender of the faith. . . . Having vndertaken for the glory of God, and advancement of Christian Faith, and honour of our King and Country, a voyage to plant the first Colony in the Northerne parts of VIRGINIA, doe by these presents solemnly and mutually in the presence of God and of one another, covenant and combine our selves together into a civil body politike, for our better ordering and preservation, and furtherence of the ends aforesaid, and by vertue hereof do enact, constitute, and frame such iust and equall Lawes, Ordinances, acts, constitutions, offices, from time to time as shall be thought

most meet and convenient, for the generall good of the Colony : vnto which we promise all due submission and obedience.

"In witnesse whereof we have here-vnder subscribed our names, *Cape Cod*, 11 of November in the yeare of the raigne of our soveraigne Lord King IAMES of *England, France, and Ireland* 18 and of *Scotland* 54, *Anno Domini* 1620."



LEAVING ENGLAND.

On Sunday, the 20th of December, 1620, some of the pilgrims landed, and kept their first Sabbath on American soil. The next day the rest landed on New Plymouth Rock, one explorer noting :—

"On Munday we sounded the Harbour, and found it a very good harbour for our shipping. We marched also into the land, and found divers corn-fields and little running brookes—a place very good for situation. So we returned to our ship againe with good newes to the rest of our people, which did much comfort their hearts ; " and sorely they needed good

newes of some sort. Though meanwhile another comfort had come—a very wee one—a tiny rosebud baby, and they called her Peregrine White.

I have just space left to give you a specimen of the first rhyme written by a very early father poet in the new country. It is dated 1630, and there are several more verses in the same rough strain.

“The place where we live is a wilderness wood,
Where grass is much wanting that’s fruitful and good.
Our mountains and hills, and our valleys below,
Being commonly covered with ice and with snow ;
And when the north-west wind with violence blows,
Then every man pulls his cap over his nose.
But if any’s so hardy, and will it withstand,
He forfeits a finger, a foot, or a hand.

* * * * *

“If fresh meat be wanting to fill up our dish,
We have carrots, and pumpkins, and turnips, and fish;
And is there a mind for a delicate dish,
We repair to the dam-banks, and there we catch fish.
’Stead of pottage and puddings, and custard and pies,
Our pumpkins and parsnips are common supplies.
We have pumpkins at morning and pumpkins at noon,
If it was not for pumpkins we should be undone.”





CHARLES, THE KING.

"A CROWN

GOLDEN IN SHOW IS BUT A WREATH OF THORNS :
BRINGS DANGERS, TROUBLES, CARES, AND SLEEPLESS NIGHTS
TO HIM WHO WEARS THE REGAL DIADEM."—*Milton*.



fair and smiling picture of royalty—"Youth on the prow and pleasure at the helm." How promising and happy seemed the days in store for that handsome, but grave king, and his bright queen, as, surrounded by their children, Charles and James, and bonnie little Elizabeth, they spent the summer morning on the silvery Thames, where waving sprays hung green and fresh overhead, and where the stately white swans came floating by—floating double, swan and shadow. A sweet home picture—a happy royal family. But turn over a few pages of history and see how all is changed.

Hugh Peters, the celebrated Independent divine, preached before the Parliament at old St. Margaret's Church his text—"Bind your king in chains, and your nobles in fetters of iron." "The Rump," as they were unceremoniously termed by some, ordered a sergeant-at-arms to ride to Westminster Hall, and proclaim that the trial of King Charles of England was to begin on the 20th of January, 1649, and hither the king had come, the prisoner of his own subjects. Never could he have believed London could have assumed such an aspect; every street, every passage, was guarded by stern-faced soldiers, who muttered, "Justice on the tyrant," as they kept back a sullen, yet excited, multitude.

Within the hall of Westminster, on benches rising one above the



KING CHARLES AT HAMPTON COURT.

other, sat the seventy judges. In the centre, on a high chair, was their President, Bradshaw, robed in black, and wearing a high-crowned hat. In front of him was a table, on which lay the mace and sword of justice, and on the other side of which was a chair for the discrowned king—a king who looked sternly at all there, and all looked back dark defiance. Then gazing round, he saw armed soldiers everywhere, even packed close on leads and windows, where they had been posted to protect the judges. Behind a barrier drawn across the hall there crowded a dense mass of anxious, excited, watchful people; above all, a gallery crowded with ladies, sitting astonished at what was passing before their eyes.

Then began a strange trial, before a tribunal which the accused altogether refused to acknowledge as such, asking where were the peers who alone, by an ancient maxim of the constitution, could sit in judgment on a peer. At the end of seven days a decree of death was passed, and Bradshaw rose to say solemnly, "The sentence now published is the act, sentence, judgment, and resolution of the whole court." Upon which the seventy sitting behind also rose, as if to confirm his words; and the king, too, stood up, smiling and placid—no Stuart had ever yet paled before death—and would fain have spoken, but at a word from Bradshaw the armed guard advanced and surrounded their prisoner, who in three days was doomed to perish by the headsman's hands.

The warrant for his execution, which is now in the Bodleian Library, I believe, was made out, and given to the commander of the troops to be employed on the dread occasion, being signed by fifty-nine of the members. It is a strange document, of which, perhaps, an exact copy will interest you.

"At the High Court of Justice for the Tryinge and Judginge off Charles Stewart, King of England. January xxix., Anno Dom., 1648.

Whereas Charles Stewart, King of England, is and standeth convicted, attaynted, and condemned of High Treason and other high crimes, and Sentence upon Saturday last was pronounced upon him by this Court to be put to death by the severinge of his head from his body, of which Sentence execution yet remayneth to be done. These are therefore to will and require you to see the said Sentence executed in the open streets before Whitehall upon the morrow, being the thirtieth day of this instant month off January, between the hours of ten in the morninge and five in the afternoone of the same day, with full effect. And for soe doing this shall be your sufficient warrant. And these are to require all officers and souldiers, and other the good people of this Nation of England, to be asistynge unto ycu in this Service. Given under our Hands and Seales."

So said, so done, and on the day after his execution his statue at the Royal Exchange was flung down, and on its pedestal was inscribed, "The tyrant is gone: the last of the kings," and many rejoiced loudly thereat.

Once more, in the old Palace of St. James, Charles the First prepared to meet his evil fate with all resolution and dignity. He only asked to



WHITEHALL IN THE DAYS OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

see the two children who were still in England, and for the ministrations of Juxon, Bishop of London, who attended him to the last.

There was little time for shrift and parting; only on the night before his execution could the young Princess Elizabeth and the young Duke of Gloucester be brought to him. Bitter were the tears they wept, knowing that to-morrow they would be orphans in a world they had already found could be hard, and cold, and cruel: that to-morrow their kind and gentle father was to be led to the scaffold, like felons and traitors

they had heard and read of. Oh! it was too dreadful; and it seemed their poor hearts must break as they knelt before him for a last blessing.

But the king—all a king then—lifted them up tenderly, and kissing each damp young cheek, drew Elizabeth on to his knee, and begged of her to listen, and try to understand what he had to say at this solemn hour; and the little girl of twelve hushed her cries, and tried hard to compose herself, and obey the grave, low voice speaking to her for the last time.

"Sweetheart," it was saying, "I desire you to tell your brother James that he must no longer regard Charles as his elder brother, but as his sovereign. It is my dying wish that you should love one another, and forgive your father's enemies. Do not grieve for me, for I die for the laws and liberty of the land, and for the maintenance of the Protestant religion. Tell your mother that my thoughts have never strayed from her, and that my love has survived to the last. Convey my blessing to your brother and sister," and he paused to look into the soft eyes.

"I will," said the little girl, weeping now, so that he thought she scarce understood for tears.

"But I fear you will forget," said he, stroking her dishevelled hair tenderly, as she sobbed with her head against his loving heart.

"No, no; I shall never forget while I live." Poor child! that was not to be for many years.

All this time the little duke was looking at them with big, tear-troubled blue eyes, when his father drew him also closer to his knee.

"And thou, sweetheart, they will cut off thy father's head; but mark what I say: they will cut off my head, and perhaps make thee a king. Thou must not be made a king as long as thy brothers Charles and James are alive, for they will cut off thy brothers' heads when they catch them, and cut off thy head at last; therefore I charge thee not to be made a king by them," and the little fellow flung himself closer to his father's breast, saying—"I will be torn to pieces first." Put in that plain manner, there was no chance that he should misunderstand or forget his promise in the years to come.

The tender father then gave them the few jewels that he wore, the last blessing and fond kiss, and they passed from his sight, never, never

more to meet on earth. The boy duke was afterwards sent to the university at Heidelberg; Elizabeth faded away in the little chamber we look at with such melancholy interest at Carisbrook. As to the doomed king, a message soon came that it was time he should start for Whitehall, and then he at once, with Bishop Juxon by his side, took his way through the gardens and into the park, where a guard awaited to escort him to the death. It was a chilly January morning, and he strode along looking brave and cheery, bidding the guard to march apace, as pleasantly as though the errand had been of the happiest nature; truly, as he remarked to the sorrowing Bishop, he went to strive for a heavenly crown, experiencing less solicitude than when encouraging his soldiers to fight for an earthly diadem.

However opinions may differ as to Charles's conduct as a king, we must admire his steadfastness in those last hours, when, as Andrew Marvel, the friend and admirer of the Protector, in his Ode to Cromwell, wrote of the Monarch of England:—

“He nothing common did nor mean
After that memorable scene;
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try.
Nor called the gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right;
But bowed his comely head
Down as upon a bed.”





JEREMY TAYLOR.

"THE MAN WHO, STRETCH'D IN ISIS' CALM RETREAT,
TO BOOKS AND STUDY GIVES SEVEN YEARS COMPLETE."—*Pope.*



JEREMY TAYLOR was a bishop and a very celebrated author, whose opinions and maxims we often hear quoted. One who knew him well said:—

"This great prelate had the good humour of a gentleman, the eloquence of an orator, the fancy of a poet, the acuteness of a schoolman, the profundities of a philosopher, the wisdom of a counsellor, the sagacity of a prophet, the reason of an angel, and the piety of a saint. He had devotion enough for a cloister, learning enough for a university, and wit enough for a college of *virtuosi*."

Fair words, fairly spoken. I wonder what the parents of the "great prelate" would have thought could they have known of them when they were nursing him in their poor home? For Jeremy's father was only a humble barber, living at the sign of the "Wrestlers," in an out-of-the-way court in the tall shadow of St. Andrew's Church, Cambridge; but was, as his son afterwards proudly acknowledged, "reasonably learned," and himself able to ground his children in grammar and mathematics, which seems strange in one keeping a barber's shop; but then, the father came of gentle people, and had been well-to-do in his youth.

A barber's shop in those days was quite a different place from what it is now. Men of all conditions met there to gossip of the news, and not of the latest, seeing there were no newspapers, no magazines, nor other means of obtaining news, except by hearsay; but there was plenty of that in a university town, and no doubt little "Jeremie" picked up a good

deal concerning the doings of the citizens and the fashions of the court of King James, and learned how his excellent grace was overruled in most things by the Duke of Buckingham and "Babie," as he called the tall,



JEREMY TAYLOR IN HIS NURSE'S ARMS.

handsome Prince Charles ; and how that instead of worsted hose, cotton, and even silk, stockings were coming into general use : such was the extravagance of the gallants of the town ; and then some one might quote the water-poet's last skit on spendthrifts, who dissipated

"A farm in shoe-strings edged with gold,
And spangled garters worth a copyhold ;
A hose and doublet which a lordship cost ;
A gaudy cloak three mansions' price almost ;
A beaver band and feather on the head,
Priced at the church's tythe, the poor man's bread."

The ladies, too, came in for remarks, no doubt. Their huge farthingdales and double ruffs, stiffened with yellow starch, like those of gentlemen; their puffs, dressing valeatoes, fusles, pantlets, frizlets, bandlets, fillets, amulets: in fact, so many "lets," that seven pedlars' shops—nay, all Stourbridge Fair—would scarcely furnish one dame—a ship being sooner rigged than a gentlewoman made ready, so at least gossip said.

And then, maybe, the customer, taking up the lute, ready for those who had to wait their turn for shaving, would twang a new political ballad or tender air, until busy Nathaniel was ready to attend to him; or ask a few questions of the pretty little "Jeremie" trotting about the shop, and smile to hear he already went to dame-school, though only four years old, and could read his criss cross now on the horn-book. As years passed by, he read to such purpose, that he made his way into Caius College, being B.A. and M.A., and ordained a clergyman before he was twenty-one. Then he came to London, and lectured at Paule's, where, we are told, "the devout, because of his beautiful face, melodious voice, and grave earnestness of manner, took him for some young angel newly descended from visions of glory." Archbishop Laud, hearing of this Cambridge prodigy, called for him to Lambeth Palace, and was so gratified with the youth's modest zeal and learning, that, fearing he might be spoiled by adulation, he sent him to Oxford, that he might continue longer to study divinity, until he was appointed vicar of Uppington and chaplain to the king, in which character he by-and-by joined the army.

Not "Babie" now, but King Charles I., and a very anxious and troubled monarch, much needing good advice and consolation, because of the ill seed sown before his time. "Oh! evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit," and of little effect the standard he set up so bravely at Nottingham, even though his nobles pressed about it so readily.

We read how just before the battle commenced, Sir Philip Warwick knelt and made a most excellent, pious and soldierly prayer, for he lifted up his eyes and hands to heaven, crying, "O Lord, Thou knowest how brave I must be this day; if I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me," at which he rose up crying—"March on, boys! and away to the field."

Let me remind you that this grave and handsome lord of England, this serious young king, patron of the fine arts, and enemy in deed



and in word to wrong and riot of every kind, had imbibed from his father, in earliest childhood, a thorough belief in the divine right of kings, and of their accountability to God alone for the discharge of the many duties of their high office. Any attempt to limit his authority Charles naturally regarded as rebellion, and he held that any concessions or promises extorted from a monarch were revocable. In the hour of greatest peril he gave highest command to the Princes Rupert—some called him Robber Rupert—and Maurice, two rude imperious soldiers of fortune, because they were of royal blood, and so offended loyal and gallant subjects who were venturing life and fortune in his cause, and shared the opinion that an Englishman's word should not be held sacred simply because that Englishman was an anointed king, and so held himself unaccountable to the ordinary laws of honour, in as far as truth went. Strange times when brother's hand was raised against brother, and friend's against friend; a bitter terrible time, when one party could find no terms opprobrious enough to apply to the other, when by "honest men" each side meant only its own adherents, and stigmatised the others as Rebels and rogues, Roundheads and malignants, the Godly and the ill-affected. Plenty of work for men like Taylor in the royal camp no doubt, if, as we are apt to believe, the Cavaliers were all too heedless in such matters as prayer, the more so as they considered their opponents to be mere formalists, and must needs fly to extremes.

But it is not of this I have to tell now, except in so far that it accounts for our preacher's warlike surroundings. Strange to see the Bible, with its doctrine of peace on earth, resting on yon cannon; strange to see all those becurled cavaliers so intent on the words of that one earnest man, whose business is to wage a higher, holier warfare than they are preparing for on the morrow, even though on their waving banner is inscribed "Give unto Cæsar his due."

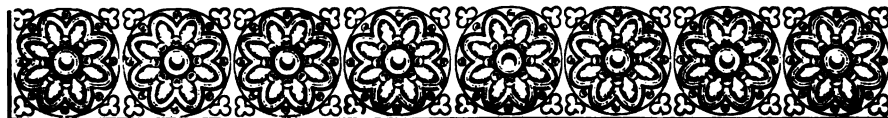
From one red field to another he followed his king, from Newbury to Naseby; finally, at the siege of Cardigan Castle our chaplain was taken prisoner, and locked up in Oxford. So ended his army service, which one must believe to have been very uncongenial to such a mind.

Of course, the Roundheads being all in the ascendant, Jeremy Taylor was now neither chaplain nor vicar, and had to begin the world anew; but he did it cheerily, starting a school in the village of Llanvigan-

ghangel—I need hardly add what part of England that is in—and here he married and lived peacefully, teaching many young men who knew of his great learning; and here he wrote good books, such as stirred the inmost hearts of our fathers. A happy exchange from the hurry and danger, the wounded men and the sighs of the dying, to the song of the blythe lark and the drip of the waterfall. Once he wrote to a friend who bemoaned his altered estate:—

“Truly I have fallen into the hands of sequestrators, who have taken all from me. What now? let me look about. They have left me sun and moon, fire and water, a loving wife, and many friends to pity me and some to relieve me. I can still discourse, and unless I list, they have not taken away my morning discourse or my cheerful spirits. I eat and drink; I read and meditate; I can walk in my neighbours’ pleasant fields, and see a variety of natural beauties; and he that hath so many causes for joy and so great, is very much in love with sorrow and peevishness who loses all these pleasures, and chooses to sit down on his little handful of thorns. But,” quaintly added the old divine, “in our health and clearer days it is easy to talk of putting trust in God,—we readily trust Him for life when we are in health, for provisions when we have fair revenues, and for deliverance when we are newly escaped; but let us come to sit upon the margent of our grave, and let a tyrant lean hard upon our fortune, and dwell upon our wrong; let the storm arise, and the keels toss till the cordage crack, or that all our hopes bulge under us, and descend into the hollowness of sad misfortunes; then can you believe when you neither hear, nor see, nor feel anything but objections? This is the proper work of sickness. Faith is then brought into the theatre, and so exercised, that if it abides but to the end of the contention we may see that work of faith which God will hugely crown.”





“THE LADY OF CHRIST’S COLLEGE.”

“Three poets, in three distant ages born,—
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpass’d;
The next in majesty; in both the last.
The force of nature could no further go,
To make a third she joined the former two.”—*Dryden.*

“**T**HE Lady of Christ’s College:” so the London scrivener’s handsome son, with his long waving fair hair and soft grey eyes, was, not unkindly, termed at Cambridge, in those early days when he first studied Latin or wandered under the shady avenues of elms, composing sonnets, and thinking out gay masques and poetical fancies and conceits, which by-and-by the world was to hear of as “Comus,” “Lycidas,” “L’Allegro,” and many other compositions, that it still delights in.

No wonder his fellows were proud of their gifted “lady,” so pleasant in every way, that, one of them describing him, quaintly says:—“His **h**armonicall and ingeniose soul did lodge in a beautiful and well-proportioned body.” A few years after this, when he visited Rome, where, because of his learning, his Latin poems, and his Italian sonnets, he was right well received, Manso, the learned patron of Tasso, wrote of the handsome young English Protestant a couplet, reminding us of Pope Gregory’s saying, concerning the captives of the market-place:—

“Were thy faith like thy person, mind, and merit,
An angel—not an Angle—thou hadst been.”



MILTON DICTATING "PARADISE LOST" TO HIS DAUGHTER.

However pleasant such honeyed words, they never had undue importance over his great mind. One always thinks pitifully of "blind Milton," and yet those of his time tell us that this terrible misfortune, which befell him in mid-life, only caused his natural cheerfulness and energy to shine forth with redoubled lustre. To one who was heartless enough to taunt him with it in his old age, he calmly replied:—

"It is not miserable to be blind. He only is miserable who cannot acquiesce in his blindness with fortitude; and why should I repine at a calamity which every man's mind ought to be so prepared and disciplined as to be able to undergo with patience?—a calamity to which every man, by the condition of his nature, is liable, and which I know to have been the lot of some of the greatest and best of my species;" and his daily life showed that his spoken resignation was heartfelt, having as Johnson puts it, "the usual concomitant of great abilities—a lofty and steady confidence in himself." No wonder that the "Protector" was glad to engage such a learned and apt man in the service of the Commonwealth.

As Cromwell's Latin secretary, Milton continued in his lodgings at Whitehall until the Restoration, to dictate the foreign correspondence, and took an active share in a foreign policy which, however we judge between "Royalist" and "Roundhead," no man denies helped to elevate England amongst the nations. It is said that when a state treaty was delayed, and the delay accounted for by the fact of Milton's illness, the foreigners, much provoked, declared "that only one man in England could write Latin, and that one was blind."

Years passed honourably for the country, yet the man who could direct that troubled vessel of the state with dignity and great honour grew unhappy. One conspiracy and another kept him in continual peril and unrest. Pamphlets—especially one, called "Killing no Murder," in which the writer cried, "Shall we who would not suffer the lion to invade us tamely suffer ourselves to be devoured by the wolf?"—were read and passed from hand to hand. The Protector grew suspicious of all about him, yet Milton he trusted from first to last.

But Cromwell passed away, and as the grip of his strong hand relaxed there were signs of a change in the times. The blind poet wrote an eloquent appeal against abandoning "this goodly tower of a Commonwealth which

we have begun to build;" but all such warnings were in vain. Charles, the Wanderer, returned amid such rapturous shouts of loyal welcome that he could not help pondering why he had not been sooner recalled, and loud and merry were his gay courtiers, with their waving feathers and curled love-locks, but sad and silent the sober Puritans, who foresaw that dark clouds were about them and theirs, nor were they mistaken.

I need not tell how the Latin secretary, who so boldly stated his views, had to hide now—hide for bare life. Fortunately he had many friends, who concealed him as best they could, though at peril of fine and imprisonment, until one had a brilliant inspiration, and they went about mourning his sudden death; and lest the vindictive Royalists should doubt, they assembled in mournful procession, and followed his empty coffin to the grave—a fact of which King Charles becoming aware long years afterwards, laughed aloud, saying, "He had shown good policy in escaping death by a seasonable show of dying." Yet to prove the feeling of the time, even this funeral did not stay the proclamation for Milton's arrest as a traitor, and two of his best books were publicly burnt by the hangman. Verily, it would have gone ill with Cromwell's blind secretary had he fallen into the clutches of the enemy, who were busy wreaking foul vengeance on the bones of Cromwell, his counsellors, and even his venerable mother.

The storm blew over, to be followed by a long spell of persecution, poverty, and neglect. Yet the time came when the king discovered that, among all the needy adventurers and time-servers his own folly had called about the throne, there were none to keep up its dignity as of old; then, with more of royal placability than might have been expected, he sought out the blind Republican, now living in a poor house in Bunhill Fields, and, passing over the head of many an expectant eager cavalier, made offer of his long forfeited and yet vacant and honourable and well-paid public office of Latin secretaryship, never doubting Milton's glad acceptance.

Doubtless he was poor and struggling and persecuted, but then, he was true at heart, and could not serve a Government he scorned and had done his best to subvert. His answer must be "No." No! Easy word for him to say, but hard for his wife to hear. "Yes" meant ease and affluence for him and his. He must say "Yes." She begged, she implored,



MILTON'S HOUSE IN YORK STREET, WESTMINSTER.

she wept. He loved her, and felt the temptation; but he only shook his head and answered her appeals with a gentle excuse, saying:—

"Ah! my dear, you are like most other females. You would be a lady and ride in a coach; my aim is to live and die an honest man."

And so he did, but a poor man too, who, through many difficulties

wrote that wonderful "Paradise Lost" which immortalised his name, although he only received five pounds for it. It occupied him for five years, being ended in evil days, when he was "in darkness, and with dangers compassed round." Every one knows the poem met with scant attention for a long time; the light readers of the day cared not to start so serious a subject, and the very name of Milton was distasteful to others, who considering him but a blind Republican and regicide, cared not to patronise his work, nor believed in its merits.

An amusing little anecdote concerning one of the early issues is worth mentioning. It was told in that fashionable coffee-house, the Grecian, how, as that clever reprobate, Lord Buckhurst, was idling about with Fleetwood, in the booksellers', "at the sign of the Angel, in Little Britain," he had taken up a copy of the new epic, and dipping in it had soon become so absorbed and charmed, that his friend could scarce get him away. As he departed, the dealer followed bowing, and begging his lordship to recommend the book, if he should still think it worthy, to other noble lords and ladies, as he, the bookseller, had bought up the whole of the publisher's store, and would gladly dispose of it. Buckhurst thought it so worthy, that after reading and re-reading it, he sent his copy to Dryden, the critic of the day, who was so struck with the poem, that he declared enthusiastically, "This man cuts us all out, and the ancients too;" and nothing would satisfy him till he had visited the poet.

A good many pictures, besides the one we have here, have been painted, representing blind Milton's three daughters writing as their father composed. A touching subject enough, but the truth is neither Anne, Mary, nor Deborah at all enjoyed the task, nor did it with any willingness; for, indeed, as his nephew urges: "Reading from Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, or Italian books, without understanding one word of them, must needs be a trial of patience almost beyond endurance. But it was endured by the two youngest for a long time, yet the irksomeness of this employment could not be concealed, and they broke out more and more, until at length they were all sent out to learn some curious and ingenious sorts of manufacture that are proper for women to learn, particularly embroidering in gold and silver."



IN TROUBLED TIMES.

Lord it belongs not to my care,
Whether I die or live ;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.
If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may long obey ;
If short, yet why should I be sad
That here I cannot stay ?—*R. Baxter.*

IN the village where I lived, the reader read the Common Prayer briefly, and the rest of the day, even till dark night almost, except eating-time, was spent in dancing under a maypole and a great tree, not far from my father's door, where all the town did meet together, and though one of my father's own tenants was the piper, he could not restrain him nor break the sport, so that we could not read the Scriptures in our family without the greatest disturbance of the tabor and pipe and noise in the street. Many times my mind was inclined to be among them, and sometimes I broke loose from conscience and joined with them, and the more I did it the more I was inclined to do it. But when I heard them call my father " Puritan," it did much to cure me of keeping Sunday in accordance with King James's own Book of Sports; this proclamation, which was ordered to be read out in churches, advised dancing, leaping, Whitsun ales, and morris dances."

This is an extract from an old page written more than two hundred and seventy years ago by a boy who, as we see, was eager and anxious to lead a godly life, and kept a kind of diary in which he wrote down his



RICHARD BAXTER BEFORE JUDGE JEFFRIES.

faults and failings. They were many, he says, but he had, as we see, a good and reverend father, who by example and advice helped him to tread the right road. He was a sober, strict, and stern man, at whom the country neighbours pointed the finger of scorn, crying "Puritan, Puritan!"

When the boy was about fifteen he tells us how "a poor man in the town" lent him an old torn book called "Bunny's Resolutions," which made him begin to think with seriousness of heart, and how a pedlar at the door brought sometimes rude ballads and sometimes good books; a servant did further help to inform him with a tract on "the Governance of the Tongue." So much good did he glean from the few and far shabby books that came to a country home of that period, that he was, in after life, never wearied of recommending such reading to youth, and himself composed, for their edification, many likely works, which he gave to those that would read them. When minister at Kidderminster, he says of his success among the young:—

"Another furtherance of my work was the writings which I wrote and gave away among them—some small books. I gave a family each one, and every family that was poor and had not a Bible I gave one to. I had found myself the benefit of reading to be so great that I could not but think it would be profitable to others, and it was a great advantage to me that my neighbours were of such a trade as allowed them time enough to read or talk of holy things, for the town liveth on the weaving of Kidderminster stuffs, and as men stand at their loom they can set a book before them, or edify one another."

But the giving of books to a few did not content Baxter. He was one of the first who thought of distributing small tracts, broadsides, and handbills. He also published broadsheets, and had them affixed to walls and public buildings for the good of those who could not or cared not to buy papers on such subjects; besides, those who could not read would most likely inquire concerning these printings of those who could. By such means, we are told, he did much good during the time of the plague. A fearful epoch that plague, one which we all turn to with a thrill of interest, when any of the time describe it as Baxter does, not from imagination but experience, saying:—

"It is scarce possible for people that live in a time of health and

security to apprehend the dreadfulness of that pestilence. How fearful people were; thirty or forty, if not a hundred miles from London, of anything that they bought from any mercer's or draper's shops, or of any goods that were brought to them, or any person that came to their houses. How they would shut their doors against their friends, and, if any man passed over the fields, how one would avoid another, as we did in the times of the wars, and how every man was a terror to another. Oh, how sinfully unthankful we are for our quiet habitations, and health ! ”

He goes on to describe how this fearful disease swept over the city, while war with the Hollanders continued, and the driest winter and spring and summer that ever man alive knew, or our forefathers mention of late ages, so that the grounds were burned like the highways where the cattle should have fed. “The meadow grounds where I lived bare but four loads of hay, which before bare forty. The plague had seized upon the most famous and excellent city in Christendom, and at this time eight thousand and near three hundred die of all diseases in a week. It hath scattered and consumed the inhabitants, multitudes being dead or fled; the calamities and cries of the diseased and impoverished are not to be conceived by those that are absent from them. Every man is a terror to his neighbour and himself; for God, for our sins, is a terror to us all.”

“Oh!” he concludes in an ecstasy of grieved and horrified wonderment. “Oh! how is London, the place which God hath honoured with His Gospel above all places upon earth, laid low in horrors, and wasted almost to desolation?”

“The plague being ceased in March, I ventured, and found the churchyard like a ploughed field with graves, and many of my neighbours dead, but my house, near the churchyard, uninfected, and that part of my family which I left there all safe, through the great mercy of God.”

This plague and danger of famine broke out suddenly and unexpectedly at a time when there was much trouble between Church and State. The celebrated Act of Uniformity had ejected two thousand ministers from their livings. Baxter, knowing his example would be noted, had at once resigned, and was consequently much impoverished, being far too proud and right-minded to live on contributions.

While the plague lasted the offending ministers were left pretty much

to their own devices. To Baxter, settled at Acton, people came—first a few, then many—to hear his words of hope and comfort. But soon appeared also officers at his door, and the minister of peace was hurried off to prison; threats and fair promises alike were tried if he would take the oath. He could have preferment, a professor's gown, a surplice—nay, a mitre. If not,



"KEEPING SUNDAY," ACCORDING TO KING JAMES'S "BOOK OF SPORTS."

he must be fined and get out of the town, and never be caught preaching again anywhere in England.

Nearly last scene of all was the trial before the celebrated Judge Jeffries for sedition. The accused was sick and unfit to stand such an ordeal; his counsel pleaded for time, but stern Jeffries cried out in a passion of injustice and ill-will:—

"I will not give him a minute more to save his life. We have had to do with other sort of persons; now we have a saint to deal with, and I

know how to deal with saints as well as sinners. Yonder stands Oates in the pillory"—strange to say this chanced to be the very day on which Titus was punished—"and he says he suffers for the truth, and so says Baxter; but if Baxter did but stand on the other side of the pillory with him, I would say two of the greatest rogues and rascals in the kingdom stood there;" in which saying there was no word of justice or truth, as the judge well knew in his heart.

But here let me remind my readers that Jeffries was the original of Bunyan's Chief Justice Hate-good. Hate-good!—and well did he deserve to be thus branded.

"When I saw," says an eye-witness, "this meek man stand before the flaming eyes and fierce looks of this bigot, I thought of Paul standing before Nero. The barbarous usage which he received drew plenty of tears from my eyes as well as from others of the auditors and spectators. Yet I could not but smile sometimes when I saw my lord imitate our modern pulpit oratory. He drove on furiously, like Hannibal over the Alps, with fire and vinegar, pouring all the contempt and scorn upon Baxter, as if he had been a link-boy or knave, which made the people who could not come near enough to hear the indictment, or Mr. Baxter's plea, cry out, 'Surely this Baxter had burned the city, or the Temple of Delphos.' But others said 'it was not the custom nowadays to receive ill except for doing well, and therefore this must needs be a good man that my lord so rails at.'"

My Lord would fain have had the prisoner publicly whipped at the cart's tail. As he could not carry his spite so far, he fined him heavily and sent him to prison, indignant that no more could be done, because the majority present thought that an eminent divine, who, a quarter of a century before, had been offered a mitre, and who was now in his seventieth year, would be sufficiently punished for a few sharp words by fine and imprisonment.





WINSTANLEY'S TOWER.

"WINSTANLEY'S DEED YOU KINDLY FOLK,
WITH IT TO FILL MY LAY;
AND A NOBLER MAN NE'ER WALKED THE WORLD,
LET HIS NAME BE WHAT IT MAY."



EARLY S.S.W. from the middle of Plymouth Sound, off the pleasant coast of Devonshire, and about twelve miles from shore, lie the dangerous Eddystone rocks, which are entirely separated from land, lying nearly in the direction of vessels coasting up and down the channel. Their very name pictures the place, which was so called from the contrary, troublesome whirl and eddies of the current among the "stones," both upon the tide of flood and the tide of ebb—a current which was often causing a great swirl of waters amid treacherous rocks that lay hidden there, to the great damage and destruction of many rich merchantmen and home-returning vessels, that went crashing upon them unawares.

Ever repeating itself was the tragedy of some gallant ship that had safely crossed the broad Atlantic, to be dashed to pieces here, and of despairing crews drowned almost in sight of their friends along the coast.

Many and many a one had said how necessary and great a blessing a lighthouse would prove could one possibly be built on such a spot, but no man went farther than to agree with the speakers. No one had either the money to expend or the talent to construct such a thing, until Henry Winstanley, of Littlebury, in Kent, suddenly appeared upon the scene, and taking up the matter, did his best to prove to the authorities of Plymouth that it was their bounden duty to erect a lighthouse, when so much ruin often happened for lack of one.



WINSTANLEY REMONSTRATING WITH THE AUTHORITIES OF PLYMOUTH.

He was neither builder nor architect, but only a well-skilled gentleman, with many quaint fancies, and with means to carry them out. Visitors at Littlebury were fond of telling of the many strange mechanical contrivances to be seen in the old mansion—how, for instance, in one room there lay, as though by chance, an old slipper in the very middle of the floor—an ugly old slipper, which, as a matter of course, one would proceed to kick out of the way; when lo! the shoe vanished, and up would start a life-sized figure out of the ground, to the great surprise of the stranger, not expecting such a change. Maybe there was offered a seat in a certain cosy-looking chair, which, if you sat down in it, had a wonderful way of closing its padded arms, and holding you fast in a close grip, from which you could not get free till your friendly host chose to swiftly unloose you. Then, after explaining these mechanical wonders of his own invention, Mr. Winstanley might invite you to come and rest out of doors, leading you across his garden into a pleasant little arbour overlooking the waters of the canal. Yet here too, was more skilled witchery, for in an instant you and your seat might be afloat, and there remain until your laughing companion chose to land you again, and perhaps show you how such strange and startling things were accomplished by means of screws and springs of his own invention.

This was the man who, hearing often sad tales of death and destruction caused by those dark rocks yonder, after openly remonstrating with the authorities of Plymouth on their culpable supineness on a matter of such importance, determined, if possible, to himself set upon the summit a lighthouse, tall and straight, to warn poor mariners of the peril to be avoided. There were great difficulties in the way of building anything on these "stones," and dangers, too, because of any workers getting backwards and forwards to the spot, for the troubled sea covered part of them, and as surely as the wind rose, it overlapped all with a resistless fury that seemed almost impossible to withstand. In the calmest weather only was it possible to even land: so said all the Plymouth worthies, shaking their wise heads. Altogether the scheme seemed an impossible one; besides, the construction of lighthouses was at that time so little understood. Winstanley, however, was not the man to believe in failure, and our good citizen soon set to work with a will, planning the whole thing

out, and engaging a number of willing hands and hearts to aid in the good work. Alack—

“When he and the sea began their strife,
And worked with power and might,
Whatever the men reared up by day
The sea broke down by night.”



WINSTANLEY'S LIGHTHOUSE.

But as they began, knowing the task would try all their strength and patience; they toiled and planned daily, and each persisted, in spite of all obstacles—master and men heart and hand in the matter. For three years they kept steadily on, and by then all the work was raised, which, to the weather-cock at the top, was eighty feet in height. So far forward were they now with the lantern and rooms that they ventured for the greater

despatch of the work to lodge there soon after Midsummer, but the very first night they did so the weather became so rough and stormy, that they could do nothing but make themselves secure. No boats durst venture out to them, and their provisions first became wet with salt water, and then ran short altogether. Were they to starve? It seemed too likely. Yet through it all gallant Winstanley cheered his men, shared their troubles and privations nobly, and rejoiced with the poor fellows when at last they were enabled to return to shore.

The first light was put up in November, 1698, and a family to attend to it came to live there. The lighthouse itself was not yet finished, and in the coming winter it was found that oftentimes the raging waves rose, rolling quite over the lantern itself, so that in the spring Winstanley decided to surround the building with a new work of four feet thickness from the foundation, making all solid for nearly twenty feet high, and taking down all the upper part of the building, and enlarging everything in proportion. He raised it forty feet higher than it was at first, and yet the sea in times of storms flew high and wrathfully, as though seeking to annihilate all—flew over the bright weather-cock, and hid one-half the house and lantern in a heavy veil of spattering water. Indeed, it was said by the Plymouth folk that in a gale it was possible for a six-oared boat to be lifted by the waves high enough to pass right through the open gallery of the lighthouse, which, as we see, was wide enough to admit it.

People were always on the watch, and ready then, as now, to prophesy mischief, so that many, looking at the trim new building, shook their heads, and declared it would not stand long.

But the earnest builder, who had given his whole heart and mind to the task, still ever improving here and strengthening there, could not believe that all his splendid and useful work might possibly be a failure; and for a time the light above gleamed out like a bright star of warning and hope, and sailors were beginning to bless both it and the skilful hand that set it up there to triumph over the cruel Eddystone.

One day, news came to Winstanley at Littlebury that the weather was threatening, and that some repairs were apparently needed at the lighthouse, upon which he summoned his band of ready workmen, and prepared to follow them.

"Stay," said his friends; "the Plymouth people say the House would fall if a very heavy storm came on—that some windy night it will, perchance, be blown down. Let the well-paid workmen go, if needed. Tarry with us till Christmas is over, at any rate; it will be safer then."

"Safer!" cried the builder, impatiently; "it is as safe as the rocks. Each timber and brick and stone is as safe and secure as can be. If it is safe for these poor men, it is safe for me. Why, I tell you I feel so sure about it that I only wish that a storm as bad as bad could be would arise while I am within its walls, that the wind would test it thoroughly for once and all. I have no fear, not I. I defy the weather! My lighthouse is stronger than it;" and he rowed away with his men, and none of them were fearful when they looked at their eager energetic master and at the life-saving Tower beyond.

But as though the elements had heard his defiance, they banded themselves for ill, and on one long dark December night in 1703 there slowly arose such a raging, tearing tempest as none worse had ever been heard of in England. Never had so much damage been done along our coast, and in the early morning, when some restless anxious folk from Plymouth stole to the Ram's Head, and looked across the seething waters, wondering how good Master Winstanley and his brave men had borne such rough experience, they saw, alas! what?—*nothing*. The lighthouse and all within had vanished, leaving "not a wrack behind," not stone, or beam, or bar, or drifting body—nothing but a few links of thick iron chain, that had stuck in a deep cleft of the rock, as though to prove the whole thing was not a mere vision, and that Winstanley had really lived, and planned, and toiled, and died on this treacherous spot.

"Many fair tombs in the glorious glooms
At Westminster they show;
The brave and the great lie there in state,
Winstanley lieth low."



THE GREAT ONAS.

"Beneath an elm whose noble branches spread
Far o'er the sward a vast and solemn shade,
I see a motley throng. A scene I tread
Whose loving memories may never fade.
There stands the lawgiver, and round him bend
The Sachems of the forest, silent all,
While the just words in simple sweetness fall
From that great Onas whom they boast their friend."



T happened that when Admiral Penn died the Government owed him fifteen thousand pounds, which was then worth as much as forty-five thousand is to-day, and went on owing it until his son William offered to take instead a tract of unoccupied Crown land in America.

This land had only one outlet into the sea—the mighty Delaware—but it stretched away inland until it contained forty-seven thousand square miles. The grant was violently opposed at first, and had there been money in the exchequer it is probable that no Pennsylvania would have been founded.

The Quaker, summoned to appear before the council, neither bent his knee nor doffed his hat to Majesty; but it is said that the Merry Monarch was much more amused than offended at this blunt, honest courtier, who presently, observing that the king unbonneted, inquired wonderingly:—

"Friend Charles, why dost thou not keep on thy hat?" to which his Majesty replied, with a little satirical smile:—

"It is the custom of this place for only one person to remain covered at a time"—a hint quite thrown away on the sturdy Quaker, who would have as soon thought of taking off his head out of humility.

But now the charter was issued, the debt cancelled, and Penn



PENN MAKING THE TREATY WITH THE INDIANS.

acknowledged owner of the vast territory of Sylvania, or, as the king insisted upon having it called, Pennsylvania.

The world laughed at the enthusiast who thought of placing his head under the scalping-knives of the Lenni Lenapé whose wigwams were scattered over these far-away possessions; but an eternal witness of the just and great founder's sagacity is the fact that not one drop of Quaker blood was ever shed by an Indian.

When Penn was about to sail from England, he went to take private leave of King Charles, who saluted him thus:—

"Well, friend William, I have sold you a noble province in North America; but still, I suppose you have no thought of going thither."

"Indeed, I have," answered the "Friend;" "and I have come to bid thee farewell."

"What! venture thyself among the savages of North America! Why, man, what security have you that you will not be in their war-kettles within two hours after setting foot on their shores?" exclaimed his Majesty.

"The best security in the world," answered his visitor gravely; but the king shook his head.

"I doubt that, friend William. I have no idea of any security against those cannibals except a regiment of good soldiers, with their muskets and bayonets. And mind, I tell you beforehand that, with all my goodwill to you and your family, to whom I am under obligations, I will not send one soldier with you."

"I want none of thy soldiers," answered the Quaker quickly. "I depend on something better than soldiers. I depend on themselves, on their own moral sense, even on that grace of God which bringeth salvation, and which hath appeared unto all men."

"I fear, friend William, that grace hath never appeared to the Indians," said the unconvinced Charles. "If it had, they would hardly have treated my subjects as barbarously as they have done."

"Thy subjects were the aggressors. When they went first to North America, they found these people the fondest and kindest creatures in the world. Every day they would watch for them to come on shore, and hasten to meet them, and feast them on all they had. In return for the

hospitality of the savages, as we call them, thy subjects, termed Christians, seized on their country and rich hunting-grounds to make farms for themselves. Now, is it to be wondered at that these much-injured people should have been driven to desperation by such injustice, and that, burning for revenge, they should have committed some excesses?"

"Well, then, friend William, I hope you will not complain when they treat you in the same manner. You are not afraid, you say; but how will you avoid it? You mean to get their hunting-grounds too, I suppose? as others have tried to do ere now."

"Yes; but not by driving them away in the same manner. I mean to buy their lands of them," answered the Quaker.

King Charles looked up astounded. "Buy their lands? Why, man, you have already bought them of me."

"Ay, I know I have, and at a high rate. I did that to get thy goodwill, not that I thought thou hadst any right to their lands—no, friend Charles, no right at all. What right hadst thou in their lands? In truth, canst thou think thou hadst any?" he asked quite seriously.

"What right? What right? Why, the right of discovery—the right which the Pope and all Christian kings have agreed to give one another in such matters," was the rather angry answer.

"The *right* of discovery! A *strange* right, indeed. Now suppose, friend Charles, some canoe-loads of these Indians, having crossed the sea and discovered the island of Great Britain, were to claim it as their own, and set it up for sale over thy head: what wouldst thou think of it?"

"Why—why I must confess I should think it a great piece of impudence," replied his Majesty, laughing a little at such a proposition.

"Well, then, how canst thou, a Christian prince, do that which thou utterly condemnest in these people thou callest savages? Yes, friend Charles; and suppose again these Indians, on thy refusal to give up Great Britain, were to make war on thee, and having weapons more destructive than thine, were to destroy many of thy subjects and drive the rest away. Dost thou not think it would be horribly cruel? Thou assentest, I observe. Well, then, how can I, who call myself a Christian, do what I should abhor in a heathen? No, I will not do it. I will buy the right of the proper owners, even of the Indians themselves, and thereby ensure

God's blessing on my colony." And it was truly his colony, for the charter granted constituted him and his heirs true and absolute proprietors of the province of Pennsylvania, saving to the crown their allegiance and the



WILLIAM PENN. (AGED 50).

sovereignty. It gave him and his the power to make laws not repugnant to the laws of England.

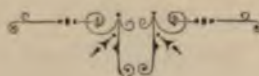
Penn had not been in his new territory long before he was holding cordial intercourse with the Indians. While making preparations for the fair purchase of their territory, putting away the formal stiffness of

English manners, he won their simple hearts by easy, familiar confidence. He walked and talked with them alone in their forests; he squatted with them, watching the young warriors dance and exercise; he shared their frugal meals of acorns roasted, and hominy; and when they showed pleasure at the great "Onas's" approval of their national customs and prowess, he entered the lists, and beat their most expert leapers, to the great delight of the Red warriors assembled.

They, too, then soon understood that neither he nor his had come to wrong them by so much as a beaver-skin, or to take their land, even though it was now his own legal domain. He traded openly and honestly; so that at last the Sachems cried, "We will live at peace with Onas and his children as long as sun and moon shall endure." And so it was agreed; and on the Saximaxing, "the locality of the kings," under a mighty elm-tree, where of old the tribes had met to smoke the calumet of peace, a conference took place, which has often been pictured by our best artists. West's picture is specially well known.

Yet one can hardly realise that that plainly-dressed man with the broad silken sash can be the leader of so great a movement—the "Onas" of the painted befeathered Indians, whose chief Sachem receives with such courtly dignity the white man he has learned to love and trust. And there, too, is Taminent, above whose head twined a chaplet bearing a small horn, which, when the chief of the Lenni Lenapé wears it, renders all present sacred and inviolable.

Then they range themselves into the form of a crescent, while Penn stands forth to address them in their own language, and there is concluded "the only treaty never sworn to and never broken." The great elm-tree under which it was concluded stood for a hundred and thirty years an object of veneration to the people. To this day the "green country town," moreover, founded by the Quakers is one of the most beautiful cities in the United States. It is sometimes called the Quaker city, and the "City of Brotherly Love."





TRUE TO THE DEATH.

“Here Russell lies, enfranchised by the grave;
He prized his birthright, nor would live a slave.
Few were his words, but honest and sincere;
Dear were his friends, his country still more dear.
In parents, children, wife, supremely blest,
But that one passion swallowed all the rest.
To guard her freedom was his only pride:
Such was his love, and for that love he died.”—*Canning.*



LADY RUSSELL once wrote a note to her absent husband. It was short and to the purpose.

“Look to your pockets. A printed paper says you will have false papers put into them, and witnesses to swear. One remembrance more, my best love: be wise as a serpent, harmless as a dove. So farewell for this time.”

Poor Lady Rachel. Desperate and disturbed were the days in which she wrote this tender warning—days when neighbour stood aloof from neighbour, and friend from friend; even schoolboys were divided into angry parties. Malcontents besieged the throne with petitions, while loyalists declared the monarch should not be dictated to; and while the citizens burned the Pope in effigy, Government placed cannon round Whitehall. Charles, the Merry Monarch, was determined to be an absolute one.

Among the most troublesome to deal with was Sir William Russell, who would not be quieted, because of certain important and popular bills which the people insisted on the king passing. So that when there were certain rumours of plots against the king's power and authority, those



LORD RUSSELL PARTING FROM HIS CHILDREN.

LADY RUSSELL.

whom he had offended declared Sir William a traitor, and royal messengers were sent to arrest him in his pleasant home.

He could easily have escaped even now, but he would not, only calling his distracted wife and friends to take counsel whether in so doing he might not seem acknowledging guilt and deserting his cause. Then he bade them a sad adieu, and away to that dreary prison, the Tower, resigned, but hopeless; for well he understood the web his enemies had both openly and secretly woven about him.

But not so with Lady Russell. From the moment of his arrest she busied herself in every quarter to save his dear life. When she had done all else she could think of, she determined to stand by his side during the fearful trial, and to do what writing and taking down of evidence might be necessary. Who could be so quick to discover any flaw as she? who would take such observance of error as his most devoted Rachel?

Lord William, being hopeless, tried hard to persuade her to spare herself so dreadful an ordeal. Besides, he was afraid her resolution would never hold out, and so he sent her word from his prison; but she answered her dearest lord entreatingly: "Believing I can be of some service at your trial, I am extremely willing to try. My resolution will hold out; pray let yours." And finding her so earnest, he sadly held his peace.

Thus it was that on a morning of July, in 1683, it seemed as if all London were streaming towards the Old Bailey prison. Every face was shamed and serious, for well the people understood that the noble prisoner, to-day in sore peril of his life, was representing their cause. Long since he had declared that arbitrary government should not be set up in England except by tyrants wading through his blood, and now indeed it had come to that last pass. No wonder the court was densely crowded—so crowded that lawyers and counsellors vowed they had not space to move, and women fainted and were carried out. Yet suddenly a name passed from mouth to mouth, and the crowd falling back with a great sigh, as of a thrill of tender compassion, a stately pale-faced lady was led through to a place in front of all.

At a summons from the judge, the prisoner, before whom lay writing materials and a mass of documents, rose and asked the permission of the court to have some one to take notes and help his memory concerning evidence.

"Yes," answered the Attorney-General; "any one of your servants will be allowed to assist you in writing whatever you please."

But it was no paid servant who rose and stood by his side in that



TRIAL OF LORD RUSSELL.

LORD WILLIAM RUSSELL.

crowded court, with hundreds of eyes to watch her every motion; it was his fair fond Rachel, looking neither to the right nor to the left, but only at him.

"My wife is here to do it," replied Lord Russell gently, and his

tender dark eyes turned gently on her bent head and the white hands clasped so tightly, that he should not see how they shook and trembled for a little time. It was touching to see that brave clasp of dainty fingers, and a pitiful sight even to those hard judges, prepared to sacrifice all—even an honourable gentleman's life—on the altar of loyalty. The face and voice of the stern Chief Justice himself softened as he asked gently:—"But will my lady give herself that trouble?" And the Attorney-General hastily proffered two of his own clerks, with more strength to do what was wanting, for they were all afraid that because of her overwhelming distress this delicate lady must break down; yet they could not understand how strong love makes a true woman while the need for exertion lasts.

In but very few instances Lady Rachel had so controlled and mastered the choking bitterness of her anxious heart that she was able to sit down quietly and go about the task she had undertaken. For long hours she worked bravely on, never flagging, nor once disturbed the court, nor behaved so as to distract her husband's attention from the heavy matter in hand—not once, till the end of that fatal trial came. Then came the sentence of death, which all but herself expected—a traitor's doom—a sentence sharp and sudden as a dagger to her faithful heart; but she looked in his dear face still hopefully and lovingly, and as she followed him patiently back to the Tower dungeon, showed no outward violence of grief to rend his heart with unavailing tears or despairing words: she thought only of obtaining his consent to her wringing a pardon from those in power.

Then away she went to try every possible chance for his life, appealing to friends and enemies, kneeling at last in the very dust to that "Merry monarch," who could be so hard and implacable. But, alas for poor Lady Rachel! self-interest had closed every ear and hardened every heart, and so she came back when all was tried in vain, and brought him his children, they weeping, as young heartbroken things will weep, while she stood by, so calm and courageous that he was able to bear the parting as their father and her husband should do, and bless them, and let them go home in their mother's charge—the mother who so soon hied back and stayed till the bell tolled, as it seemed, his knell—but had he not tenderly whispered to her, "Stay and sup with me, dear Rachel; let us eat our last earthly food together." And he had been cheerful and pleasant as ever,

telling her how good and true many of his friends had proved in this severe strait: how that very morning, Lord Cavendish had sent to propose coming as a visitor, then changing clothes, and himself, disguised in the fugitive's usual apparel, to take his place while Sir William made his escape by the aid of attendants in waiting; and also how his dear father had vainly offered the king £100,000 for his son's pardon; and others had urged the injustice of provoking so important and influential a family, and hinted that some regard was due to the daughter of the gallant loyal Southampton. But to all Charles had answered sternly:—"True, all this is true; but if I do not take his life he will have mine;" and he had slighted altogether the petition Lord Russell had presented, offering to live wherever the king should appoint, and engage his word never to meddle with the affairs of England. And so the doomed man chatted till the last possible moment, calmly and dispassionately, concerning things it was well his wife should know; and she sat—her hand tight clasped in his—saying but little, yet that little all courage and affection; and when the jailor signalled, she rose at once and, white and tearless, silently fell into her dear lord's embrace, parting then with close passionate kisses, yet keeping her sorrow still that he might not be unmanned by a sight of grief. "All inevitable now," he said, "the bitterness of death is past;" and indeed it seemed so, for he loved and esteemed her beyond expression, as indeed she deserved, dilating long on her many sweet virtues and perfections ere he retired for his last night's rest upon earth. As he wound up the watch which he intended leaving to his kind friend, Bishop Burnet, he calmly remarked, "I have done with time for eternity." And soon Lord Russell was led forth to die in the fields of Lincoln's Inn, and King Charles reigned an absolute monarch, of whom one of his own wits wrote that well-known epigram:—

"Here lies our sovereign lord the king,
Whose word no man relies on;
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one."



SOME OF CLIVE'S DOINGS.

“ Clive, erst unheard of in the nation,
Saves India, brightest star that shines
In our commercial constellation.”—*Dibdin*.



BELIEVING, as I do, in the truth of the line, “ the boy is father to the man,” allow me to introduce the boy, Robert Clive, some day to be founder of the British Empire in India. I am afraid he is a very naughty, headstrong boy, and that the family are in general much more afraid of his outbreaks than proud of his abilities. Even his own uncle shakes his head, and tells us dolefully that “ fighting—to which Bob is out of measure addicted—gives his temper such a fierceness and imperiousness that he flies out on every trifling occasion.” Truly it was no marvel that he was more dreaded than liked.

The historian says concerning him, that all the old people near Market Drayton can remember having heard from other older people how their fathers saw young Bob Clive, the lawyer's troublesome son, climbing up to the very tip top of the steeple, and from a stone spout placed at quite a dizzy height nodding down at a terrified, excited crowd of country folk. That was headstrong, silly foolhardiness, and more excusable at his age, perhaps, than some other of Clive's doings—such as that by which he presently formed all the idle lads in the town into a kind of predatory army of mischief that compelled the shopkeepers to submit to a tribute of halfpence and apples, in consideration of which Master Bob guaranteed the security of their windows and other breakables. I am afraid the opinion of the plain folk at Market Drayton was not at all favourable ;



CLIVE AT THE BATTLE OF PLASSY.

they pitied his parents, and called him a dunce and a reprobate, that must come to an evil end.

I should think that there was a general rejoicing when this lively youth and poor scholar was shipped off as writer in the East India Company, with full liberty to do his best or his worst—that is, die or make his fortune; it being possible for either of these things to happen. Before anything more was heard of Bob, he was indeed far away from England.

This East India Company was then a trading corporation, with a territory of a few square miles, for which it paid rent to the native government. They had manned some three or four forts with ill-disciplined troops, some armed with shields, others with bows and arrows. The business of the servants of the Company had nothing to do with the affairs of the country beyond shipping stock and keeping a sharp look-out to see that private traders should not infringe on their monopoly. The younger clerks were hardly paid enough to keep them alive; others enriched themselves by sly private trading, and some rose and became very rich—sometimes by no very creditable means.

Young Bob was appointed to Fort St. George, at Madras—the most important settlement the Company owned. His voyage out, which lasted more than a year, was tedious. On his arrival, he was miserably lodged and worse than penniless, and became sick and low spirited. Poor fellow! He wrote very sadly to the once scorned friends at home—"I have not enjoyed one happy day since I left it," he cried; "and when I think of England, dear native England, it affects me in a very particular manner." In fact, so wretched was he that twice he tried to shoot himself, and twice the loaded pistols failed, and then he desisted attempting his life, believing it must have a purpose, as surely so it had, for by-and-by a strange event—a most unexpected event—changed everything about him.

There was trouble between the navies of England and the united forces of France and Spain, when suddenly the French Commander, Labourdonnais, appeared with his army before Madras, and compelled the town and fort to capitulate. Then and there the triumphant French flag waved over the Company's warehouses, and all the Englishmen were made prisoners of war on parole until ransomed. All might have gone on well had not another French commander interfered, and declared that Madras should be

razed to the ground. The governor and his head officials were marched off under a guard, and young Clive managed to escape from the town in the disguise of a Mussulman. This was the commencement of his fortune.

Fighting, as we know, suited Clive better than writing; so at twenty-one, when fighting was to be done, he became an ensign in the Company's service. Now, as well as unshaken courage, he showed a judgment and sagacity that astonished the ablest officer; but you must look into your "*History of India*" to find how and why Clive became leader, and did such marvels that not only India but Europe rang with his fame. Major Lawrence, the great soldier of his time, wrote of him enthusiastically:—

"Some people term Captain Clive fortunate and lucky. From the knowledge I have, he might expect from his conduct everything that could be desired."

When peace was restored—that is, when Clive was twenty-seven—he returned for a time to England, to find himself received with all sorts of honours. The East India directors presented him with a diamond-hilted sword, and, better than all, his old friends pressed about him, no longer blaming, but praising the prodigal who had caused so many heartaches, but who had so nobly retrieved his name.

The battle of Plassy fills one of the most exciting pages in the story of British India, and Clive is the hero of it. It may well be considered as one of the most surprising events in modern warfare, for an army of 70,000 fled in a kind of panic, after a short encounter, before 3,000 soldiers, leaving them masters of a well-furnished camp and fifty pieces of cannon. For this, Clive was made Baron of Plassy. The last service that Clive did in India was to suppress a sudden mutiny, which threatened to overthrow the power acquired by so much blood and difficulty. Upon hearing of it, Clive, relying on the sepoys and the few soldiers devoted to him, at once hurried to the seat of conspiracy, and without a moment's hesitation arrested all the ringleaders, forced the rest to resign, and sent the worst as prisoners to Calcutta. There had been no time for decision or resistance until the peril was past. From that period we hear no more of Clive as a soldier, but as absolute governor, directing all his attention to the strengthening and development of a system which it had been his pride

and glory to originate. Comparing the British India he found with the British India he left, we must marvel at Bob Clive's doings, and can quite believe that when he landed in England, in 1767, he was welcomed



LOLD CLIVE LEAVING INDIA.

enthusiastically by the sovereign, and by the Company that he had served so faithfully and well. The treasury of Bengal was thrown open to him, piled as it was with masses of gold and silver coins and precious stones. He was appointed the Company's governor, and possessed unbounded power in India. The native princes looked on him with a wonder and awe that no other Englishmen of the time elicited.

One day a Nabob said to a chief of rank whose followers were squabbling with some of the Company's sepoy:—

"Are you to learn who that Colonel Clive is, and in what station God has placed him?"

The chief, who was known as a jester, answered with mock solemnity and much humility:—

"I affront the Colonel?—*I*, who never get up in the morning without making three low bows to his excellency's jackass!" Clive to him was a magnificent embodiment of that "Company" whose power by this time was not to be gainsaid.

Pitt, whose influence in the House was unbounded, could not say enough in praise of Clive, whom he described as a heaven-born general—a man bred to the labours of the desk, yet who displayed a military genius which might excite the admiration of the King of Prussia. The only English general since the death of Wolfe of whom his countrymen had much reason to be proud; and the story of Clive's doings passed from mouth to mouth, for the people were naturally proud and delighted to praise a captain of their own, whose native courage and self-taught skill had placed him on a level with the greatest tacticians.

It is pleasant to read that in the midst of all this whirl of success and popularity, the ne'er-do-well of the family, as he had been considered, was kind and good to the folk who of old seem to have shown him not over much affection; that he sent ten thousand pounds to each of his sisters, and as much more to other needy relations and friends; that he settled eight hundred a year on his parents, insisting that the poor lawyer of Drayton should keep his carriage, and live like a gentleman, now that his eldest son was so well to do in the world's gear, and lately appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the British possessions in Bengal, which were by now of no small importance.





DR. WATTS.

"I WRITE NOT FOR YOUR FARTHING, BUT TO TRY
HOW I YOUR FARTHING WRITERS CAN OUTVIE."—*Isaac Watts.*



VERY respectable couplet, I must own. Surely, my son, but you have well deserved this—the Poet's Prize. How votes the company? Has Isaac won or no, boys? Clap who means yes."

So said a kind, meek-faced lady, as she laughingly held up the small brown coin, and then dropped it, with a kiss, into the outstretched palm of her blushing little son, while the other boys clapped their hands gleefully, because of their love of noise and "fair-does," or looked glum and dissatisfied, according to their nature and disposition.

Mrs. Watts, their schoolmaster's gentle wife, often indulged the younger pupils with some game of the kind. To-day it had been capping verses, at which they had small chance of ending; next writing lines, the best to be rewarded with a farthing, which, as we see, the future "Dr." Watts, D.D., pocketed triumphantly, being only a little boy of seven, and not above lollypops, for all his rhymed independence.

I think there is scarcely one dear granny in Great Britain who could not in her childhood have repeated off-hand a dozen or more of good Dr. Watts's hymns for the young. "How Fair is the Rose," "How doth the Little Busy Bee," and "'Tis the Voice of the Sluggard": why, they are still as familiar to our fathers' ears as the alphabet itself, and will outlive many more pretentious things of the kind. He also wrote many hymns, and in later life paraphrased the Psalms, the "why and



ISAAC WATTS AND HIS BIRTHPLACE.

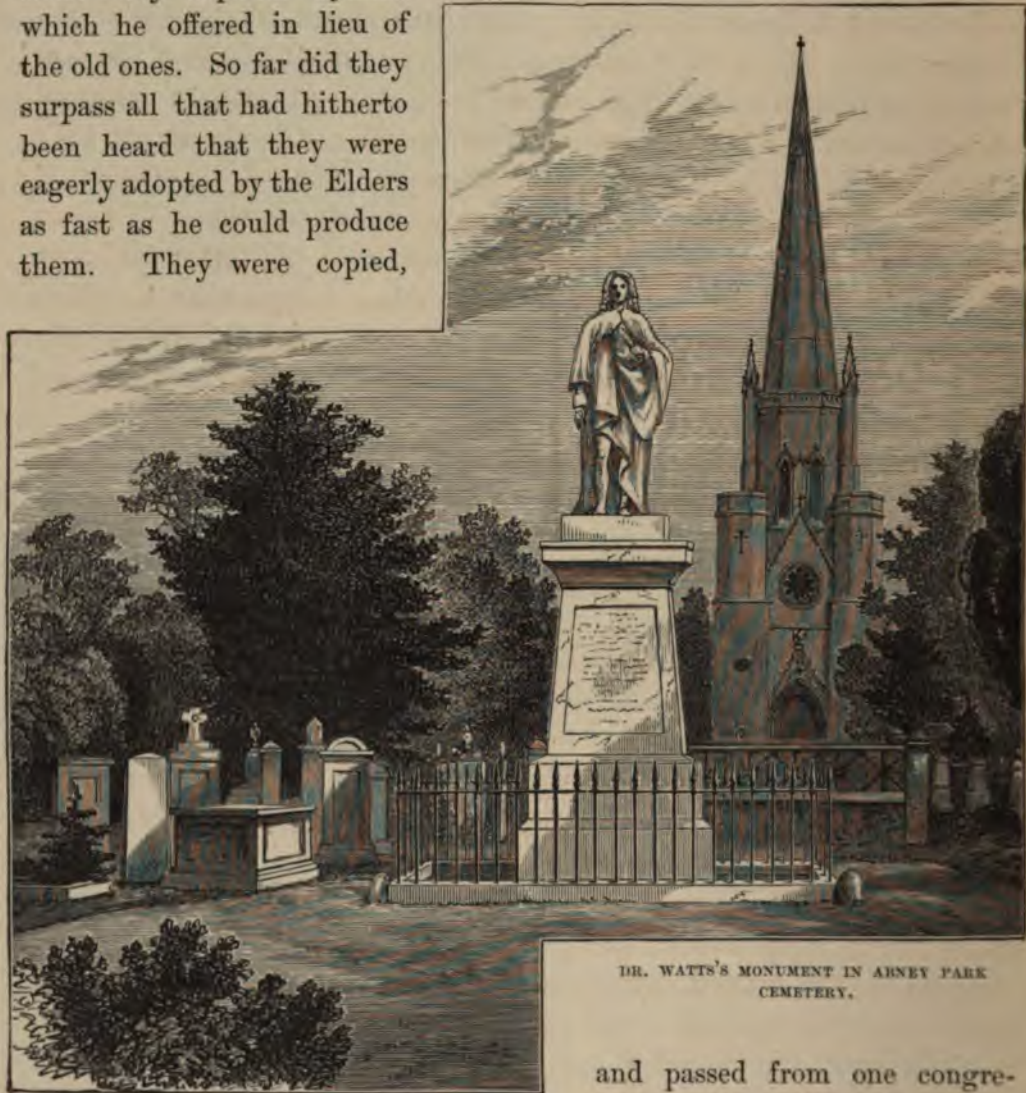
wherefore" of which much-needed work, came about in this unpremeditated manner.

Having soon outgrown the teaching in his father's boarding-school at Southampton, Isaac Watts was sent to the grammar-school near the Bargate, where his industry and rapid advance in all kinds of classical learning so pleased one or two persons in authority that they were well inclined to raise a sum of money that would enable the clever lad's father to send him to college, where, there was little doubt, he would have excelled; but it happened, unfortunately for the plan, that this honest, conscientious schoolmaster was a strict Dissenter, as his father had been before him. The story went that his mother had many a time been seen sitting on the stone steps of the town jail weeping with him, a baby in her arms, sorrowing for her husband imprisoned within, because of non-payment of the heavy fines imposed on him for differing from the Established Church.

Having such antecedents as these in those intolerant days, young Isaac could not go to the University, much as he craved for such teaching, without deserting the independent principles in which he had been nurtured. He therefore gave up the notion, and came home to the old rambling brick mansion, where his childhood had passed so simply and pleasantly, and there wrote and studied divinity, and helped his father to teach, and sometimes, I dare say, slyly teased his mother for prizing sundry little odds and ends of rhyme, the "Farthing one" among the rest, as such fond mothers have a way of doing now, as then, with even less excuse than Mrs. Watts had.

Every Sunday the family flocked to a very small and tumble-down chapel, where the preaching was good, but the hymns, all unaided by an organ, weak and halting, jangling compositions of an old-world kind, that the unlucky congregation had to slur and stumble through as best they might. To one earnest and devout young listener this gave great offence; their lack of sense and proper feeling struck him as likely to cause a lack of reverence, and as jarring against a solemn worship, that should be kept as pure and unworldly as possible. The student, Isaac Watts, mentioning this to some of the older members, was austere told they must fain be content with what verse they had, complaints not being likely to bring

them anything excelling Psalmody. So rebuked, the young man said no more; he did better than grumble, however; and setting to work, composed some very superior hymns, which he offered in lieu of the old ones. So far did they surpass all that had hitherto been heard that they were eagerly adopted by the Elders as fast as he could produce them. They were copied,



DR. WATTS'S MONUMENT IN ARNEY PARK
CEMETERY.

and passed from one congregation to another, until they were to be found all over England, and soon translated into Welsh, were fervently chanted in many a wild, out-of-the-way district. I should think no book of the kind has ever gone through so many varied editions as Watts's Hymns, which, as you see, were written by a

sort of accident, and were the result of a sore occasion from a Christian's point of view.

After this time Watts became tutor to a young nobleman; then he came to London, and preached in the City, where he gathered a large congregation, who loved his eloquence and virtue. He became favoured because of a treatise on Logic, and another "On the Mind," and other things he wrote. A pleasant, mild-eyed, gentle-mannered man, though in later years a very sickly one unfortunately, was our good doctor of divinity, but by no means tall or of an imposing appearance. He was sitting in a coffee-room in town, reading the scant gazette of the time, when two fashionable gentlemen of that day having entered and passed by him, he heard one of them whisper a remark, at which the other turned and stared, as he replied in a contemptuous, surprised voice, so that all could hear:—

"Why, *is that* the great Dr. Watts?" Upon which the little doctor, looking up from his paper, laughingly bowed, as he quoted a verse from one of his own well-known poems:—

"Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or mete the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul;
The mind's the standard of the man."

A very apt and ready rebuke, surely, and one that showed he would bear measuring by his own standard, and perhaps this is more than could be said of the unguarded speaker.

The passing years found him ever busy, doing good useful work, and doing it mostly in a very pleasant place, which has since become a cemetery, where he lies under a fair monument. When he was growing old he was one day visited by that friend of good and learned men, the Countess of Huntingdon. He was then living at stately Abney House, and as the two stood looking out on the beautiful spreading trees and the fair green turf, the doctor remarked with a smile:—

"Madam, your ladyship has come on what to me is a very remarkable day."

"Indeed! Why so?" she asked curiously.

"Because this day thirty years I came hither to the house of my good friend, Sir Thomas Abney, only intending to spend one week under their pleasant roof, and the week has extended into a long thirty years' visit."

"A *long* thirty years did you say?" cried Lady Abney, who had entered as he spoke; "why, it has seemed the shortest visit we have ever received—what do you think, Elizabeth," for her daughter had followed her, "there is the good Doctor talking ruefully about his stay with us having been long; why he knows very well this dear old place would not be half as dear to any of us if we missed his venerated presence in it."

"Indeed, madam, I hope he will never, never leave us, or it," said Elizabeth, holding out her ready hand. And well did those two kind and true friends prove, to his last days, that these were no idle words, and that they had learned to love him for his piety, his ready, open-handed charity, and the moderation of his temper, which, strange to tell, was by nature quick of resentment, but by the established and habitual practice of self-command, had become patient and slow to anger. He was beloved by all children, and, with them and in their service, he would lay aside his attributes of scholar, philosopher, and wit, to be their friend and playmate. For them he wrote the little devotional poems we know of, and studied out systems of education suited to their capacities, and that at a time when such things were too little thought of. A simple uneventful life, that of Dr. Watts, compared to some others here recorded. And yet this "Poet of the Sanctuary" has done good work in his day—work which some of us too readily undervalue in ours.

"But let the mimic canvas show
His calm benevolent features—let the light
Stream on his deeds of love."





MY LADY'S CHAPLAIN.

“ ‘ Ask, and ye shall receive,’—
On this my hope I build.
I ask forgiveness—and believe
My pray'r shall be fulfilled.”



TIME was, when people of fashion and high degree came to listen to that zealous preacher John Whitfield, the friend and chaplain of the well-known Countess of Huntingdon, in whose drawing-rooms were to be met all the celebrities of the day, such as the polite and witty Chesterfield, satirical Lord Bolingbroke, travelled young Hanway, and many a fair lady known to the world of letters or art. To all of these this preacher spoke out the truth as he felt it rise straight from his heart, being totally regardless of their pomp and worldly estate, their fine garments, and finer talk; from his point of view such things mattered nothing. Was it not only the other day that he had made such a determined raid on the holders of a Fair, on the Puppet and other showmen performing in open Moorfields, where he had spoken out, and endeavoured to preach them down in the midst of a roar of abuse that would have terrified most men, yet after which he had received over a thousand encouraging letters, and some threats? Even Dr. Johnson, unwilling to own his merits, had said of our preacher:—“ His popularity is chiefly owing to the peculiarity of his manner. He would be followed by crowds were he to wear a night-cap in the pulpit or were he to preach from a tree.” However that might be, that he was strongly popular is altogether as undeniable, as the good he effected among all classes of society.

This great light to be of “the people called Methodists” was the



WHITFIELD PREACHING IN THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON'S DRAWING-ROOM.

son of the host of "The Bell," an inn at Gloucester. His father died when he was quite a little lad, and his prudent mother kept him as much as possible from the tavern business; but as the boy grew up he both troubled and puzzled the good woman grievously, doing wrong things without meaning any ill. For instance, he stole money from the till to give to the poor. He stole books to read, but they were books of devotion. He fought and quarrelled daily with his playfellows, because, he said, they "compassed him about like bees;" and when they teased him he became impatient, and angrily declared—in the words of the Psalmist—"In the name of the Lord I will destroy them;" and it seemed that he would willingly have done so by mere strength of fist and frown.

Surely a strange young mind, pitifully divided between devotional feelings and headstrong self-willed passions. Happy for him when he was sent to the Grammar-school, and given plenty of hard lessons. He loved to study English dramatic writers, and to learn the different parts, which soon he could speak so intelligently that when any of the civic magistrates were to be harangued by one of the scholars, George was invariably chosen to edify their worships.

But the boy at that time, as indeed he continued to be, was erratic. He became tired of school, and one fine day marched home again to "The Bell," where he put on a blue apron, cleaned rooms, washed mops, snuffed guttering tallow candles, and became a professed and common drawer, occasionally tipsy and always in request. Yet amid such a life as this the lad found inclination and time to compose sermons, and used to sit up at night studying the big Family Bible, thinking strangely-wise unworldly thoughts, and sometimes very angry ones too, because of a certain sister-in-law with whom he daily quarrelled violently, after which he would retire to his attic, and "weep before the Lord."

But whatever his aunt may have been, his widowed mother was kind and true. Something had reached her ears of possible free admission to Pembroke College, Oxford, and after much persuasion, and struggles between dissolute tastes, and holier and higher desires, his good angel led the lad into the better path, and George the waiter became George the Servitor—not, at that time, quite so great a preferment as one might imagine, yet one involving many mortifications and hardships.

At this time John Wesley's preaching became his guide in life. In the old crusading days he would have followed Peter the Hermit to the death, for the youth could do nothing by halves. Now he went about uncouth and untidy; when it was the fashion for men to powder their hair, he went with his all rough and unpowdered, considering this fashion more becoming in a penitent. Then, too, he wore a patched gown, woollen gloves, and dusty shoes; and he fasted often and long.

Out in the bleak Christchurch meadows he prostrated himself on the bare chill earth during Lent, and exposed himself to the cold, till his flesh began to blacken; and through abstinence and inward struggles he became so weak that he could hardly crawl. Finally, he fell dangerously ill, and then he soon calmed down into a more natural and wholesome state of intellect.

When, at the age of twenty-one, George returned to Gloucester, so great was the report of his piety and talents that the bishop offered to ordain him deacon—an unprecedented thing almost for so young a man. Only after a very severe self-examination would he accept, and when as deacon he gave his first sermon on "the necessity of a religious society," he spoke out so boldly and well that all present were affected as they had never been before. Some, however, were startled, and going to the good bishop, reported that at least fifteen out of the crowd had gone mad at this young man's strange manner and zeal.

"It is well," said the worthy prelate. "I only hope they will not forget their madness before next Sunday."

John Whitfield made many others "mad" in the same way; and for himself, his zeal never abated. He never spared body or mind, travelling and preaching in season and out of season, never losing the power of fascinating the attention of persons of all ranks. Whenever Whitfield came, the loom, the forge, the colliery, the workshops, all were deserted, and people pressed forth to listen. Thirteen times did he cross the Atlantic, travelling from Georgia to Boston, never fatiguing, never fatigued—his motto, "Let the name of George Whitfield perish if God be glorified"—his soul full of the glory of His message.

"Taking his stand on some rising knoll, his tall and graceful figure dressed with elaborate propriety, and composed into an easy and commanding attitude, Whitfield's clear blue eyes ranged over thousands

and tens of thousands drawn up in close files on the green plain below, and clustering into masses on every adjacent eminence. A rabble rout hung on the skirts of the mighty hosts, and the feelings of the devout were disturbed by the scurrilous jests of the illiterate and the weak.

"But the rich and varied tones of a voice of unequalled depth and compass quickly silenced every other sound, as in rapid succession its ever



WHITFIELD PREACHING IN THE OPEN AIR.

changing melodies passed from the calm of simple narrative to the measured distinctness of argument, to the vehemence of reproof, and to the pathos of heavenly consolation. Sometimes the preacher wept exceedingly, stamped loudly and passionately, and was frequently so overcome that for a few seconds one would suspect he could never recover; and when he did, Nature required some little time to compose herself, he was so in earnest.

"No wonder the agitated assembly caught the deep passions of the speaker, and exulted, wept, or trembled at his bidding. He stood before

them, in popular belief a persecuted man, spurned and rejected by lordly prelates, yet still a presbyter of the Church, and clothed with her authority, his meek and lowly demeanour, chastened and elevated by the conscious grandeur of the Apostolic succession. The more thoughtful gazed earnestly at the scene, pregnant with some strange and enduring interest on the future of mankind. But the wise and the simple alike yielded to the enchantment, and the thronging multitude gave utterances to their emotions in every form in which Nature seeks relief for strong feelings."

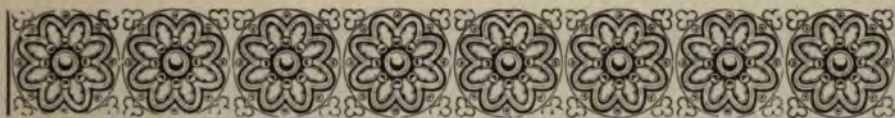
Once, preaching in an open field near a camp, a drummer, disapproving of a discourse that was directed at the evil and sin of swearing, struck up a loud "rub-a-dub," to drown what he chose to call "the pious business." Upon this, Whitfield, taking no other notice, raised his clear voice to a louder pitch, but with no avail, for the louder he spoke the louder the drummer banged, triumphantly thinking that he had put down the preacher by mere strength of fists.

Then the orator stopped short, and, calling the man to him, said in a tone of kindly expostulation, and not at all as though understanding his drift or impertinence :—

"Friend, you and I serve the two greatest masters existing, but in different callings. You beat up for volunteers for King George ; I for the Lord Jesus. In God's name, then, let us not interrupt each other. The world is wide enough for both, and may we both get recruits in abundance. Now, prythee, good drummer, go thy way, and do thy work."

This speech, kindly and firmly spoken, had such an effect upon the drummer that he nodded, and walked off in high good humour with the preacher. Thus, indeed, it is that mild words turn away wrath.





JONAS HANWAY.

"THE BOYS FLOCK ROUND HIM AND THE PEOPLE STARE—
SO STIFF, SO MUTE! SOME STATUE, YOU WOULD SWEAR."—*Pope.*



HERE are other things to be said of Hanway than that he was the first Englishman that had the courage to unfurl an umbrella in the streets of London. He did an even bolder thing than that, for he helped to put down the custom of "giving vails," then so common all over England in houses of fashion and repute that we often find it referred to in old books. I may as well illustrate this by an example which Hanway himself, who had answered the invitation of a rich acquaintance by an "Indeed, sir, I cannot afford such a luxury," quoted as an instance of this abuse.

"Sir Timothy Waldo," said he, "dined with a duke, and, on his leaving the house, was contributing to the support and insolence of a train of servants that lined the hall, and at last put a crown into the hand of the cook, who refused to take it, saying haughtily:—

"'Sir, I do not take silver.'

"'Don't you, indeed?' said the worthy knight cheerfully, taking the coin back and putting it in his pocket. 'Then I do not give gold, so I'll wish you good morning;' and off he marched."

Hanway tells how he himself, after partaking of a dinner with the friend who had invited him, stood, as a matter of course, paying the servants' "vails" in the hall, where they came trooping up, open-handed, one after the other, saying, as they gave up the things:—

"Sir, your great coat, one shilling. Sir, your hat, one shilling. Sir,



HANWAYS'S UMBRELLA.

your stick, one shilling. Sir, your umbrella—the celebrated umbrella—one shilling. Sir, your gloves, one ——” “Stop, stop, friend!” cried the guest, putting them back hurriedly; “keep them, keep those: they really are not worth a shilling.” Fancy the look of contempt and mortification on the face of that, no doubt, very grandly attired menial at being left without his “vail.” I dare say he and his fellows denounced Mr. Jonas Hanway as “no gentleman. Oh, la, no!” All the same, however, he was one to his heart’s core, as he showed in many ways.

He was always trying to help the young chimney-sweeps of London—poor little stunted creatures, who were most shamefully used, and half starved, that they might the easier be driven up the close narrow chimneys, and who lived in dens where, between soot and bad air, they contracted all sorts of peculiar diseases. They were in his days the very pariahs of society; and it was only after endless trouble that, even when broom machinery was invented, master sweeps could be persuaded to use it.

Once this kindly old gentleman asked a little black urchin who had just been employed sweeping his own chimney:—“Suppose, now, I give you a shilling for your very self, what would you say?”

The eager eyes shone, and the white teeth glittered, as the urchin answered eagerly, after the manner of such urchins:—

“Say? why, God Almighty bless your honour, and thank you!”

“Well, there’s the shilling; but now, ‘O father of soot,’ as the Arabs say, what if I give you a fine tie-wig to wear on May Day. What would your master say?”

I don’t know what odd notion suggested such an idea as the dressing up this young blackey in a big white wig—for wigs in those days were stupendous articles—but it was not received with applause, for the boy only answered, with a twinkle—“Oh, but, your honour, my master won’t let me out on May Day. He says it’s low life.” Just think of that, and from a sweep, too!

In his early life Hanway had been a great traveller in Persia, and had gone through adventures and perils innumerable, of which he loved to tell instances. Once, a merchant in St. Petersburg entrusted him with twenty carriage-loads of cloth, with which he proceeded to Astrabad; but the vessel resembled so much those used by Russian pirates, that for a

long time he could neither land nor hold any sort of communication with the natives, much less trade with them.

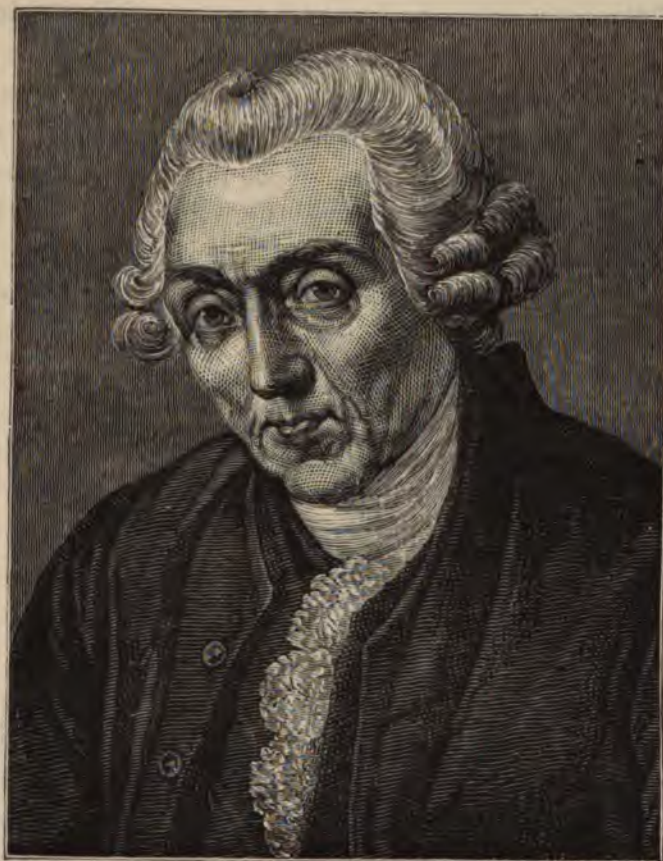
However, after some delay he secured the protection of the Aga, and managed to get all his valuable merchandise on to camels' backs, and would fain have gone his way ; but news of the stranger and his precious baggage getting abroad stirred up a neighbouring district, whose fierce chief was in the habit of silencing opposition by cutting off heads. The friendly governor, who wished to do no harm to his guest, and dreaded his neighbour, disguised himself as a peasant, and fled for dear life, advising Hanway to put on a Persian robe and obey his example. Not caring, however, to abandon his property thus, and yet feeling all opposition useless, Hanway calmly said his prayers, and lay down to sleep till the morning. Then, amid din and savage merriment, the rebel chief arrived, and explained that they were sorry to disturb him, but they required the use of the stranger's bales, for which they would gladly pay "some day"—a promise at which the poor victimised European had to bow in silence, thinking that he would be lucky if he could get clear off with the hundred and sixty crowns he had hidden about his clothes.

As he accepted his fate in this pleasant manner, the hearts of the honest men of the mountains melted within them, and though they kept all the bales, they gave him a written bond and an escort of armed villagers, commanded by a devotee, who, having visited Mecca, thought his good work was done, and after a long round-about journey led poor Hanway to a wretched hut on the coast, where there was only one bark instead of the promised horses. When he remonstrated they prepared to shoot, and as that was an unanswerable argument, Jonas turned to the miserable boat, and coasted along the shore, trying to reach some place whence he could reach the Shah, who, he was told, would perchance order the return of his precious bales and the punishment of the thieves, who were in open rebellion by this time.

The next time we hear of our poor merchant he was in rags and tatters, for though he had that hidden money, his only safety was in being taken for a beggar. At last he managed to join in the escort of a Persian chief who was flying from the Turkomans, and followed it as best he could, eating nothing but a few parched peas for forty hours. It was

twenty-three days before he stood, wearied and harassed, in a place of safety, and was enabled to hire horses and attendants, and find his way to the royal encampment on the chance of obtaining redress for these wrongs.

At last he found this mighty Shah, surrounded by a kind of Arabian



JONAS HANWAY.

Nights' splendour—rubies, diamonds, gold, and embroidery, houses, tents, and fair women ; but heavy hearts and false were beating in the midst of all this luxury. However, the Shah listened, and bidding him never despair, ordered the English merchant's goods to be returned or their value to be recovered by the general now in command of Astrabad, where the mutineers were all in dire captivity and distress, their homes having been

burned and themselves tortured in the cruellest manner, so mercilessly that it went to the heart of Hanway, who, though he had been robbed, would fain have interceded for the poor creatures.

Away back hied our traveller, past mountains tipped with snow, through orange-groves in blossom, and through vineyards, until he once more reached the place where he had been so shamefully treated, and here, after much trouble, his losses were partly reimbursed. This second visit very much impressed the "handsome Englishman," as he was called when young, and he often spoke of the terrible scene presented by the village when the Shah's fierce general came on his mission of vengeance, and sat in the doorway of his tent, surrounded by soldiers, who brought before him the miserable rebels two at a time, each man having large logs of wood riveted to his legs and a heavy triangular collar of wood fast about his neck, one of the angles being larger than the other, so as to serve as a handcuff. When the English traveller appeared on the scene, and produced the Shah's decree concerning the property of which he had been deprived, and without which he cared not to face his employers in Russia, the trembling prisoners were interrogated as to its whereabouts; and when they could not answer satisfactorily, were beaten almost to death, while others, blindfolded, were made to repeat the Persian's creed, "There is but one God, Mahomet is his prophet, and Ali is his friend," after which their heads were swept off by a sabre-stroke. No wonder that after such scenes Hanway was glad to get out of the land.

Altogether he considered his own escape so marvellous, that when he retired and settled in England, he had painted on his chariot the effigy of a man dressed in the Persian costume, just landed on a rude coast in a storm. He was leaning, with calm and resigned countenance, on his sword. In the background was a small boat, beat about by the billows, in front a shield, charged with his arms, leaning against a tree, and underneath it the motto "Never despair."





“BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE.”

“Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold where he flies on his desolate path!
Now in darkness and billows he sweeps from my sight,
Rise, rise, ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
’Tis finished: their thunders are hushed on the moors.
Culloden is lost!”

Campbell.



HAT a glamour there was about his very name! How many were ready to do battle in the cause of the winsome son of the Chevalier de St. George, the young Pretender, as our James II.'s heir was called. He was known to be chivalrous and brave, a fit leader and ruler of men, and looked up to as such by many a brave Highland chief. These chieftains were by no means content to owe allegiance to an English-born king, especially to “German Geordie,” as they scoffingly called the reigning monarch.

His father remembered too well that disastrous “15th,” when encouraged, even as now his young son was, he had ventured, with only six followers, over the sea to assert his rights, and had barely escaped being captured, leaving many a loyal life to pay the penalty of his weak attempt; but when he spoke of peril to Charles Edward, the young prince declared the times were changed, and that he had only to show himself and claim the throne in King James's name. Once he wrote entreating for his father's permission, thus:—



PRINCE CHARLES SEEKING SHELTER AFTER CULLODEN.

"A horse that is to be sold, if spurred it does not skip or show signs of life, nobody would care to have him; just so my friends would care very little to have me if I should not show that I have life in me." And so, in spite of all opposition, the young prince, disguised as a student, went forth on that fatal quest for a crown that was lost to the Stuarts "for ever and aye."

The next time we hear of him he was on ship-board pleading with the Chief of Clanronald, who was fain to assist, only without aid from the French it looked so hopeless, and he did not care to venture.

"And you, gallant Moidart, will you not assist my good cause?" cried the prince, whose quick eye saw the hand of a young kinsman of Clanronald eagerly laid on his broadsword.

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the youth, flushing. "In truth I would die for your rights, though no other man in Scotland should draw a sword." Such loyal enthusiasm is catching; the chief pledged himself to follow the Stuart fortunes.

And thus he landed in the wilds, having but seven men and the firm determination, as his banner declared, "To win either a kingdom or a coffin." Poor Edward! he was to do neither. Yet soon the bold young adventurer seemed in a fair way of gaining the first, for he was at the head of a force of 31,000 hardy Highland Scots of all degrees—Campbells and Camerons, Sutherlands, Macdonalds, and dozens of other warlike and renowned clans. He had entered Edinburgh, and held royal court at Holyrood, after being proclaimed at the City Cross as Regent for James VIII. Then, hearing that English Sir John Cope was advancing from Dunbar, he proposed to march eastward next day, and give him battle.

The march began at daybreak. A picturesque sight must those tartaned clans have presented as they strode by the fresh green hedgerows, disturbing the early birds with the warlike pipes as they moved in long columns. They had but one old cannon—"the musket's mother," as it was called by the rude Highland laddies, who in many cases were armed merely with scythes or pitchforks; most of them had never handled any other kind of weapon, and knew of gunpowder only by name.

The prince, heading this wild war array, looked a worthy leader. He

was dressed in the national garb, so well suited to his tall, manly figure; on his breast shone the Star of the Thistle. His long, waving, fair hair was tied by a broad blue ribbon, and, like the clansmen, he bore his shield



PRINCE CHARLIE.

on his back—a strange contrast to his guard, white-bearded soldiers, whose faces were scarred with ancient wounds, and whose hands clutched awesome Lochaber axes with a determined, if somewhat faltering, grasp. Thus they crossed the Esk, and marched onwards and onwards till they came in sight of the king's troops, who set up a defiant cheer, and fired off

their field-pieces—a compliment returned by the Highlanders with a tremendous yell, the mingled battle-cry—the *cathghairm* of each tribe eager and mad to begin the fray. Not until next morning, however, was fought the battle of Preston Pans, where King George's army was ignominiously defeated and thoroughly routed. Sir John Cope fled, attended by his dragoons, to Berwick, where he was received by the English commander with the cutting sarcasm that "he was the first general in Europe who had brought the first tidings of his own defeat," and mocking rhymes were shouted in his hearing:—

"Now, Johnnie, troth ye were na blate
To come wi' the news o' your own defeat,
And leave your men in sic a strait
So early in the morning."

As to the unsophisticated Highlanders, they turned about the luxurious baggage of the defeated army, and wondered much at the use of a greater part of it.

After this victory Charles Edward went back to Edinburgh, where he was received with great public rejoicings. Even France, hearing of his late success, sent him money and arms, while recruits came pressing to his standard, and white cockades were to be seen in every direction; and we hear of old Jacobite gentlemen drinking deep libations to the health of a prince who "could eat a dry crust, lie on pease-straw, take his dinner in four minutes, and win a battle in five."

Happy, triumphant, hopeful days were these, too soon to be succeeded by the black night of Culloden, when on that dreary moor the Scottish forces were totally defeated, our unfortunate prince no longer the bright "bonnie Prince Charlie," gay with the Stuart tartan and plume, but a hunted fugitive, whose outlawed life was worth thirty thousand pounds to any one that chose to announce his whereabouts; there were many poor peasants in need of money—men to whom as many pence would have been most welcome—many who were beggared because of this terrible defeat; yet not one, high or low, in all Scotland betrayed the fallen Stuart, the brave descendant of their ancient kings.

Instead of betraying, they sheltered and protected him. His hazardous escapes are marvellous to tell of. At one time he was closely tracked by

soldiers, but they lost him, and he hid for six weeks in a cave where some poor Highlanders had already taken refuge, issuing forth at night to kill venison for food. When, at last, the little band determined to leave their place of concealment for another in the mountains, they had to walk miles along the rocky channel of a torrent, and when the prince sank exhausted, those wearied men, at their own great peril, took it in turns to carry him gently over the crags, until they brought him to where friends and food awaited them, and there was rest awhile for Prince Charlie.

Another time the Royalists, having carefully surrounded a hut in which he was suspected to have found an asylum, forced an entrance, and burst upon a party. In the confusion of the fray that followed two men managed to escape, one of whom was indeed Charles Edward, the other a young Highlander much resembling him. Catching sight of the flying figure of the latter, the English commander mistook it for the prince, and following it in hot pursuit, endeavoured to capture alive so valuable a prisoner.

The noble Highlander becoming soon aware of their mistake, and determined to give his prince time to escape, even at the cost of his own life, turned at last, and rushing on the assailants attacked them with his broadsword, and fought them valiantly, until, pierced with many wounds, he fell, surrounded by an exultant crowd. Faithful to the death, he cried with his last breath, "Traitors, you have killed your king!" And they believing, took his body, and gave up further pursuit.

Of course every one has heard of Flora Macdonald, but I venture to tell again the story of this woman's brave doings.

The prince had after much difficulty reached Uist, where he was sheltered by that very Clanronald who had been one of his first adherents, but here he could not stay, for the news came that General Campbell was to search that far-away spot. He must go, and go at once; but how was it possible to leave this place, when, because of that £30,000, so many eyes were on the look-out, and the troops ranging the country side in close search?

Then it was that Miss Flora, a visitor at Uisk, and the daughter of a known Royalist, but tender-hearted and pitiful to a prince in such

danger and distress, proposed to get him away, if he would put on woman's clothes, and pretend to be her own Irish maid, Betty Bourke, which he readily undertook to do. Then she, having a proper passport for man and maid-servant, embarked with them in an open boat, and after a stormy passage, landed at Skye, which was unluckily a place whose laird was unfavourable to the Stuarts. Fortunately the chief was absent, and his wife, Flora's dearest friend, could not resist her entreaties, and advised that he should be placed in the care of their steward. So off went Miss Flora and her tall maid to the house of this trusty man; but so awkward did the soldier feel and look in his trailing feminine array, that he had well-nigh betrayed himself, for in this rough part of the island deep puddles were in plenty, and as they walked to Kingsburgh's house they had to cross several, and the maid let her skirts draggle right through the waters. Charles was dressed in a coarse cotton gown, white, with purple flowers on it, a light quilted petticoat, and a big dun-coloured cloak, with a hood, which hid his most unfeminine complexion, his shoes, too, were very old, and full of holes.

Cried a girl not in the secret, "I never kenn'd such a bauld jaud in a' my life. See what long strides she takes, and how her coats wamble about her knees. I daur say she's an Irishwoman, or"—little knowing how near her light jest was to the truth—"or else a mon in woman's clothes." Miss Macdonald quite agreed with her that Irishwomen were the most awkward creatures in the world, and Betty Bourke the most awkward of Irishwomen.

But they reached the good steward's house at last, and he, having the story of this strange visitor confided to his honour, promised to aid, and vowed at whatever risk to lay his weary young head on a soft and safe pillow, such as it had not rested on for many a day.

It was eleven o'clock at night when they came to Kingsburgh's house. His little daughter of seven ran up to tell her mother, who had gone to bed, how "father had brought a varra muckle ill shaken up wife as ever she had seen, ay, and had ta'en her into the ha' too, and that father wanted mother to come down and entertain the company," upon which the housewife rose in a hurry, sending the child down for her keys, but the little girl dared not get at them, because "that muckle woman was now walking up

and down the ha', and she was afraid of her." As soon as possible, mother went herself, and quickly suspecting the "muckle woman" to be a Highlander in disguise; she asked her husband who he was—did he know anything of the safety and whereabouts of the prince, for that was the question first in her mind. "Wife, it is the prince himself," was the unexpected avowal. Mrs. Kingsburgh was loyal and true, but the intelligence so startled her, that she cried, wringing her hands, "The prince! the prince! his ain sel'; then we are a' ruined, and will be hangit the noo!" The good wife being soothed on that point, first rejoiced and next began bewailing that there was no supper worthy to set before a king's son, only cheese and eggs and butter; but all these difficulties were easily surmounted, and she, well assured that he had been living on far worse fare, set all she could find before the prince, and rejoiced to see how heartily he enjoyed everything, insisting first that she and Miss Flora should sit, one on his left, and one on his right hand, with the worthy and hospitable Kingsburgh opposite.

Next day Charles left them for a safer refuge in the fastnesses of the Isle of Raasay—he was still acting in Biddy Bourke's clothes—but before he left he exchanged a lock of his hair for his kind hostess's old snuff-box, and to Flora Macdonald he gave his own miniature, which was ever after proudly treasured as a precious memorial of "Bonnie Prince Charlie"—that unfortunate Stuart, the last of his line who boldly struggled for their lost crown—"the young Pretender," who passed his disappointed manhood in Rome, where he was known as the Duke of Albany, and where he died in 1788.





THE PRISON REFORMER.

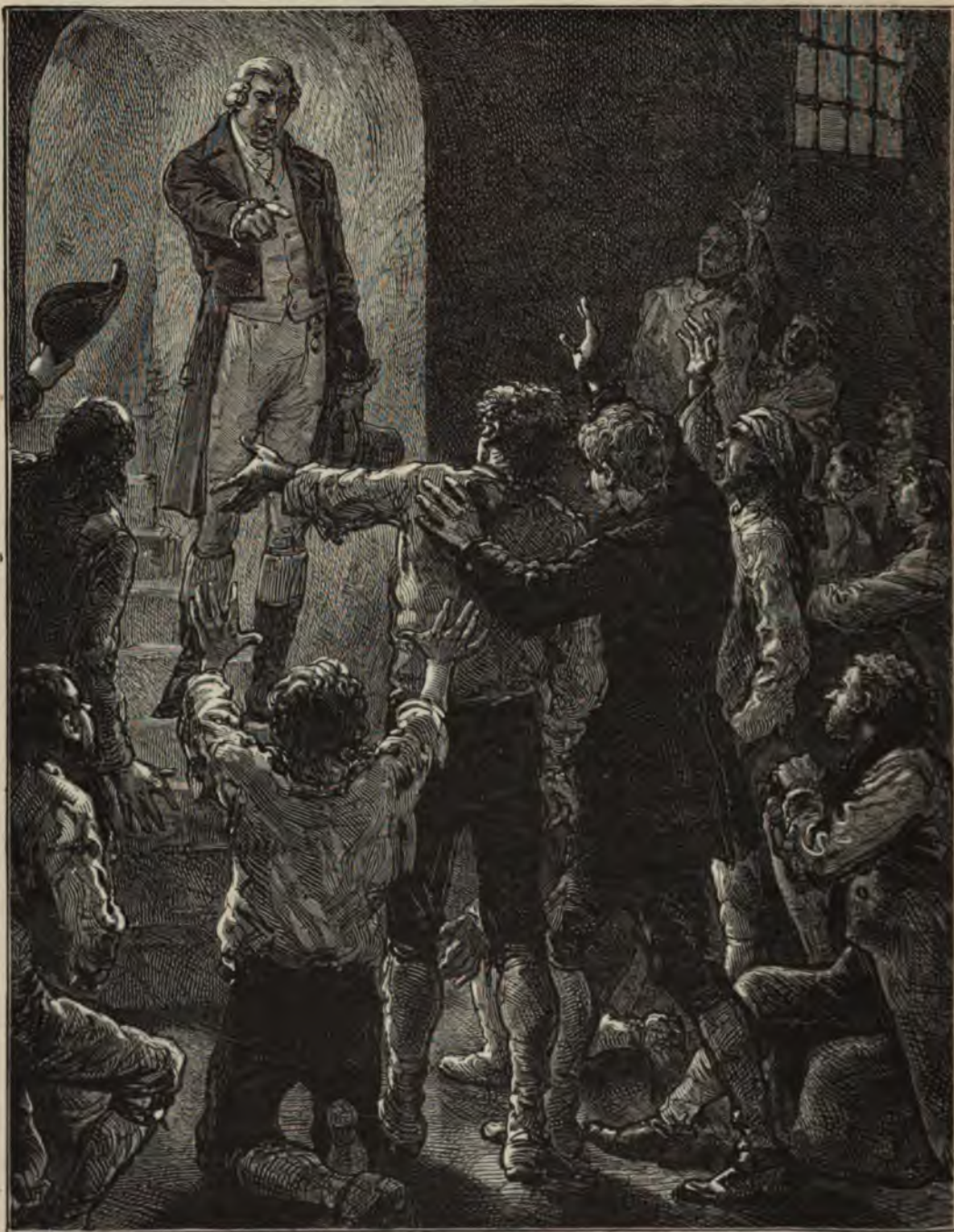
Think not the good,
The gentle deeds of mercy thou hast done
Shall die forgotten all. The poor, the prisoner,
The fatherless, the friendless, and the widow,
Who daily own the bounty of thy hand,
Shall cry to heaven and pour a blessing on thee.



ONE of the most interesting monuments in St. Paul's is that of Howard the Philanthropist. Look well at it, all you whose hearts can warm at the mention of bold, brave, unselfish deeds, such as are recorded in the inscription, which concludes with—"He trod an open but unfrequented path to immortality in the ardent and unintermitted exercise of Christian charity."

A noble epitaph truly, from which the eye turns with renewed interest to the grave, manly figure above, holding in one hand the key of some miserable dungeon, in the other a scroll, on which is to be read—"Plan for the improvement of prisons and hospitals." Chains and broken fetters lie under that advanced foot, and on the pedestal below is a scene in which Howard is represented bringing clothing and provisions to a group of wretched prisoners, such forlorn, ragged prisoners as were once too common.

It is strange to see this flowing Roman drapery on one who was always dressed in the plainest and simplest of English broadcloth. No fop or beau was John Howard. He had something more solemn and serious to occupy his thoughts than dress; he fought a fierce and desperate battle, not on the open plain, with the blue sky above to remind him of God's mercy, but in dark and hidden places, with few to help or encourage. He



HOWARD QUIETING A RIOT IN THE SAVOY.

was sickly and delicate in body, and of a somewhat neglected education; yet he never faltered or fainted once he had taken up the duty before him. For years he lived a happy husband and father on his estate at Cardington. He had a wife after his own heart—one who, her wedding-day over, sold her jewels that she might lay the foundation of a fund for the relief of the sick and destitute; together they raised the poor about them from misery and ignorance to comfort and morality; but then the blow fell: his well-loved helpmate died, and John Howard sorrowed so deeply that it seemed the very light had gone out of his life with the love that cheered it.

Long years afterwards, when on the eve of one of his humane expeditions, he was walking hand in hand with his son, watching some improvements in the old garden she had tended. He suddenly stopped, and said, with shadowed face and in trembling tones—

“Jack, my boy, in case I should never come back, you will pursue this work as you think proper; but remember this walk was planted by your mother, and if ever you touch a thing of it may my blessing never rest on you.”

He lived a life of close seclusion until he was nominated Sheriff of Bedford; then, being inclined to search into whatever he undertook, he discovered how shamefully the wretched prisoners were treated. When he exclaimed in horror against it, he was pooh-poohed, and the portly magistrates would fain have bid him be silent on such a disagreeable subject; but they little knew Howard. He took up the cause of the wretched and oppressed, travelling from town to town, from prison to prison, and reporting, in plain unvarnished words, on what met his eyes. His notes, taken on the spot, were much to this effect:—

“At Ely, the prisons being rickety and virulous, the warders, instead of strengthening doors and windows, saved the expense by chaining the prisoners with their backs to the floor, passing over them several bars of iron and fastening an iron collar covered with spikes round their necks, as well as placing a heavy bar over their legs to prevent their escape.” While at Gloucester, debtors—men, women, and almost children—were crammed all together in rooms that were crumbling about them, and never cleaned. No wonder that jail-fever swept off the poor creatures, and that no one dare come near such a den, where the keepers had no salary, the debtors

no allowance of food; the first class living on extortion, the second on public charity.

So on, from one town prison to another, darker and darker yet, till Howard sickened, as though the land in which such horrors could be was accursed. Where money would help, he gave it freely; but better still, he laid the terrible array of what he had seen with his own eyes and heard with his own ears before the House of Commons. They could scarcely believe that any one man "for right-doing's" sake could have worked so hard. So boldly and well did he speak and act, that the law-makers were forced to attend and amend, to grant freedom to many held in durance by the rapacity of jailors, to clean and make habitable the dungeons, hitherto mere nests of brutality and disease.

While they were doing this, Howard lay in bed, almost exhausted to death with his efforts, yet thanking God for the success that had attended them. As soon as he recovered, his first work was to revisit every jail, and satisfy himself that the Acts were not only passed, but properly carried out.

No man had greater influence over the most hardened. Once, when there was a terrible rebellion in a prison, and two hundred desperate men, maddened by ill treatment, gathered in the yard vowing death and destruction against any or all who might approach, Howard, in spite of all that friends and jailors could say, went into their midst, listened patiently, advised them to submit, and promised to make their grievances known. They took his advice, and, subdued and comforted, went off to their miserable cells. Truly they understood his own maxim:—"Generosity and self-command are the most striking aspects of benevolence."

From the provinces to London, from one dismal jail to another, he restlessly insisted upon cleanliness and ventilation, upon justice to all men, and upon decent dungeons in which, though shut up, they might live like human beings. Out of Ludgate, the Fleet, and the Marshalsea he brought such evil things as his own eyes and ears taught him. And when he found difficulty in remedying matters, he travelled away to other lands, and learnt, what seems strange to us now, that the public prisons of France, Germany, Belgium, but especially those of Switzerland, were generally managed in a far better and more human fashion than those of his own country, where felons were flung as it were to waste, to canker, and to despair. He went

about his difficult mission in a free and independent fashion, that secured his admission almost to every jail, the Bastille excepted. In this last he was pretty nearly imprisoned, because in his daring search for prison knowledge he had learned too much to please the high authorities. Just as at Rome, they altogether declined to admit him to the dungeons of the Inquisition. Fortunately these monster iniquities had no counterpart in England. When disguised and on foot he entered St. Petersburg, the Empress Catherine, hearing of the now famous and somewhat dreaded Englishman, at once invited him to her court, but Howard sending respectful word that he had come to visit the dungeon of the captive and the abode of the wretched, not the courts of kings, and that he must stand excused, did not accept the gracious message. What way indeed did royal luxury affect a man on such an errand?

For many years he travelled in foreign lands — examined all their jail arrangements, steadily going over more than 42,000 miles; then he returned and issued his "State of Prisons," which stirred the hearts of honest men, and made model England ashamed for what had been, and more impatient for reform, which this



HOWARD.

honest eye-witness told her she needed more than other countries that she chose to consider less civilised.

Though by no means strong or of robust constitution, his desire to prevent the spread of jail fever and infectious diseases led Howard into all sorts of dens and dangerous places. He generally travelled, too, without even a servant, not considering it right to expose another to dangers that he himself chose to brave. He visited the south of Europe to witness the working and success of the Lazaretto system, danger or disgust never turning him from his path, which led him through Malta and Constantinople, thence to Smyrna, where the plague was raging, a malady which he wanted to study, wishing also to sail from an infected port to Venice, where he might undergo the utmost rigour of the quarantine system. This earnest benefactor of the miserable spared himself in no way, yet this time passed safe and unhurt through all the horrors and contagion of his terrible journey, to return to England and publish "*An Account of the Principal Lazarettos in Europe.*" Soon he started again, meaning to travel all through the East, but he had got no farther than the Crimea when he suddenly sickened and died. He was buried at Cherson, by his own desire.

I have not space to tell of the long busy years and the £30,000 he spent in the cause of persecuted humanity at home and abroad. He died, as we have seen, of a fever, far from friends and kindred, asking nothing except that he might be buried in a peaceful village that he mentioned. "Lay me quietly in the earth with a sun-dial over my grave, and let me be forgotten," he said. Yet if ever a man deserved to be remembered as a benefactor to his kind, and as one who thought only of how he might minister to his fellows, that man was John Howard.



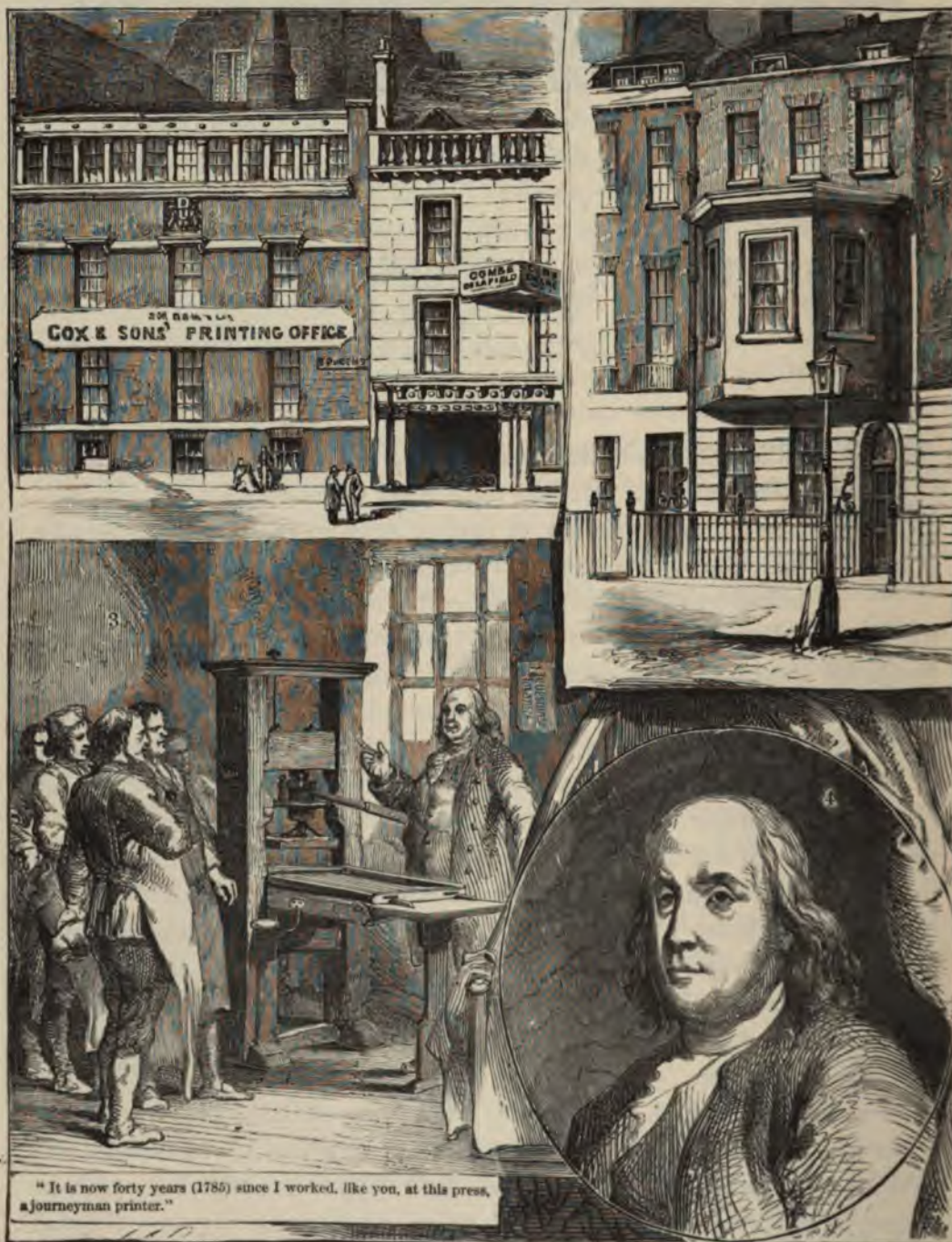


“POOR RICHARD,” PRINTER AND PRESIDENT.

“DOST THOU LOVE LIFE? THEN DO NOT SQUANDER TIME,
FOR THAT’S THE STUFF LIFE’S MADE OF.”—*Poor Richard.*

BENJAMIN had had enough of cutting wicks and filling tallow moulds. He had done it for a whole two years, and now here he was a big boy of twelve, devoted to books—not that he had a chance of much reading—and with a pretty turn for ballad-writing, which, however, his father in no wise encouraged; for he said that verse-makers were not much better than beggars, and Benjamin meant to be something better than that, anyway.

Perhaps, because one of the youngsters—there were seventeen children to be brought up, and old Mr. Franklin was naturally anxious to keep some of them to the candle-making—ran away to sea in preference to making candles, this younger son was allowed to give it up and become a printer—a useful helper to his big brother, to whom he was apprenticed, and who soon allowed him what spare time he could, to read the few books he might borrow. Sometimes Benjamin sat up all night over some delightful work; then he wrote, especially when he became possessor of an old *Spectator*. He made notes of the best essays; then tried to re-write the ideas; or he would turn poetry into prose, or prose into verse. Truly a worker was this lad at sixteen, only troubled that his books were so few; but “where there’s a will there’s a way.” Books he must have; meat he could do without; so for long he lived on vegetables, saving half his allowance. He told his own son in after years that when the others went to their meals he stayed in the printing-house, and quickly despatching his big slice of bread and a handful of raisins, or a tart and a glass of water, he spent the rest of this spare time in study close and diligent. He did not “squander time.”



1. THE PRINTING OFFICE IN WHICH FRANKLIN WORKED.

2. THE HOUSE WHERE HE RESIDED IN LONDON.

3. FRANKLIN'S OLD PRINTING PRESS.

4. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

All this time he worked hard at the dingy little printing-press that so many years after he came to look at with a very kindly feeling of interest. As yet the quiet 'prentice lad was thought but little of, even though he wrote small articles for his brother to print in his newspaper, and which the boy had the delight of hearing criticised as the work of some of the known men of the day. Think how his bright face glowed at the hearing. Yet in time—how it happened I know not—the two brothers quarrelled, and Benjamin all unable to get work, and feeling himself misunderstood and wronged, sold his little library for what he could, and away he went, literally to seek his fortune. It was hard finding, though; and when he at last arrived, weary and worn, at Philadelphia, three hundred miles from his home, he seemed as far from it as ever; but he was not disheartened. Just listen.

"I was dirty from being so long in the boat," for he had come partly on foot, partly by sea; "my pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings; I knew no one, nor where to look for lodgings; fatigued with walking, rowing, and the want of sleep, I was very hungry, and my whole stock of cash consisted in a single dollar and about a shilling in copper coin, which I gave the boatmen for my passage;" and here Franklin gives a specimen of the independent man in him. "At first they refused to take it on account of my having rowed, but I insisted on paying my way.

"I walked towards the top of the street, gazing about, till near Market Street, where I met a boy with bread, and inquiring where he bought it I went immediately to that baker's. Not knowing the different sorts of bread, I told him to give me threepennyworth of any sort. He gave me accordingly three big puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and, having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other. Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Reed, my future wife's father, where she, standing at the door, saw me, and noticed that I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward and ridiculous appearance."

But a clever worker had no need to perambulate the streets for long. He soon got employment, and becoming acquainted with such of the young people about him as were fond of reading, spent his leisure time pleasantly, saved money, and even attracted the attention of the Governor of the

Province, who, struck with the capabilities of this Boston youth, advised him to set up in business, offering to lend him money for the purpose.

The youth was delighted, and prepared to speed away to England to get a supply of type, paper, and the necessary presses. In 1724 only one ship sailed annually between London and Philadelphia. The Governor promised that he should find the money and letters of recommendation; but alas! for the insincerity of some men; he found nothing of the kind; so there was nothing to be done but begin again at a London printer's, where his sober, steady habits stood him in good stead. Strong and hard-working, the "Water American" held his own, until able to return to his "ain countrie."

By-and-by Franklin and a fellow-workman set up in business, and the two worked hard early and late. Next they started a newspaper, which attracted much attention. Then he opened a stationer's shop, and married that same Miss Reed who had watched him on that day when he had come up the street munching his penny roll.

Some of you have heard how "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise," and that "Sloth makes all things difficult"; also that "Lost time is never found again," with a great many other wise "saws" out of Poor Richard's Almanack. Richard was no other than our Benjamin, who to prove how to employ time to advantage set about learning French and Italian with an acquaintance, who often tempted him to play chess; but finding this wasted precious hours, Poor Richard refused to play any more except under the condition that the victor in every game should impose some task, either grammar or translation, to be worked out before the next meeting; and as both played equally well they soon learnt to beat each other in languages.

Ten years passed, and Franklin was the head printer in Philadelphia, respected and honoured. He was ever thinking of his fellow-citizens' good. He founded the first public library in America; set on foot a public school, a large hospital, and did a hundred other things I have no space to tell of. No marvel that in 1747 he was elected a member of the Assembly, at which point in his fortunes we leave our "printer." Now I am fain to tell of him as a scientific man, and wish that I had space to write more of his long, busy, useful life; suffice to say, that after doing good service, he returned to

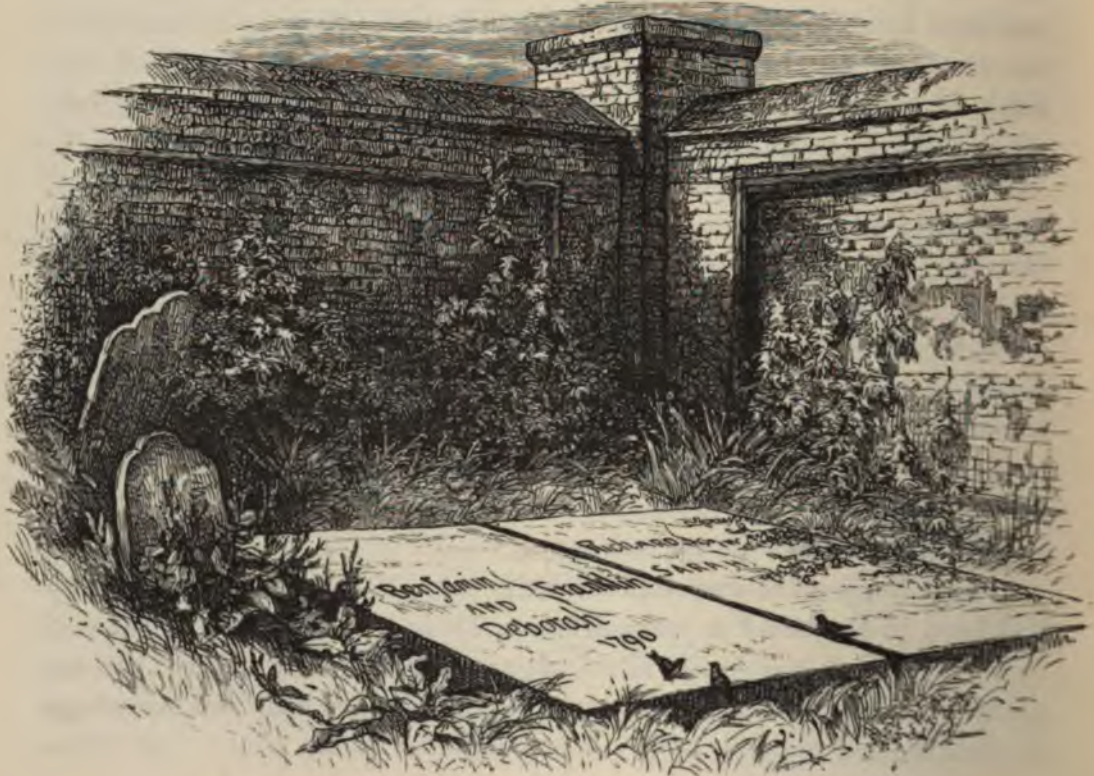
America, and though eighty years of age was chosen as the President of the State of Pennsylvania. He was also president of a society for alleviating the misery of public prisoners and for the abolition of slavery. At eighty-three he at length retired from public life, and wrote rejoicingly that he lived at home at last in a very good house that he had built more than twenty years ago. "I am again surrounded by my friends, with a fine family of grandchildren about my knees, and an affectionate good daughter and son-in-law to take care of me, and after fifty year's public service I have the pleasure to find the esteem of my country in regard to me undiminished."

When Washington was serving his country at home, Franklin was helping her cause abroad, and finding there was no chance of obtaining America's independence except by fighting for it, he went to France and obtained assistance. We have a description of him written at this time by a Frenchman present at the signature of the treaty, who describes him as wearing the dress of an American farmer, and speaks of his straight unpowdered hair, his round hat, his brown cloth coat, which formed a singular contrast with the laced and embroidered coats, and powdered and perfumed heads of the courtiers of Versailles, who crowded to gaze at the singularly plain, grave aspect of this Minister of the United States, who had come to prevail upon their Government to openly acknowledge the independence of the United States. This, at length, after the news of the surrender of General Burgoyne with nearly six thousand men, it consented to do, and a treaty of alliance and commerce was signed between the two nations, at Paris, in February, 1778, Benjamin Franklin being one of the signers in behalf of the States. This treaty was immediately followed by a war between France and England which lasted two years. A French army and a fleet were sent to America, and by means of loans, obtained chiefly through Franklin's exertions, the war of independence was continued, and carried on with vigour to the end.

And Englishmen respected Franklin more than ever. Once, after he had lived in England five years, Hume wrote to him:—"America has sent us many good things—gold, silver, sugar, tobacco, indigo, &c., but you are the first philosopher, and, indeed, the first great man of letters, for whom we are beholden to her."

His grave is, as you see, simply a plain marble slab, bearing, by his wish, simply his own and his wife's name; but long ago our printer had scribbled this characteristic epitaph:—

THE BODY
OF
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,
PRINTER
(LIKE THE COVER OF AN OLD BOOK,
ITS CONTENTS TORN OUT,
AND STRIPT OF ITS LETTERING AND GILDING),
LIES HERE FOOD FOR WORMS.
YET THE WORK ITSELF SHALL NOT BE LOST,
FOR IT WILL (AS HE BELIEVED) APPEAR ONCE MORE
IN A NEW
AND MORE BEAUTIFUL EDITION,
CORRECTED AND AMENDED
BY
THE AUTHOR.





JOHN WESLEY.

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee :
Leave, ah, leave me not alone !
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stay'd ;
All my help from Thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing."—*Wesley.*

LITTLE John Wesley's father was, for several reasons, no favourite with his parishioners, and on two occasions the pretty parsonage-house was set on fire in the night. If a young sister had not been awakened by falling beams and flying sparks, I should not have had to tell much concerning a good man, and the work that he did ; as it was, the girl's cries aroused the sleeping father. It was only with great ado that he managed to make his way into the room where his elder children slept, and to drag them out. His wife, Susanna, lingering to save the younger ones, was twice beaten back by the glare and fierceness of the flames, then, with a prayer for succour, she forced her way through blinding smoke to where her husband and the rest stood, faint and hurt, but saved—the whole shivering, pale-faced flock ; but suddenly looking from one to another, the cry arose, loud and shrill, "Where was Johnnie—little brother Johnnie?" but there came no answer : Johnnie was not with the rest.

Poor little John ! In the general scramble he had been left fast asleep in his bed, and now, do what they would, it seemed too late to save him. They could but wring their hands in horrified grief, and commend the innocent soul to the mercy of God.



"IF GOD BE FOR YOU, WHO CAN BE AGAINST YOU?"

But the boy was not to die that terrible death. As the glare filled his room he awoke, sprang out of the bed to the window, where the distressed onlookers could see the little childish, white-robed figure standing against a background of flame. "A ladder! a ladder!" rose the cry; but finding no ladder, some brave fellows bethought them of forming a living one. They accordingly mounted on each other's shoulders, reached the window, and rescued weeping Johnnie at the very moment that the roof fell in with a crash.

"Come, neighbours," exclaimed the trembling rector as he received his little son in his arms, "let us kneel down and thank God. He has given me all my eight children; let the rest go. I am rich enough in saving them."

After this his mother determined to watch with particular care a child whom God had spared in so much mercy.

In later life John Wesley had his portrait painted, with a house in flames in the background, and under it the inscription, "Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?" He always felt that good should be done with a life so spared, and in truth he employed it nobly.

By-and-by John went to the Charterhouse, and next to Oxford, where the doings of the idle, wild, and dissipated youth of that day filled his pure mind with horror, and he kept aloof from most of them, studying and reading soberly. He was elected Fellow, then took the degree of M.A. At this time he had to return and assist his father, leaving his hitherto flighty and worldly brother Charles at the University.

But Charles had soon grown steady and serious, and formed friendship with students of the same turn of mind, who met in private to discuss and talk of their religious ideas and studies. Such meetings as these were, in the minds of the majority, worse than absurd; they nicknamed them the "Holy Club," and derided the members individually by the old term of contempt—Methodists—which, from that time, became the generic name of the disciples of Wesley.

John all this time was longing to be away to some out-of-the-world, quiet place, where he could "think his thoughts" while teaching the young. It was the spirit that made hermits of old.

"Sir," said a good man to him, "the Bible knows nothing of solitary religion, which is mere selfishness, not holiness."

The young man, struck with this truth, came back to Oxford, where his brother and the other "Methodists" rallied round him, and they spent all their spare time in studying Greek and divinity. They soon adopted regular plans for visiting the humble sick, and those in prison, and for educating poor children; at that time such things were little attended to, for the world was very full of ignorant folly.

Simple enough work this sounds in these days, but it was very hard and trying in those, when indifference and infidelity were the fashion. A perfect storm of persecution broke over the little band of students. The professors blamed them for extravagance in their opinions; the authorities talked of putting down their society by force. No wonder its members grew faint-hearted, and from twenty-five dwindled to six. But John and Charles, all undaunted, went their way, praying, teaching, doing good, living frugally, that they might the better aid the distressed.

Then for a few years they left England, but not to be idle. A new colony had been planted in North America, on the borders of the Savannah, and the company that managed it, being most anxious that some zealous men should devote their services to both colonists and Indians, decided it was the very task for these young Methodist students at Oxford. The Wesleys shook their heads, thinking of the widowed mother, whose principal support they now were; but she, hearing of their prospect of a great work, cried, as would have done a Roman matron of old:—

"If I had twenty sons I should rejoice that they were all so employed, even though I should never see them more."

At the end of two years John Wesley was again in England. But so plainly did he speak out his views that the churches were one after the other closed against him as a teacher. Whitefield begged of him to come and preach to his poor neglected colliers, who came out of the darkness in thousands, and listened with hopeful hearts to words of simple import, such as they could understand, and which as yet no one besides himself had cared to give them. Whitefield was called suddenly

away, and his kind heart was sore to leave them to fall back into ignorance. There was no church for people like these, and open-air preaching was then such a strange, unheard-of proceeding that even earnest Wesley says :—"I could hardly reconcile myself at first to this strange way of preaching in the fields, having been all my life, till very lately, so tenacious of every point relating to decency and order that I should have thought the saving of souls almost a sin if it had not been done in



JOHN WESLEY.

church ;" but Whitefield called in the name of God, and truly there was bitter need.

However, his was not the hand to draw back from the plough. He preached to three thousand persons in a field, and from this time began the religious revival of the eighteenth century.

For a long time he was very straitened for money ; but the simplicity and frugality of Wesley's habits enabled him to bear with ease privations and crosses which to ordinary men would have been intolerable. He kept his expenses strictly within the most moderate limits. His income increased as the cause of Methodism progressed ; but that only served as a means of multiplying his liberalities. While he had thirty pounds

a year he lived on twenty-eight, and gave away forty shillings; when he received sixty pounds he still lived on twenty-eight, and gave away two-and-thirty; and so on—even when receiving one hundred and twenty-two pounds, for then he gave to the poor ninety-two. During his life he distributed thirty thousand pounds. His mode of living was so simple, that when the collector of taxes applied to him, supposing that so important a public person as he must have a large quantity of plate, he wrote on the returns:—"I have two silver tea-spoons at London, and two at Bristol: that is all the plate I possess at present, nor shall I buy more while so many of the poor want bread around me;" as, indeed, he never did.

In May, 1739, Wesley solemnly laid in Bristol the foundation stone of the first Methodist chapel ever built. Now in, 1883, there are no fewer than 6,978 chapels and 82,666 Sunday-school scholars in Great Britain. In that first conference there were six young clergymen assembled to consider what it would be best to teach, and how best to teach it. When Wesley died, at nearly ninety years of age, there were 76,968 engaged in the great work. This sounds almost impossible; but I am merely noting facts, to be found in any Wesleyan record.

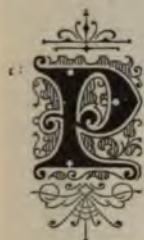
The last letter the good old man wrote was an exhortation to Wilberforce to persevere in his parliamentary labours against the African slave-trade, the concluding lines of which appeal were:—"If God be for you, who can be against you? Are all of them together stronger than God?" Wesley had certainly not found it so.





“THE CINCINNATUS OF THE WEST.”

“Where may the wearied eye repose
When gazing on the great—
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?
Yes, one—the first, the last, the best—
The Cincinnatus of the West—
Whom envy dared not hate—
Bequeathed the name of Washington,
To make men blush—there was but one.”—*Byron.*



PAPA, papa! come here. Do come directly!” A child ran bursting into the quaint old room, his eyes bright and round with excitement, as he seized upon his father’s arm, and tried to lead him away instantly from the sack of seeds on which he was giving judgment.

“My son, I am busy; I really am. Run away and amuse yourself.”

“Oh, but *do* come,” entreated the boy. “Such a strange—such a wonderful thing has happened in the garden, and you must see it before any one else. I was so startled, and so will you be, pa, if you will only come. I cannot hide what it is much longer. I—its—but that’s right”—and as the indulgent father rose to follow, the boy skipped and jumped with delight along the walk, while the whole air was rich with the smell of ripening peaches, and noisy with the hum of big busy bees; but there was no looking about till the child stopped and pointed to the ground.

He did not say a word explanatory of his stupendous discovery. His father put on big round glasses that might have suited an owl, and, after



WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE

taking a very deliberate survey, threw up both hands as though in mute astonishment, and seemed fixed on the spot.

The child danced about like a young will-o'-the-wisp, then, clutching his knees as he stood, he cried excitedly :—

"Spell it, pa, spell it. It's George, isn't it?—G-E-O-R-G-E—and I'm George—little George; it must be me, there's only one George Washington."

"Ay, ay, my son, it's George—George Washington, surely enough; but what a very odd thing, to be sure!"

Certainly, it *was* odd that those names should be springing out of the ground in large and legible green letters, all the more odd if the old gentleman had not chanced to have busied himself only the other night in this very place, laying down rich earth and scattering cress-seed with care and caution; but of that he had not spoken to any one, and the result appeared to surprise him vastly, and to make his eyes twinkle not a little as he stared down at the big

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"I wonder how it came there?" he said presently. "Just chance, I suppose."

"Oh no, pa, it never came by chance before; all the letters exactly right too—G-E-O-R-G-E."

"Well, I don't see why it should happen. Lots of things do happen for the first time, and I suppose this is the first time your name thought of growing. Chance, chance, George; nothing but chance, depend on't."

But something in his father's voice struck the lad's quick ear, and clapping his hands, he cried :—

"Oh, pa, don't say it's chance; it really couldn't be that, you know. It was somebody. You, now, wasn't it? Somehow, to scare your little boy, you did it, I'm sure."

"Yes, George, I did do it, not to scare but to teach my little boy. I wanted you to learn about your Father—your Father and mine." And he laid a kindly hand on the soft curls, and looked down in the earnest young face.

"You mean God, don't you, pa? I did never see Him; I don't know quite where He is," said the child, thoughtfully.

"You did not see me when I hid your name, wrapped in tiny seeds, in the earth; you did not see the warmth that made them spring up; you never saw what Power made your teeth grow, and your ears to hear, and your tongue to prattle. Do you think all those things came by "chance?" Why, your name growing would be a simple matter to these, my son." So much for George's father, who died when his little son was eleven, leaving him heir to goodly lands by the Rappahanoek river. As to George's mother, she was a woman of whom people said, "There is no nonsense about her—a plain, energetic, strong-willed lady, perfectly capable of conducting the affairs of a farm, and scorning help." When the time came that her son, the President, could ask her to come and live at the White House, she answered briskly:—

"I thank you, George, but I prefer being independent;" and so to the last she lived in her farmhouse, and superintended the culture of her own acres, not disdaining to labour with her own hands. It is said that when General La Fayette came to visit her, she came in to him from her garden walk and in her old sun-bonnet, saying, "I would not pay you so ill a compliment, Marquis, as to stay to change my dress." Trained by such a woman in a simple rational manner of life, George was prepared to enjoy the high estate he achieved—that of being the man first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens.

Need I tell here how he was one of the foremost of that gallant band who framed the Declaration of Independence which is still read in America every 4th of July?

What he did to gain the independence of his country every one knows, or should know, by heart. I cannot even sum it up in this short space; I can mention but one of the deeds shedding glory on Washington's generalship.

Once, when Philadelphia was in dire peril, and he had vainly entreated Lee to come on—"Do come on!"—he at last sent most of his stores and baggage across the Delaware river, and then, hearing that the English troops were gaining rapidly on him, he took his men also over the river; and then destroyed all the boats he had used, and caused all the other vessels within seventy miles to be destroyed as well, so that when Lord Cornwallis came up in hot pursuit, there was not a boat to be procured

by force, love, or money, and when the English tried to cross higher up, the American troops had been so well disposed that it was altogether



THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, SIGNED ON THE 4TH OF JULY, 1776.

impossible to land, and the defeated general had to turn about and return to New Brunswick, whence they had so lately marched, to wait till the now flowing waters should be frozen over, and his soldiers could pass.

But it was a dangerous and difficult time for Washington, who

remained waiting for reinforcements, which he only obtained with the greatest difficulty. A number of foreign troops were assembled at Trenton, and he determined to make a bold attack on them, for they were ravaging all the country round with fire and sword.

One bitterly cold Christmas Eve, the Germans, little dreaming of mischief, were resting in their camp, where fires were blazing cheerily. Great lumps of ice were floating and blocking the Delaware now, but on its slippery banks soldiers were moving silently, and one with a very solemn, earnest face, was watching and ordering the embarkation of men and guns. When all were over Washington formed his army into two columns, and through a heavy fall of freezing snow they marched on towards Trenton. Two of them fell frozen. There was no time or chance to help. On the rest went, only the more determined to do or die; indeed, there was little choice by now.

At last they came to the place they sought, and suddenly in the darkness of night there arose a wild cry of "Der Feind! der Feind! Heraus! heraus!" a sudden rattling of drums, a calling to arms, a fierce struggle for victory; for the Germans were bold and brave, and led by a gallant chief. He, endeavouring to make a determined stand, was shot, and then his disheartened soldiers surrendered, and Washington's terrible night march was not in vain.

This was the man of whom Thackeray wrote:—

"To endure is greater than to dare, to tire out hostile fortune, to be daunted by no difficulty, to keep heart when all have lost it, to go through intrigue spotless, and to forego even ambition when the end is acquired—who can say this is not greatness?"





BENJAMIN WEST.

"IN FRAMING ARTISTS ART HATH THUS DECREED
TO MAKE SOME GOOD, BUT OTHERS TO EXCEED."—*Shakespeare.*



ONE bright sunny day in Springfield, Elizabeth West was very busy with her housewife duties, when she heard the "help's" shrill voice calling for advice and assistance in the matter of certain pumpkins; so Elizabeth West must go off at once. But first she called her six-year-old Benjie, who came running in, thinking it at least a case of syrup pitcher or girdle-cake, and looked rather blank when he found it was but to mind the baby in her big wicker cradle, especially as the baby was asleep, and could not be played with.

"Thee be very quiet, son Benjamin, and see that the sting-flies do not worry and wake the child. Sit thee down on the low buffet, and let me find thee a good boy on my return." "I am coming to thee, Deborah;" and off the good Quakeress ran.

Being alone, the little boy, after the manner of his kind, took a look all round, and peeped into the big sauce-jar and sniffed at the pumpkin jelly. Then he would have played with the old cat, but the cat was cross, and scratched. Finally, boy Benjamin found pen and ink, and began to draw people on a torn sheet of paper that he had discovered.

Now, if there was one thing Benjie West loved it was such scribbling. He was for ever doing it, and wonderfully well he did it, too, considering his age and that pictures or picture-books never came to that out-of-the-way corner of Philadelphia, more especially to a Quaker's house. So to-day, being tired of out-door play, he was quite content to kneel there and draw—first



BENJAMIN WEST'S FIRST ATTEMPT AT A LIKENESS

one fancy, then another, until looking up suddenly to see if baby was still asleep, the little lad suddenly thought how pretty she was. He wished he could draw just such a baby as that. "Guess he couldn't, though." However, he turned the paper, and, taking a good long look, set to work, and slowly and deliberately tried his very best to imitate the round rosy face.

I cannot say the result was passing wonderful, though his mother thought so when she came in and found him still busy, flushed and excited. At any rate, it was like the baby—very like, she declared, with that wonderment with which mothers look at their young children's doings.

At school he was for ever drawing things, especially flowers and animals, but they looked dim and ghostly in his eyes, and he longed to imitate their colour as well as shape. Paints, which he had never seen even, were altogether out of the question. What did Quakers, and in such a place, want colours for? Nothing but black, white, and grey here. But the boy, like a good many others, proved the truth of the adage, "Where there's a will there's a way," for he mixed up powdered charcoal and chalk, supplemented with the juices of certain bright-coloured flowers and berries. And next he made himself brushes with soft hairs cut from his cat's tail, and drawn through a quill, tied fast—a splendid invention. With these he daubed away delightedly until he was twelve years old, by which time he had not only drawn rough portraits of all the neighbours, but even his own, with his long, waving, fair hair, so that every one knew it and cried—"Son Benjamin West."

Something very lucky happened next, for a party of Indians came to trade at Springfield, and, being artists in their queer way, wondered at some things which the little paleface showed them, and taught the lad how to make the fine red and yellow ochre paints with which they were wont to ornament themselves and their clothes on state occasions. Then, too, he became the possessor of a lump of indigo, and was for the time being as happy a little Quaker as sun ever shone on.

Every spare moment was spent in drawing. He had, of course, no teaching, but he had the three primary colours and Nature to copy. He drew everything and everybody in chalk and charcoal, and as what he did astonished and pleased every one, he was allowed to amuse himself in

his own way, of which he never wearied ; moreover, it kept him out of mischief, and made him as quiet as became one of his sect, instead of being restless and noisy like ordinary boys.

One day a visitor was so pleased with what he saw that he sent Benjamin a neat box of paints and six good large engravings from Philadelphia. Who can describe the rapture with which they were received ?



BENJAMIN WEST.

The boy having never seen such lovely things before, carried them off to his garret, and looked, and loved, and gloated over his treasures. Then he set to work copying the engravings in all sorts of ways, working unweariedly, and learning a good deal. Then when he grew at last wearied of merely copying, he made up fanciful compositions from the different figures so as to make other pictures altogether.

By-and-by we hear of him travelling off to Philadelphia, and seeing real paintings ; and after a time, of his painting an historical picture, representing the death of Socrates, and making money by the portraits,

for which he soon had a constant demand, for a talent of that kind was then rare indeed, especially in America.

Sometimes he painted the Indians, but though they liked to be "made alive," they were somehow frightened a little when they saw their likenesses. Many fancied that the pictures would live after their own death, and that they should not be able to rest in their graves. They were difficult to please, too, for they wanted to see "the others" roll their eyes and move their lips, and look "a little alive more," and they liked them to look smart.

It was grand to see Ma-to-be-hall (the old bear), a medicine-man, who had been persuaded that no harm would come of it, made splendid for the occasion—all bedaubed and streaked with various fine colours, with grease and charcoal stuck on thick, with medicine pipes in his hands and foxes' tails attached to his heels. He took his station in the middle of the room, waving his eagle calumets in each hand, and singing the medicine song as though over a dying patient. When his picture was done he would come and lie before it for hours, staring intently at it, and smoking gravely the while. Then he would cry, "To-ho-pee-nee!" (Great medicine white man).

Most painters have had difficulties and drawbacks. For West, all things worked prosperously. At twenty he went to Rome, where, being an American, a Quaker, and an artist, he was considered as a great curiosity.

He was presented to the blind Cardinal Albani, a patron and lover of art. The prelate, passing his hand over the young artist's face, after the manner of blind people, exclaimed in surprised tones:—

"Why, this young savage has very good features. Pray, is he black or white?"

"Exceedingly fair, your Eminence," was the laughing answer.

"How strange!" said the cardinal; "but surely not as fair as I am." And as his own complexion was a particularly deep olive, there was a general laugh, and "as fair as the cardinal" became quite a saying.

In Italy he studied and worked, and made a great reputation. Then he came to England, where he became very celebrated, and in time was appointed President of the Royal Academy, then but lately founded.

Several of his best paintings are to be seen in the National Gallery ; but though, as correct and novel works of art, they attracted much attention at the time they were painted, they have almost ceased to have a market value with collectors now. West, too highly rated in his own day, has become too much depreciated in ours ; let us hope this has not happened through caprice merely, but from improved knowledge of what is good and true in art. The English school, at any rate, owes to this American painter the abandonment of classic costume and drapery in the treatment of subjects of our own time. And perhaps, also, his gentle and dignified life served to set the taste for a more refined manner in his brother artists, who in those days were, too many of them, of the roistering school. A gifted countryman of his own writes of West's passionless subjects, one of which may be seen in Greenwich Hospital :—"Over the altar hangs a picture by West. I never could look at it long enough to make out its design, for this artist—although it pains me to say it of so respectable a countryman—has a gift of frigidity, a knack of grinding ice into his paint, a power of stupefying the spectator's perception, and quelling his sympathy beyond any other limner that ever handled a brush. In spite of many pangs of conscience, I seize upon this opportunity to wreak a life-long abhorrence upon the poor blameless man, for the sake of one dreary picture of West's—Lear—that used to be my bugbear—would fire burn it, I wonder?" This sounds very severe, but I suppose that after all the Indians' criticism was right in West's pictures, the figures want to look decidedly "more alive" to please or interest us. But however harshly his paintings may have been criticised, of West himself no word was ever spoken except in praise. Allston, who came to him a stranger in some perplexity, wrote concerning the kindly old Quaker :—

"I shall never forget his benevolent smile when he took me by the hand ; it is still fresh in my memory. His gallery was open to me at all times, and his advice always ready, and kindly given. He was a man overflowing with the milk of human kindness. If he had enemies, I doubt if he owed them to any other cause than his rare virtue."

Such was Benjamin West, the artist who lies buried in St. Paul's near Opie, Barry, and Sir Joshua Reynolds.



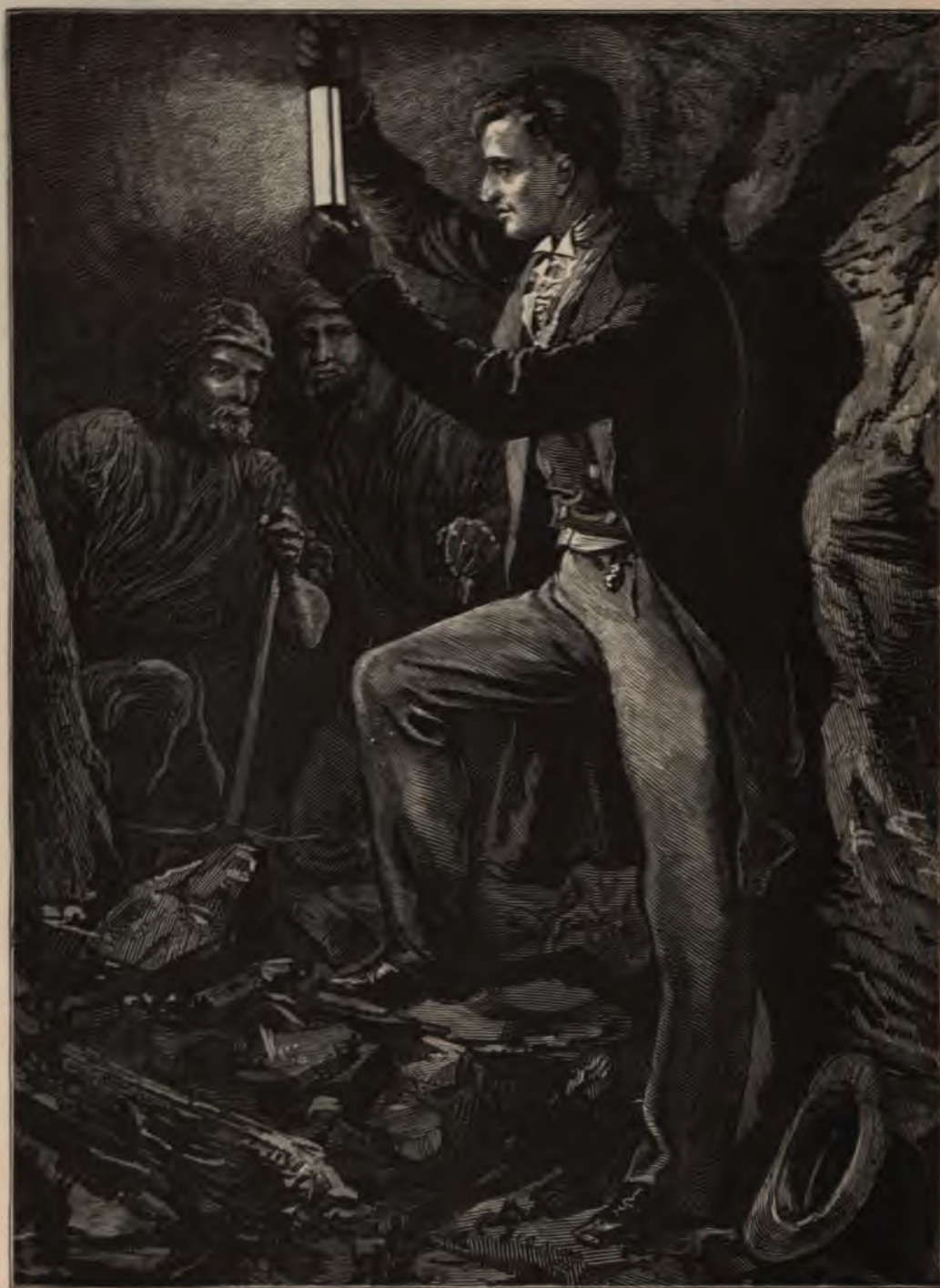
HUMPHRY, THE THINKER.

"Loved, but not indulged,
The dreams of fancy fled—for strong awoke
Those inborn sympathies which made him woo
Philosophy—a helpmate to explore
The depths of nature, and with chemic skill
To trace the secret powers that mould her forms;
Of human knowledge to enlarge the bounds;
To win new empires for the mind of man,
Even in thy chamber—Death."



LITTLE Humphry Davy was what is called "a promising" child from the first. He delighted in books long before he could read them properly, and the story runs that he had copied the pictures in the "Pilgrim's Progress," and scrawled the names under them in big letters, long before he had learnt to write anything else, and recited childish pieces in a very sweet and sensible way. At six, he went to the grammar-school, where he picked up what information was to be had from a master too much given to hard pulling of the scholars' ears by way of getting information into their heads. Once roguish Humphry appeared at school with a large new bit of plaister under each ear, and when the old doctor asked what was the matter, the urchin gravely remarked that it was only put to prevent mortification next time they were used as wisdom-handles.

The boy, a curious scholar, became very popular among the Truro lads, for he composed Latin and English verse famously; and, better still, could write rhyme valentines and foolish little love-letters; and as to stories,



SIR HUMPHRY DAVY TESTING HIS LAMP.

he was just another "young Copperfield," and could thrill his hearers with such wonderful tales of grim terror that they scarce dared turn their young heads or go to bed in the dark. His schoolfellows used to arrange to meet and listen of an evening under the balcony of "The Star," an inn nearly opposite to his father's house, in Market Jew Street. These wonderful tales were usually a jumble up of "Arabian Nights," "Progress," and anecdotes and marvels heard round about the chimney-corners of the old fishing-village; and as boys' books were exceedingly scarce at that time, one can well imagine the interest of that small audience. Then, too, he excelled in all English games and pursuits. Fishing he loved, having early practised it with pin and string in the puddles and gutters of Penzance. He and his sister were expert at making fireworks that really would go properly off. Altogether, he was a ready and clever boy, though by no means considered a prodigy, for he did not show any particular propensity for those scientific pursuits which by-and-by were to raise him to such eminence. What he did best was translation of the classics into English verse.

At fifteen he left school, and then it seemed a chance whether he would not turn out an aimless idler; but his better and truer nature saved him. His father died, and then he determined to be a help and comfort to his family, and accordingly became apprenticed to a surgeon. Every spare moment now he devoted to studies of all kinds, especially those connected with chemistry. Then he set to work at mathematics, and several note-books remain to show us how careful and systematic the youth was, for he did all his self-imposed problems neatly with pen and ink. When he was about twenty he began the study of chemistry in downright earnest; he was very badly off for books, but full of wonder and delight at every page he turned, at every discovery he made. He had never seen any real experiments, and all his information seems to have been derived from "Nicholson's Chemistry" and "Lavoisier's Elements." His apparatus consisted of odd phials, wine-glasses, tea-cups, tobacco-pipes, and leathern crucibles. He worked away in his little bedroom, and when he required heat had to bring all his arrangements down to the kitchen fire—no doubt to the servant's aggravation. Yet with all these drawbacks he advanced with

a rapidity so amazing that in a few months he published his essays on "Heat and Light," a new hypothesis, which startled the scientific world not a little.

All this time remember, he had attended to the profession that he had entered upon, which luckily accorded with his favourite study. He was always ready and eager to wait on the sick and poor patients. He was happy and busy, as can be seen by one or two passages which he wrote in those crowded notes:—

"I have neither riches, nor power, nor birth to recommend me. Yet, if I live, I trust I shall not be of less service to mankind than if I had been born with those advantages."

Before he was twenty he was appointed superintendent of a new institution for experimenting with different gases, and leaving his native town, travelled into Exeter, when it was all ablaze with the news of Nelson's great victory, and the people particularly loyal and happy. All went well with him. But Davy never forgot his pleasant old Cornish home; once he sent his dear mother some pretty lines on St. Michael's Mount, adding, "I have sent you a copy of a poem on the place of my nativity; but do not suppose I am turned poet-philosopher, chemistry and medicine are my professions." and to these he devoted himself so heartily, that there is not room here to mention his busy life's doings.

The "safety lamp" has of itself immortalised Davy—a little insignificant thing to look at, but one that has saved many a poor collier's life, and made many portions of mines, before inaccessible, sources of wealth. So well did the owners of collieries feel this that they presented the inventor—now Sir Davy—with a service of plate worth £2,000, a token which was well deserved and gladly received. He himself once said of this invention, "I value it more than anything I ever did; it was the result of a great deal of investigation and labour, but if my directions be attended to, it will save the lives of thousands of poor men. I was never more affected," he added, "than by a written address which I received from the working colliers in the North, thanking me on behalf of themselves and their families for the preservation of their lives." When urged to patent his invention, he said he would make it a gift to his country.

Though every one has heard of a "Davy," perhaps they may not have seen one, or understood the simple scientific principle upon which it is based. Look at it in the engraving: just a small light fixed in a cylindrical vessel. It is formed of fine wire gauze, and in the upper part there is a chimney for carrying off foul air. The gauze admits air to keep up the flame within; and prevents the fire-damp, even when inflamed within the



SIR HUMPHRY DAVY'S BIRTHPLACE, PENZANCE.

cylinder, from communicating with that which is without. Thus the evil element is actually made to help the miner, and increases his light, the cylinder being filled with green flame.

In 1802, young Humphry was appointed president of the then new society, the Royal Institution, and it is pleasant to read in a magazine of that date that "Mr. Davy, who appears to be very young, acquitted himself admirably well," and next "that the enthusiastic admiration which his lectures excited can hardly be imagined." Men of the first rank and

talent, the literary and the scientific, the practical and the theoretical, blue stockings and the women of fashion, the old and the young—all eagerly crowded the lecture-room. His youth, his simplicity, his natural eloquence, his chemistry knowledge, his happy illustrations, and well-conducted experiments excited universal attention; and presents were showered upon him in abundance from all quarters. His society was courted by all, and all appeared proud of his acquaintance.

One thing made Davy ever a most attractive lecturer. He was always in earnest, and when he amused most, amusement appeared most foreign to his object. His great and first object was to instruct, and in conjunction with this to maintain the dignity and importance of science; moreover, he wished rather to kindle a taste for scientific pursuits than to convey instruction. He was fond of telling of the doings of other learned men, being always generous of praise and sparing of censure, speaking of the illustrious scientific men who had preceded him in the light of wise parents, to whom a debt of tender gratitude and respect for the truths they had discovered and bequeathed was due. He taught that “experiments, even apparently the most trifling, can hardly fail to be useful, so likewise all isolated systems and partial theories. The labours of the alchemists, which were instituted in search of visions, led to the most important discoveries. Errors have been the foundations of some of the most perfect and beautiful of our methods; and that fable which *Æsop* applied as the eulogium of industry—of the dying father who informed his sons of a treasure hid in his field, with a view to make them plough up the soil so as to increase its fertility—is admirably applicable to the present times.”

To conclude, we may look upon Sir Humphry Davy as a striking example of what the Romans termed “a man of good fortune.” His success, however, was far from being the result of accident; but on the contrary it was the result of ingenuity, of wisdom, and of unceasing industry. He was fortunate in his theories and discoveries, and fortunate to live in an age that could both appreciate and reward them.



HANNAH MORE.

“ Along the shore
Walked Hannah More,
Waves, let the record last ;
Sooner shall ye,
Proud earth and sea,
Than what she writes, be past.”



o rhymed a gentleman well known in his day for a wit and a poet, signing these playful lines, which he had traced on the soft yellow sea-sands with his cane—“ JOHN LANGHORNE.”

The laughing girl at his side, immediately seizing on the impromptu pen, at once scribbled under these lines :—

“ Some firmer basis, polished Langhorne, choose
To write the dictates of thy charming muse ;
Thy strains in solid characters rehearse,
And be thy tablet lasting as thy verse.”

To which she also added her own name—

“ HANNAH MORE.”

As it is well to know something of the early life of people we feel interested in, I will go back a few years, and peep at Hannah More's early home and surroundings in Bristol city.

“ Ah ! my children, had you lived when I was young you would only have been too glad that you might go off quietly to service on Sundays : neighbours and friends and relatives together, or each to what church suits their particular spiritual need, and none to forbid and none



HANNAH MORE INTRODUCED TO GEORGE III

to say ye nay. In those days such things were connected with persecution and proscription. Worshippers stole off even through snowstorm or thunder-shower, often at midnight, to hear the words of good men, who spoke in dire peril of fine and imprisonment. Well do I remember such speaking, in a hidden chamber in my own father's house, my father, bold man, standing, sword in hand, guarding the door, that strangers or ill folk might not make violent or profane intrusion. But, deary me, things are changed by His power, in a way wonderful to think of, and for which, I trow, we are not half thankful enough, especially the young and giddy, who lightly esteem such things, because they know not of persecution."

So spoke Hannah More's grandmother. It was now well-nigh her ninetieth birthday, and she was a wonderful old lady, who all her life had been out of bed by four o'clock every morning, attending to all sorts of duties. She could do marvellous things with her busy needle to the last. As to little Hannah, nothing pleased her better than to listen to such talk, and feel pride in the two stout uncles that fought and fell in Cromwell's army. A wonderfully quick little girl this, who at four years old was discovered to have been listening to her five elder sisters' lessons to such good purpose that she could almost read, and could quite repeat the catechism they had only lately mastered, and sundry other like things.

A very odd, quaint little Hannah, one who loved to scribble essays and rhymes upon every scrap of paper she came near, which scraps were hidden away in a dark recess where their one servant kept her brooms and brushes. She was playful, too, in her own peculiar fashion, and was wont to make a carriage out of chairs, and then invite her sisters to ride with her to London to visit booksellers and bishops—then a very unlikely intercourse, which time, however, was to make possible, little as any one would have thought it.

The one constant craving Miss Hannah exhibited as she grew older was for paper, and when, about eight, she was on an occasion promised any reasonable present she could wish for, she entreated for a whole quire of paper. The quire obtained, she was happy for days, filling half of it with letters of advice to imaginary depraved characters, and the other half with return epistles as full of contrition and resolutions of amendment. She could not only write, but she could talk sensibly always. When

about sixteen she was very ill, and was attended by a celebrated physician. On one of his visits he started some topic on literature, and was so interested in his young patient's clever conversation that he forgot the object of his coming altogether, and only remembered it at the door, when he ran back exclaiming, "Why, bless me! I forgot to ask the girl how she was;" and returning to her bedside, he inquired, "But how are you to-day, my poor child?"

The "poor child" and her sisters were soon keeping a large boarding-school at Bristol, the order and good management of which in time made it well known in the kingdom, and an establishment that parents were proud to patronise. Clever girls, then as now, were fond of learning parts out of plays, but such things were coarse, and most unfitted for young minds. There were no suitable "abridgments" and "selections," so the young moralist of seventeen composed a simple pastoral drama, called the "Search after Happiness," which met with great success. Then she set to work learning Latin, Italian, and Spanish, and polishing her style. Thereafter she came up to London, and was introduced to the clever people of the day, and to King George himself, and very happy and delighted she appears to have been, yet modest withal.

Soon the enthusiastic girl met her much-admired Dr. Johnson. "I dare say he will be sad and silent," said her host, warningly; but it was not so. The visitor came in, carrying a big cockatoo. Beaming with smiles, he accosted her with a verse of a hymn that she had herself lately composed, and which, he told her, was charming.

Then followed a visit to his house, and before he appeared in the room the girl must needs seat herself in his big chair, saying laughingly that perhaps his wonderful genius was catching. Her sisters told the old gentleman this, and he laughed long and loud, saying that it was a chair he never touched, but that her doing this reminded him how he once visited the place (as he imagined) where the weird sisters appeared to Macbeth, and the idea so worked upon him that he could not sleep all night. Next morning he learnt with mortification that he was in a different part of the country altogether.

One day at the celebrated Mrs. Montague's house, the Doctor, who was evidently quite struck with Miss Hannah, suddenly turned abruptly

to her, and said, with one of his most amiable looks—which, as she adds, must be seen to be appreciated—"I have heard that you are engaged in the useful and honourable employment of teaching young ladies."

"Upon which, with all familiarity and confidence, we entered on the history of our birth, parentage, and education, showing how we were born with more desires than guineas, and how, as years increased our appetites,



HANNAH MORE.

the cupboards at home began to grow too small to gratify them, and how, with a bottle of water, a bed, and a blanket, we set out to seek our fortunes. And how we found a big house at Bristol with nothing in it, and how it was likely to remain so, till, looking into our knowledge-boxes, we happened to find a little 'larning' a good thing when land is gone, and so at last, by giving a little of this little 'larning' to those who had less, we got a good store of gold in return. But now, alas! we wanted the wit to keep it;" yet this she added with a conscious laugh, for every one knew what a prudent family hers was.

"I love you both!" cried the good Doctor, delightedly. "I love you

all five. I never was at Bristol; I will come on purpose to see you. What! five women live happily together! I will come and see you. I have spent a happy evening. I am glad I came. God for ever bless you. You live lives to shame duchesses."

"Then," adds the girl simply, "he took his leave with so much warmth and tenderness that we were quite affected at his manner."

Speaking afterwards of the Doctor, she says:—

"He never opens his mouth but one learns something; one is sure of a new idea or of an old one expressed in an original manner. He scolded me, as usual, when I differed in opinion, and, as usual, laughed when I flattered him. I was very bold in combating some of his darling prejudices, and ventured to defend one or two of the Puritans, whom I forced him to allow were good men and good writers. He said he was not angry with me for liking Baxter; he liked him himself. But then, Baxter lived in the Establishment, and would have died in it, though he was a very good man, if he could have got the living of Kidderminster. Here he was wrong, for Baxter was offered a bishopric after the Restoration, and would not." So we see Miss More was not afraid to defend even her unsuccessful heroes.

Dr. Johnson was right in his judgment—for indeed the Mores were women to love, that every one owned. Happy little band of united sisters, working, thinking, dwelling together in all unity, from Mary the eldest. Mary, who knew not what self-indulgence was, was endowed with a spirit of steady endurance and perseverance, which supported all the others, who were wont at times to tease her as the "family censor," but who loved and respected her dearly. Then next came Elizabeth, the gentle, skilled, housewifely sister. She was the one whose taste in needlework was to be deferred to, and who was always consulted in any sudden common-place emergency. Then came Sarah, original Sarah, "prosy" the others called her, just as they called Hannah "poetry," who was so clever and original, that a friend used to slyly note down her odd sayings, "because," as he declared, "they proved there was *something* new under the sun." Then came Patty, the youngest of that bright band—Patty who was for ever doing something for somebody, friends or otherwise, the nurse and almoner of the entire household. Patty who thought no one in the world so clever as "our Hannah,"

and who cheerfully made all sorts of small, silent sacrifices for her sake. Says her sister in the years to come, when the old house was left desolate—for Hannah was the last of the five to be called away, “She was not only my comfort and my counsel, but eyes and ears and feet to me; of the daily cares of life I knew nothing when Patty was there to shield me from them.”

Hannah’s writings and opinions are little quoted now, but they have done good work. Her sacred dramas and life of St. Paul were translated and printed on palm-leaves in Ceylon, and in different dialects dispersed all over India, where they are said to have effected much and lasting good. She afterwards wrote on many subjects and in many styles, but her works were always carefully planned with a purpose; even her novel “Cœlebs,” which is now forgotten and unread, though it made a wonderful stir at the time it was published, is more what may be termed a narrative essay on the right choice of a wife than the light story it appears to be on the surface. In spite of the wishes of her friends, Mistress Hannah insisted on producing this book anonymously, declaring that from her own experience we grow more timid as we grow older. Yet she need have felt no timidity on this subject, for the immense and sudden popularity of the work showed that her success did not depend upon her now established fame, but upon the real merit of her writing. Twelve editions were sold straight off, and “Cœlebs” was at once translated, and eagerly read all over the Continent. Yet Hannah had composed most of this book when she was far too ill to move out of her room. In her own pathetic apology for some weak passages in it, she said, “Never, I believe, was more pain bound up in two volumes.” Yet she persevered, hoping to disseminate certain ideas that she had formed upon the training and sound education of girls, concerning which she said:—

“I call education not that which smothers a woman with accomplishments, but that which tends to form a friend, a companion, and a wife. I call education not that which is made up of the shreds and patches of useful arts, but that which inculcates principles, polishes tastes, regulates temper, cultivates reason, subdues the passions, directs the feelings, habituates to reflection, trains to self-denial, and more especially that which refers all actions, sentiments, feelings, tastes, and passions to the love and fear of God.” Her motto was “thoroughness.”

"Study the truest knowledge to obtain ;
'Tis slight acquirements make a woman vain."

Such was the constant aim and object of the many educational books which good Hannah More published during her long and busy life: works which attracted attention to the shallow, empty system in vogue at that age of backboards and poonah painting, and to which we owe much that is advanced and admirable in the present day. Her last work, "The Spirit of Prayer," was composed when she was lying on her death-bed, in the 80th year of her age.

Here is a specimen of her more playful fancies. It has pleased many, and with it I must close my sketch:—

"I'm a strange contradiction : I'm new and I'm old,
I'm often in tatters, and oft decked in gold ;
Though I never could read, yet letter'd I'm found,
Though blind I enlighten, though loose I am bound.
I'm always in black, and I'm always in white,
I'm grave and I'm gay, I am heavy and light ;
In numbers I vary : I'm eight and I'm four,
And though I am twelve, I can't reach half a score
In form, too, I differ: I'm thick and I'm thin,
I've no flesh and no bone, yet I'm covered with skin ;
I've more points than the compass, more stops than the flute,
I sing without voice, without speaking confute.
I'm English, I'm German, I'm French, and I'm Dutch,
Some love me too fondly, some slight me too much ;
I often die soon, though I sometimes live ages,
And no monarch alive has so many pages."





THE PRISONERS' FRIEND.

"I beheld a wife and mother go
To gloomy scenes of wickedness and woe,
She sought her way through all the vile and base,
And made a prison a religious place.
Fighting her way—the way that angels fight
With powers of darkness—to let in the light ;
The look of scorn, the scowl, th' insulting leer
Of shame all fixed on her who ventures here.
Yet all she braved ; she kept her steadfast eye
On the dear cause, and brushed the baseness by."—*Crabbe.*

BUT can nothing be done for these poor creatures ? " asked a sweet, pained voice, and the pitiful blue eyes filled with tears of compassion.

" Nothing ; they are, I repeat, utterly irreclaimable, sunk in depravity and crime beyond the power of all rescue ; " and the officer rapped his big keys with a sharp click, to give emphasis to his speech, and would fain have turned away from the scene—one to which habit had hardened both him and many others ; but not so the fair young " Friend " visiting Newgate.

" Utterly lost, sayest thou ? " she repeated, in her soft pleading voice. " Dost thou mean to say—but thou surely canst not—that these poor creatures are beyond the power and mercy of their God ? " and she looked pitifully at the prisoners in the yards.

" Well, no, of course not quite that, I suppose ; but—but—well, the chaplain can do nothing with them, nor any one else that I know of," said the man confusedly. It seemed odd and strange to see this pretty young lady so earnest concerning creatures looking and behaving, forsooth, not



THE WOLVES AND THE LAMBS.

at all unlike wild animals; for this happened in the good old days when George III. was king, and when the reforms effected by Howard had been suffered to die out; and here, in a square of less than two hundred yards were huddled a confused mass of female prisoners and children, some untried, and so maybe innocent of offence, others convicted of all kinds of wrong-doing, almost all dirty and shameless. What else could come of it?—no place for washing or cooking, their only bed the hard cold flags. In Mrs. Fry's own words to her brother:—

“All I tell thee is a faint picture of the reality, the filth, the closeness of the rooms, the ferocious manners and expressions of the women towards each other, and the abandoned wickedness which everything bespoke are quite indescribable.” And yet it was into such a place and to such people that this lady, nurtured in all refinement, ventured to bring the message of pardon and peace.

She had always been a bright, lovable child, of whom her mother had said, “My dear little Betsy never offends.” She was pretty, too, and fond of admiration in those blithesome early days at Earlsam Hall, that stately old mansion, with its park and the shining river, its flowers, and its birds. Though her family were Quakers, they were not very strict members, or the daughters would not have been allowed to learn dancing, music, singing, and what else they would. A grave American, whose advice afterwards very much influenced her life, wrote of his visit to Norwich, that it was the gayest meeting of Friends he ever sat in, and the gayest at that gay meeting were undoubtedly the Misses Gurney. Elizabeth's boots—purple, laced with scarlet—just then the newest fashion—seem to have so engrossed the admiring attention of her sister, who sat next her, that she scarcely noticed how Elizabeth's attention was riveted on this stranger's discourse, which was on the dangers that beset those who wander from the path of self-denial. The usually heedless maiden was so impressed that she wept all the way home, and vowed to make something of her life. It was not long after this that she undertook the education of some poor children, beginning with one, and ending with so many, that the old empty laundry was soon filled to overflowing with helpless little ones, to whom she was ever kind, and of whom she was in the habit of saying:—“We know not how great and good they may become.”

From her pleasant married home life she turned to these dismal prisons, where she found women begging at gratings for alms, which they squandered in drink or lost at cards, over which they fought—poor wretched creatures! Mrs. Fry soon found that the biggest demon in the place was the compulsory idleness, of which, indeed, many complained bitterly, especially the new comers.

On her first visit to Newgate she met with great difficulties—governor, chaplain, turnkeys, all alike strove to hinder. The task was more hopeless and disgusting—not to say dangerous—than what any lady could imagine. She would hear awful language; the creatures were apt to turn brutally unmanageable. And what then? “Then,” said the slight, flaxen-haired matron, sedate and grave, in her plain Quaker’s dress, “then, as now, I shall be in God’s hands. I fear no other—let me go.”

And go she did, not so much as leaving her watch or purse at home for safety. Alone and unguarded, she was locked up with that awful crowd, which pressed about her with shrieks and jeers. They could not understand what such a one came for. Was it to give them money? which meant beer, gin, tobacco, bread; and while they pushed, and begged, and swore, she stood, strong in the sublime charity that hopeth all things, believeth all things, New Testament in hand, patiently waiting. By-and-by, however, the Babel lulled, and she opened the page where it spoke most kindly and tenderly of the poor and fallen of all time, not as reprobates and accursed, but as sisters, to be raised and comforted, and one day led, safe and purified, to the Father’s feet.

Well was it that Elizabeth, being a Friend and used to meetings, was accustomed to hear her own voice. True, it trembled somewhat now; but otherwise she showed no fear of the wild, haggard group about her, and they were subdued in spite of themselves by the determination of this fragile woman, to tell of something beautiful and new. A real lady, too, one of the class that passed them by with disdain: a lady speaking as though she loved and sorrowed for them, as women of many trials and worthy of all compassion. The tumult gradually hushed, the swearing, recrimination, and noise almost ceased. A few turned away; but many listened. Some fell weeping bitterly; they had heard those

tender passages before, had scorned and forgotten. To others they were new, and almost unintelligible.

Once when a burst of clamour interrupted, a wild-eyed woman cried to them with ugly words, yet earnestly, "Be quiet! Hush! Let her go on. Don't you hear the angels have lent her their voices?"



MRS. FRY.

"Come again; *do* come again," they said entreatingly; and come again she did, and read, and advised, and clothed, and comforted. She spoke to them of the poor little children, their misery and ignorance, imploring them to assist her help and teach them, and so save them from ruin. She persuaded the governor to let her have a disused prison-cell, and then, with the help of other ladies that she enlisted in the cause, for such causes can always gain plenty of adherents if one bold earnest spirit takes them up in the name of suffering humanity, she started a school for all the

poor infants—allowing the better instructed among the women to be assistants, and so profitably occupying the hours lately given up to idle rioting.

By-and-by the women themselves were taught to read, and many rules were formed, to which they bound themselves to submit; and instead of there being such a scene as we hardly dare to mention, the female side of Newgate became more quiet and orderly than any other prison in England. The inmates learnt to read and write, to knit, to sew, and to spin. Their true and constant "Friend" also exerted herself to procure them work, by which they could earn a little money, which was carefully stored and saved, that they might not start penniless at the end of their imprisonment. After some time, too, she published a report of the good result she had already effected, being anxious to attract public attention to a cause so much requiring interest and compassion. She says in it:—"After three years' practical experience, I am confirmed in my belief that much may be done with this erring, and may I not say, this afflicted class of the community. There was a time when nothing was considered safe in Newgate. Now it is very different, and we hardly ever hear of pilfering. * * * It is not only those within the walls of the prison, but also those without, who give us encouragement and satisfaction, some of those who have left us proving very powerfully the effects of the care bestowed on them."

No wonder that one poor creature exclaimed, tearfully, when asked if she remembered Mrs. Fry:—

"God bless her, and the day she came to Newgate. She has done us all good, and we have, and shall always have, good reason to bless her."





A FRENCH QUEEN.

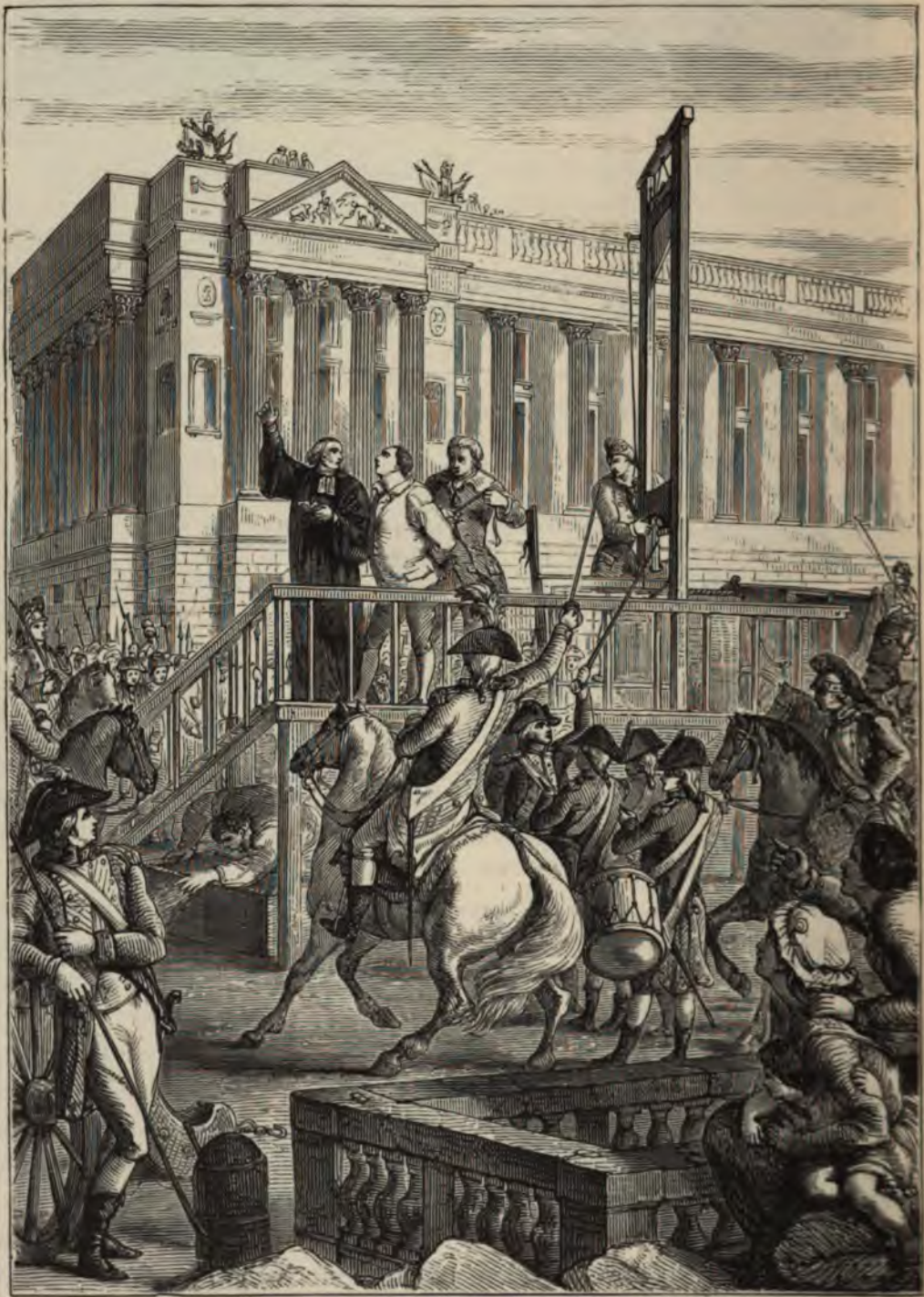
"Your queen is in the dungeon, your king is in his gore ;
On Paris waves the flag of death—the fiery tricolour :
Your nobles in their ancient halls are hunted down and slain,
In convent cells and holy shrines the blood is poured like rain.
The peasant's vine is rooted up, his cottage given to flame ;
His son is to the scaffold sent, his daughters sent to shame.
With torch in hand, and hate in heart, the rebel host is nigh—
Up, up, for France ! the time is come for France to live or die."

The Rising of La Vendée.



ON the 2nd of November, 1755, there happened that terrible and prodigious earthquake at Lisbon, which, according to the records of the day, cost 90,000 lives. At that same melancholy time there was born in a palace near Vienna a baby princess, who was named Marie Antoinette Joséphe Jeanne de Lorraine.

She was the daughter of a brave heroine who, driven from her rightful heritage, entrusted herself and her infant son to the Hungarian assembly of nobles. Closing about her these nobles drew their swords half out of the iron sheaths, and the ringing blades thrust violently back into their scabbards gave fierce emphasis to the shout that rent the air—"Moriatur pro nostra Regina Maria Theresa !" But all that happened long ago, and these were peaceful times, when little Antoinette grew up in boundless admiration and awe of her mother, and with tender love for the Duke, her father. She liked to tell of the primitive ways of the court of Lorraine, where, when the Duke wanted money, instead of imposing a tax upon his subjects, he used merely to rise in church after the sermon, raise his hat as a sign for silence, and then state the precise sum required, which



THE EXECUTION OF KING LOUIS.

sum he was sure to receive by a voluntary contribution before the week was out.

Marie Antoinette was only sixteen, all inexperienced, and but half-educated—for "*Nostra Regina*"—truth to tell—was more occupied with her affairs of state than her schooling—when she came, an exceedingly lovely and simple bride, to Paris. She had large, sweet, sad eyes of blue, soft waving masses of light-brown hair, and the fresh pure complexion of a wild rose. No wonder the beauty-loving Parisian populace were delighted at the sight of their new dauphiness, for they had clamourously demanded a view of her. Poor little woman! she drew back affrighted on that palace balcony, and cried out nervously, "Oh, what a crowd!" How they shouted and halloed a welcome until they were hoarse and half crazed, just as years after they shouted and hissed curses and revengeful cries as they led her to execution, having first killed King Louis!

Poor young princess! In the early years of their marriage her husband was far more taken up with mechanical pursuits, especially smith-work, than he was with his girl-wife, and she, maybe, somewhat imprudent and giddy, gave offence, all unintentionally, to many, especially to certain subtle and selfish men, who chose to widen a breach which had slowly and all too-surely arisen between the throne and a people exasperated at the luxurious extravagance of a careless court, that amid the public bitter poverty and need could indulge in endless profusion.

And so from bad to worse. She, permeated with the divine right of kings and the spell of a crown, all too indignantly disdainful of a people, who, as she could but see, believed all sorts of vile calumnies against their queen, and showed growing and daring contempt of their sovereign, her husband, who now had learned to love his Antoinette.

As to Louis XVI., he never cared to be a king. He was gentle and kind, and longed only for peace and quietness in the bosom of his family; so when the storm broke about him and his, he was all unfitted to meet it. How cruel the people were to him when they got the upper hand, keeping him and his dear ones in a miserable tower of the Temple, where he spent his time in trying to comfort his poor wife, sister, and children! They gave them most brutal guardians, they took away their few trinkets, they tore off the star from his coat, and insulted their king

in every way. Yet he never expressed anger or threatened revenge. On the day of what they chose to call his trial, calm and quiet, though depressed, the fallen monarch was not even offered a chair by his self-elected judges, who very soon doomed him to the guillotine.



THE ROYAL FAMILY OF FRANCE IN THE TEMPLE.

When Louis heard that he was to die, he asked for his family, which since the commencement of his trial he had not seen.

Who shall describe the embraces of that last meeting—the bitter wild sobs of wife, and sister, and children—as they hung about the dear one who had ever been most kind! Helpless victim of the times, he could not bear to bid them a final adieu, and tenderly promised to see them on the morrow; but then he had no heart to face them again. He spent the

evening praying with good Abbé Edgeworth, then he lay down and slept peacefully till the gloomy dawn, when Sansterre's "citoyens" came to conduct him to the scaffold—a long and weary drive through a dense crowd of vociferous, bloodthirsty women and armed enemies all exulting.

Patient to the last, King Louis shrank but once—when the executioner advanced to bind his hands. Then he would have said that all might hear how he was innocent; but the drums rattled loudly, the axe fell, and there passed away the most harmless king of his race.

About this time a statue of Liberty was hastily erected on the Place de la Revolution, where so many horrors were taking place. "Oh," cried the fair and accomplished Madame Roland, as she was led past to execution, "oh, Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!"—a great truth.

During those first weary months of imprisonment in the Temple, King Louis was not quite unhappy, for he had his family about him, and his pretty little Dauphin to teach—a clever, bright child, who loved all sorts of learning, so that it was a pleasure to teach him Latin and arithmetic, which last was soon stopped, because their ignorant attendants declared the multiplication table was a contrivance to keep up a correspondence by means of cypher. Then there were simple games, and in the evening the royal captives all drew round the lamp, and Queen Antoinette read some interesting book, and the kind father would amuse and interest the children with charades, and presently the little fellow was tucked rosy and sweet in bed, and the discrowned Louis would bend over his helpless, unoffending heir, and pray God to guard the poor child until better days dawned upon France—days which none of them were to live to see.

Poor queen! Poor widowed mother! One of the hardest blows she had to endure was when two officers of the Convention came to announce that they were to take her little son from her charge. She flung herself before the bed on which her darling was lying, crying in agony and terrible distraction as she held him fast in her arms, "Oh! kill me, kill me, but do not rob me of my little child!" and the two young princesses knelt praying them not to be so cruel as to part them in their misery. An hour was spent in threats and prayers and insults. The men deliberately vowed that they would not depart without the child, dead or

alive; and they looked so fiercely and significantly at each other, that those helpless, weeping women dared oppose no longer. They took the trembling Dauphin out of bed and dressed him; then, embracing him as she felt and knew for the last time, Antoinette herself gave him into the hands of these harsh, hard men, who soon put him in charge of a low, drunken shoemaker, and his virago of a wife, who mocked at the poor child's tears, shaved off all his pretty flaxen curls, stripped him of his neat dress, and replaced it with garments such as were worn by the bloodstained revolutionists, who had slain his father and his friends, made him wait upon them like a servant, and beat him for the least mistake; and once, by way of a toy, Simon gave the poor little boy a miniature guillotine to remind him what death had robbed him of. He was an orphan now—a very miserable, harmless, persecuted child—beaten, sworn at constantly, tormented, and half starved; left at peace neither by day nor by night; forced to say and do things from which his very soul recoiled. Who can wonder that at last his gentle spirit broke, and that soon sickening he lay dying in his wretched room, just like a prisoned bird in a neglected cage? Then all too late, kinder eyes looked on the martyred boy, kinder hands smoothed his rough pillows, yet he heeded them not now. Only at the very last he thought he heard sweet music, and eagerly called to one nursing him that he had something to tell, but the words were scarcely spoken when the troubled little head fell back, a smile stole over the wan, white, sweet face, and the prisoner was free. Thus died the last of the royal Capets, this innocent descendant of their illustrious St. Louis.





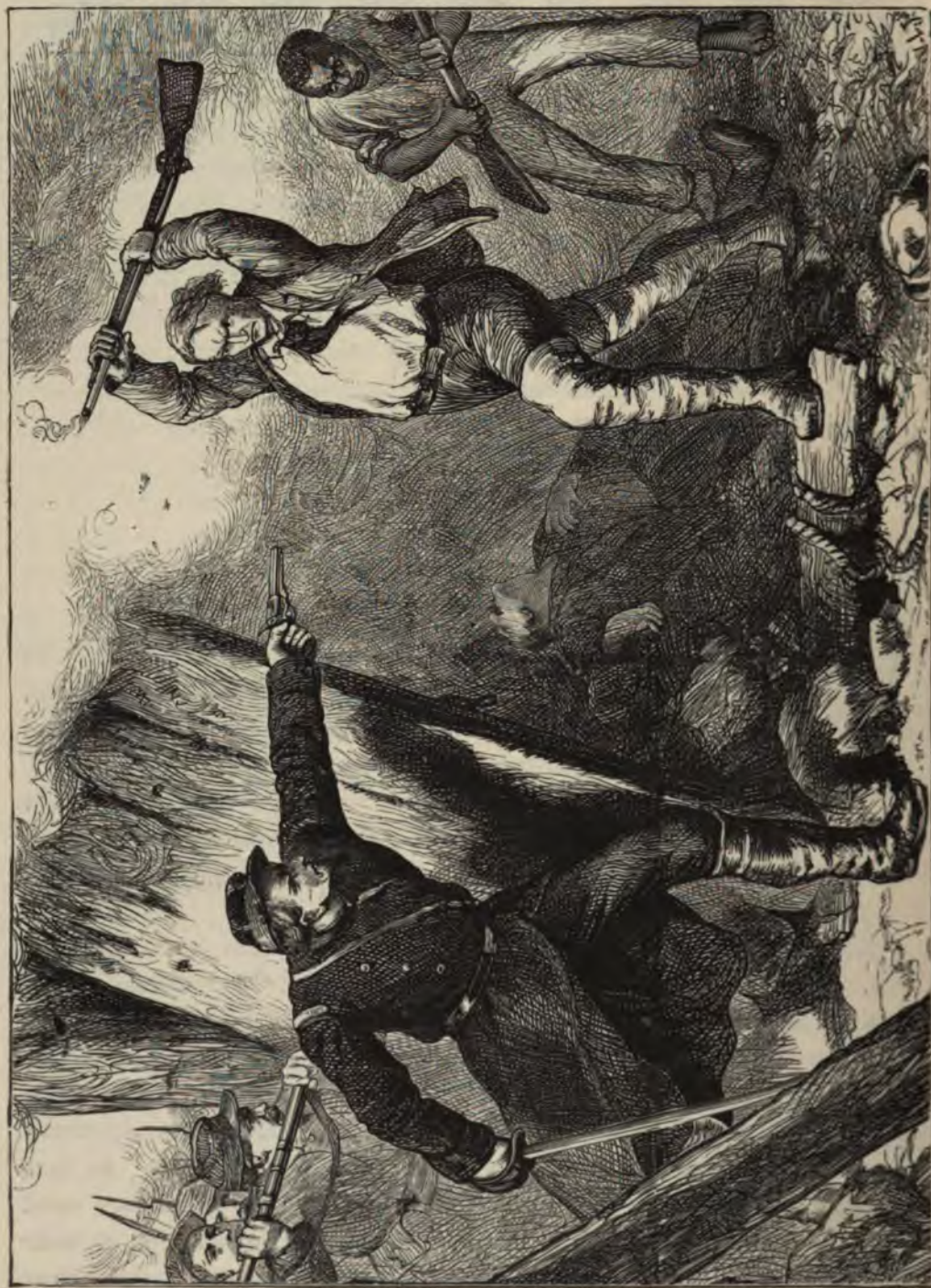
THE SLAVERY ABOLITIONIST.

"The humble poor will come
In a far distant day,
And from the felon's nameless grave
Will brush the leaves away ;
And grey old men will point the spot
Beneath the pine-tree's shade,
As children ask with streaming eyes,
Where 'Old John Brown' was laid."



WE have read of the freemen of Scroby, and how for liberty of worshipping after their own way they came over the seas, and set up their homes in strange places. Among these was one Peter Brown, and from this sturdy pilgrim father, who landed from the *Mayflower* in 1620—a fact of which the good man was not a little proud, as also that his own grandfather had died sword in hand during the wars of independence—the John Brown of my story was descended.

After all, my own hero was but a very humble man, just a keeper of sheep, a farmer, whose youth was passed in one of the remotest settlements of the West, where he grew up a bold, hardy lad, doing "smart things," even at five years old, in the way of driving cattle and riding rough ponies—a fearless little urchin, who saw strange sights in these tangled wilds, where he had to keep a sharp look-out because of big rattlesnakes and other unpleasant creatures hiding in the tall grasses. At first he was afraid of the neighbouring Indians, but soon he found they owed no grudge to the little paléface, but let him wander in and out of their wigwams, and watch them dress the skins of the forest creatures they



JOHN BROWN AND HIS CAPTORS.

slew, so that almost as soon as he was promoted to his first buck-skin suit he knew all about preparing any kind of pelt—raccoon, wild cat, or wolf. And for the rest, he could make wonderfully neat whiplashes, besides a dozen other things useful at such a time and such a place.

His first grief was the loss of a pet squirrel he had captured in the woods. Brownie had turned fiercely on the outstretched little hands that had clasped it by the tail with such determination, and bit through thumb and fingers, yet the firm hands only held on the more: in fact, the poor tail was somehow lost in the struggle, but Brownie was secured, and tenderly nursed and lovingly treated till it would go anywhere on little John's shoulder, and rub its soft wee nose against his sunburnt cheek, because it knew, as such creatures *do* know, that he had the love of helpless weak creatures in his heart, as, indeed, he had then, and all his days through. How otherwise would he, in his old age too, have laid down his own life to serve the negroes?—this bare-headed, bare-footed, honest youth, flying up hill and down dale after his father's or other settlers' cattle, which, as he grew taller and stronger, were often entrusted in great numbers to his charge for days. Nothing pleased him more than leading them safely over the long distances they sometimes had to be conveyed, and as the folk soon found that young Brown was kind and considerate to the sheep, swine, and horses that he took in charge, they were glad enough to keep him busy; besides, he had such a sharp eye that he learnt to distinguish if so much as one strange sheep or other creature strayed into his flock of a thousand, or if one of his own had straggled off in an unwatched moment.

Strangely enough, it was through an errand of this kind that the seed of the "abolitionist" was sown in his young heart. It happened when he was about twelve years old, and had just cleverly, and all unaided, escorted a very large herd over hill and dale, above a hundred miles, to the house of their city buyer. This wealthy dealer looked upon the little lad with wondering admiration, and spoke boastfully to every one of John's cleverness, keeping him for some days at his house, feeding him at his own table, and petting him before every one, praising his "smart" ways and his good looks, till the shy country boy

hung his head for very shame, conceit being far from his simple heart then as ever ; he did his best, because his best was right.

Now at this very time there was a young negro just of his own age, a gentle, kindly, well-mannered lad, always ready to do whatever he could to please every one, and yet, because his skin was black, he was constantly abused with hard words ; and when his master or his master's friends were out of temper, he was called names too bad for a dog, and cruelly beaten with the iron shovel or whatever came handiest. Nothing he did was right, because he was not of his owner's race, and this particular case seems to have made on our boy of the woods a deep and lasting impression. Years after, he said, "this first made me reflect on the wretched, hopeless condition of fatherless and motherless slave children ; reflecting so much that sometimes I found myself wondering, *is* God their father as He is mine ? and felt miserable when I thought of it." At last, as we all know, a fierce warfare was declared between North and South, and "the peculiar institution," as slave-holding was politely termed, was in danger. Then such men as John Brown stood forth champions for a down-trampled race, whose cause they aided, each as they best knew how. Some talked a great deal, but Brown did not say much about his opinion on this moving matter ; truth to tell, he somewhat despised most of the anti-slavery orators, saying, in his blunt way, "Talk is merely a national institution, but it does no manner of good to the slave." He was ready to do and die, he and his four brave sons ; but they spoke little of what they had at heart. They fought for it directly there was a chance.

Here is a young officer's stirring sketch of the time that followed :—

"I walked to Prairie City, a municipality consisting of two log cabins and a well, and thence sent a message to John Brown, warning him of the approach of Federal troops. Remaining in the city to ascertain the state of the country about it, I found that in this region, when men went out to plough they always took their rifles with them, and always tilled in companies of from five to ten, for whenever they attempted to perform the work separately, the Georgia and Alabama men would be sure to make a sudden descent upon them, and carry off their oxen and horses. Every man went armed to the teeth. Guard was kept night

and day. Whenever two men approached each other they came up pistol in hand, and the first salutation invariably was, 'Free state or Pro state?' or its equivalent, 'Whar ye from?' It not unfrequently happened that the next sound was the report of a pistol. People who wished to travel without such collisions avoided the necessity of meeting any one by making a long circuit or ignominiously running away.

"And why this condition of things? Only because slaves represented money, and, as property, were to be kept, cost what blood they might.

"The creeks of Kansas are all fringed with wood. I lost my way or got off the path that crosses the creek, when suddenly before me stood a wild-looking man of fine proportions, with half-a-dozen pistols and a large Arkansas bowie-knife stuck in his belt. His head was uncovered, his hair uncombed, his face unshaven. We were similarly dressed—with red-topped boots over our pantaloons, a coarse blue shirt, and a belt. This was the fashion of the times.

"'Hullo!' he cried, 'you're in our camp.'

"I had drawn my pistol, answering as I did so, 'Halt, or I fire.'

"He stopped, and said he knew me, and that I was a true man, that he was old John Brown's son Fred. So I put up my pistol, shook hands, and followed him to the camp. I shall not forget the scene, which we did not approach unchallenged. Near the edge of the creek a dozen horses were tied, all ready saddled for a ride for life or a hunt after southern invaders; rifles and sabres were stacked against the trees. In an open space amid the shady and lofty woods, there was a big blazing fire with a pot on it. A woman, bare-headed, with an honest sunburnt face, was picking blackberries. Three or four armed men were lying on red and blue blankets on the grass, and two fine-looking youths were leaning on their arms near by. Old John himself was standing near the fire, with his sleeves rolled up, cooking a pig. He was poorly clad, his toes protruding from his boots. He received me cordially, and bade the others return to their work, as he could answer any questions.

"A model camp this, in which no profane word was uttered, no immoral character allowed to stay. John Brown would have no such aid. "Often he retired into the deepest solitude, seeking to be inspired with what was best to do, in obedience to the Father, for he himself did not love warfare,

but peace, only acting in obedience to the will of the Lord, and fighting battles for His children's sake. Said the old man very gravely to me, speaking of truth and honour and generosity :—

" ' I would rather have the small pox, yellow fever, and cholera in my



HARPER'S FERRY.

camp than men without principles. It's a mistake, sir, that our people make when they think that bullies are the best fighters. Give me men of good principles, God-fearing men, who respect themselves."

" Never before had I seen such a band of men. They were not earnest, but earnestness incarnate. Six of them were John Brown's sons. I went away thoughtful and hopeful for the cause. I had seen for the first time the spirit of the Ironsides, armed and encouraged."

Then followed the defeat at Harper's Ferry, and the capture of the leaders, in 1859, of which a member of Congress who was present wrote :—

"It is vain to underrate the men or the conspiracy. Captain John Brown is as brave and resolute a man as ever headed an insurrection, and in a good cause and with sufficient force would have been a consummate partisan commander. He has coolness, daring, persistency, the stoic's faith and patience, and a firmness of will and purpose unconquerable. He is the farthest possible remove from the ordinary ruffian, fanatic, or madman, and certainly it was one of the best planned and best executed conspiracies that ever failed."

For thirty hours the "conspirators" lay bleeding and unattended on the floor of the guard-house—Captain John Brown's long grey hair matted and tangled, his clothes and face stained and smeared with blood, and great grief in his heart for the two brave sons lately killed by his side. Yet he answered all interrogations so gently and courteously that even this auditory was touched. Once he said eagerly, as though fearing his motives might be misunderstood:—"Gentlemen, I respect the rights of the poorest and weakest of the coloured people oppressed by the slave system, just as much as I do those of the most wealthy and powerful. That is the idea that has moved me, and that alone. We expected no reward except the satisfaction of endeavouring to do for those in distress—the greatly oppressed—what we would be done by. The cry of the distressed, of the oppressed, is my reason, and the only thing that prompted me to come."

"Why did you do it secretly, then?" asked a bystander.

"Because I thought it necessary, and for no other reason."

"Suppose, Brown, you had every nigger in the States. What would you do with them?" sneered another man.

"Set them free, sir."

The weak and wounded man spoke out loud and clear-voiced now; and when he was asked if he considered himself as an instrument in the hand of Providence, or upon what principle or rule he acted, he answered:—

"Upon the golden rule: I pity the poor in bondage that have none to help them. That is why I am here. It is not to gratify any personal animosity, or feeling of revenge, or vindictive spirit. It is my sympathy with the oppressed and wronged, that are as good as you, and as precious in the sight of God;" and he added—"You people of the south may dispose of me very easily. I am nearly disposed of now, but this

question is still to be settled—this negro question I mean. The end of that is not yet ;” but it was not as far as he feared.

And so, amid jeers of execration and triumph, they brought the old man to Charlestown to his trial. Calm and unruffled, but too sorely wounded and helpless to stand, he sat on a rough cot while the verdict of guilty was passed. Then he turned, adjusted his pallet, and drawing the blanket about him, lay down composedly, his heart ruled by that peace of God which passeth all understanding. What had he to fear? When some chance of pardon was hinted at, he answered, shaking his grey head—“I am not sure but that it would be better for me to die at this time. I think my object would be the nearer fulfilment.” As indeed it was.

Pickets and patrols were stationed for many a mile ; not a stranger allowed to approach when brave John Brown was led forth to execution.

Near the scaffold, at which cannon were pointed so that if rescue were attempted it could by no possibility avail, were ranged masses of infantry and cavalry, with shining blades and loaded muskets. Death every way, hate everywhere. But above all, the holy blue of a cloudless sky towards which the old man looked smilingly now and then, as though he read some promise there, that even now he was crowning his life’s work. As he sat going to his death, with his coffin at his very feet, his eyes wandered far over the barrier of steel and lowering cruel faces, to rest on the fair landscape and the sun-lighted ridge of the blue mountains.

“What a beautiful part of the country this is !” he remarked to one who sat by his side, and knew and liked him well. “I have had no time to notice it before. It is grand in such a light.”

“You are more cheerful than I am, Captain Brown,” was the sad answer, for his friend felt to hate all this beautiful glow about them.

“Yes,” said the grand old Puritan, simply ; “but so I ought to be.”

Presently, as he was ascending that high scaffold, a poor negro woman, holding a baby to her breast, sobbed as he passed her. Pausing for a moment, he leant over the little black child, and true to the last to his life’s work, “kissed her for her injured race.”



THE EMIGRANTS' FRIEND.

“ Her vessel sails—*her* vessel. Yes, that helm
A woman guides ; but One alone guides *her*.
Chisholm ! of all the ages that have rolled
Around this rolling globe, what age hath seen
Such enduring, such heaven-guided enterprise
As thine ? . . .
Semiramis begirt with terraced walls
Her mighty city for the prince and slave.
Thy grander soul threw open a wide world
With one command, ‘ Be virtuous and free. ’ ” — *W. S. Landor.*



R. WILLIAM JONES was a well-to-do country yeoman of the good old sort, always ready to speak up for Old England, and as loyally ready to assist his neighbours in any possible way. He was very fond of his wife and his pretty daughter Caroline, who was always treated and spoken to as though she were a little woman of sense and discretion—which, indeed, she must have been, as well as a charming child, full of fun and frolic.

One day her father during his rambles met with a poor, disabled, old soldier, passing through the quiet village on his way to London. The kindly man brought him to his own house, and would have his needs respectfully attended to, pointing out to his children that this helpless veteran had fought the enemies of England amid the perils of sea and land, and lost his limbs and his health doing a soldier's duty. The old man, thus encouraged, described, to please the little ones, some of the beautiful countries he had seen, spoke enthusiastically of the scenery, the fruit, the cattle, and then regretfully of the overcrowded state of England, the



NEW COMERS IN A STRANGE LAND.

want, the struggle, the fight for life, and the pity it was that her poorer inhabitants could not more easily reach those fair lands over the sea, and colonise the now scantily-inhabited countries, making their homes in Australia, for instance. The little listening maid was very much interested, and asked many odd questions. She herself tells us:—

“My first attempt at colonisation was carried on in a wash-hand basin before I was seven years old. I made boats of broad-beans, expended all my money in touchwood dolls, removed families, located them in the bed-quilt, and sent the boats filled with wheat back to their friends, of which I kept a store in a thimble-case. At length I upset the basin, which I judged to be a *fac-simile* of the sea, spoiled a bed, and got punished; afterwards I carried out my plan in a dark cellar, with a rush-light stuck upon a tin kettle; and, strange as it may seem, many of the ideas which I have since carried out first gained possession of my young mind at that period; and singular also as it may appear, I had a Wesleyan minister and a Catholic priest in the same boat. Two of my dolls were very refractory, and would never be obedient. This made me name them after two persons I knew were always quarrelling; and I spent hours in listening to their supposed debate, to try and find out how I could manage them. At length I put the two in a boat, and told them if they were not careful they would be drowned; and having landed them alive, I knelt down to pray that they might learn to love each other.”

The little girl soon lost her kind and dear father; but she had a good mother, who trained the heart and mind of her child, teaching her benevolence by visiting with her the sick and poor, advising and soothing the distressed and troubled, and helping in every practical way all those who showed the slightest inclination to help themselves.

At twenty she married Captain Chisholm, and went out with him to Madras. The fashionable, listless English ladies there by no means interested her. She turned from them to the soldiers' children, and was grieved to see the poor little girls allowed to grow up in the barracks all uneducated, not taught to read or write, or even sew and cook. She wondered how they could possibly ever become good and useful women, seeing only bad examples and hearing bad language.

Surely something should be done for the little ones—many were

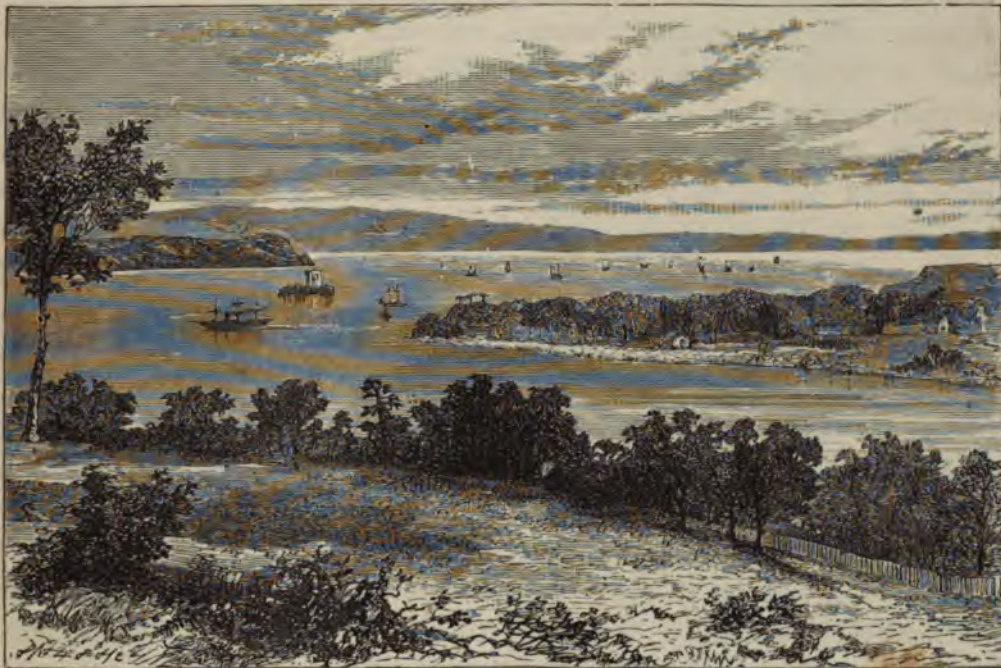
orphans; so the young wife set to work, and went among the officers and their wives, who languidly owned that she was right, and were ready enough to give money, but neither time nor trouble to the cause; yet with the money and an empty room she started a small industrial school, which soon grew into a very large one, in which the little ones were taught all that was good, especially housekeeping in the most orderly and economic fashion; and that she might carry out her good work the better, Mrs. Chisholm persuaded her husband to remove from their own fashionable quarters, to the Black Town, near the school, which, being voted "low," many refused altogether to visit.

Here, in the midst of her busy little folk, the noble lady did her good work, aided by teachers, whom she closely superintended. I should like to give you a peep at the regulations, and to show how each girl was punished:—For telling an untruth—a fault which headed the list—she was to forfeit five tickets, and, worse, stand apart from the rest, that all might know her offence. For stealing, be it ever such a trifle, the punishment was the same, and for the second offence black bracelets were worn. For breaking crockery, no punishment if at once confessed, but three tickets to be forfeited if concealed, while every girl who knew of the concealment forfeited one, on the principle that conniving at trifles leads to greater ill-doing. If discovered quarrelling or fighting, all concerned to go without their dinner, as was any girl who refused to help cook; and so on. All offences were entered in a black book, which was shown to visitors.

Now I think we understand how fitted such a woman must have been for the task she took up, when, because of the climate, she had to leave India and her flourishing school of industry, and betake herself, with her family, to the more healthy shores of South Australia.

When she reached Sydney, in 1840, many ships were landing emigrants, emigration being then a new thing. Only as late as 1836 the lands of New South Wales were cultivated by men who had been transported, and the tens of thousands of sheep and cattle that wandered over the broad plains, like the herds of the ancient patriarchs, were all tended by convict shepherds, who had been rogues, and considered all unfit to live in England.

But when it was decided that no more prisoners should be transported to any part of Australia, the large stockholders, not knowing what to do, offered high wages for healthy men and women who would come out and work for them, so that many, being tempted, came, and those



SYDNEY HARBOUR.

that were fit for shepherds or farm-servants quickly got engagements, and were taken off into the interior; but many others who were not so fit, crowded in Sydney, and could get no farther, so that many friendless young women fell into great distress, and some into evil ways. These Mrs. Chisholm saw an opportunity of aiding, believing that if she could keep the poor maidens in a place of safety on their first landing, there were plenty of places to be got for them, and many might marry well, for there was a great dearth of good wives among the small settlers, who could not leave their homes to come as far as Sydney to find one, and even if they did, might choose very foolishly among the unknown and penniless strangers.

Everybody, as at Madras, agreed that she was perfectly right; but nobody would trouble to help these poor forlorn newcomers, until Mrs. Chisholm wrote to the governor that if he could give her some rooms, she would go and live with them herself, and take care of, and protect, and look out for suitable places for the helpless women in a strange land; and all this without fee or reward; the Government should be put to no expense. She left her pretty cottage, and went away to a house, her own share of which consisted of an old store-room without a fireplace, but overrun with rats, in which place she sat, and slept, and superintended the girls, who soon flocked to the kind lady, who talked to them of home, gave them advice, and found them nice places, and very often, when she saw they were likely, recommended them to good husbands and homes of their own; for soon the far-away settlers got to hear of Mrs. Chisholm's girls, and how they were cared for and advised, and how she knew the story and the capabilities of each, and did her best for them all, as though they had been her own children, instead of the neglected waifs and strays from Old England. Men and women, too, she helped, doing her best to bring parted husbands and wives, parents and children, together again in this new land of promise.

Well was it written of this unselfish woman, "If Captain Cook discovered Australia, if John Macarthur planted the first seeds of its extraordinary prosperity, if Ludwig Geichhardt penetrated and explored its before unknown interior, Caroline Chisholm has done more: she has peopled, she has colonised it in the true sense of the term. How many hundreds of homes have been founded, how many families settled through the length and breadth of Australia by her efforts! How many family circles re-united, whose members, but for her influence and exertions, would still have been separated by half the circumference of the globe!





GRACE, AN ENGLISH HEROINE.

"Avert yon omen, gracious Heaven! the ugly scud,
By rising winds resistless driven, kisses the flood.
How hard the lot for sailors cast that they should roam
For years, to perish thus at last in sight of home."—*Dibdin.*



FOR the scene where my humble heroine lived I must bid you set sail from the mouth of the River Thames, and travel away past Cromer and Yarmouth and Flamborough Head, that huge promontory on the Yorkshire coast—on until we skirt the strand of mountainous Northumberland; then you will see Holy Island, where good men and true lived and prayed in days of old. Then slacken sail, and look about you at some other half-dozen island dots, merely the tops or heads of a rocky mountain rising out of the deep beautiful sea, which for ever dashes and splashes and plays about them, sometimes gently and timorously, sometimes raging angrily, as though to send them adrift if possible.

Those are the Farne Islands. Most of them are very low; but one is some forty feet out of water. Nothing flourishes on any of them, except the eider ducks, that feed on fish, and whose soft down is a capital article of commerce, while their fine green eggs serve the poor people thereabouts for food.

If it be daylight, it will be safe to sail between these Farne Islands and the mainland; at night, it would be advisable not only to sail outside them, but to keep a long way out, because when the wind rises and the sea gets rough it washes with great violence between the small islands, and many vessels have been wrecked about here, notwith-



COMING TO THE RESCUE.

standing the fine North Sunderland lighthouse, which the captain points out as the home of Grace Darling.

What! live altogether in a lighthouse, with never a house or person near! Ay, and not an unpleasant place to have lived in for a time either, when the waters lay calm and cool and transparent about its rocky base, and the hundreds of sea-birds swept by in thick clouds—puffins and ducks and gulls, with their red legs tucked right out of sight, making a dash for a dinner, as they gave little hoarse shrieks, that were the only signs of life in that quiet neighbourhood. But, one would think, a very unpleasant place indeed when the days grew short, and the big lantern above had to be kept lighted for so many hours at a time, when the winds beat and moaned ruefully above the lighthouse walls, and the ear was all on the strain for distant signs of distress. Then few folk would care to live in a lighthouse. Grace never minded it. It was her very dear home.

One September night there happened a terrible storm—bad enough to blanch the face of good Mrs. Darling, the keeper's wife. She was not afraid of peril to themselves, for the lighthouse stood firm and strong enough to brave the worst, and she had been the keeper's wife for long; but as the white froth swished over and darkened even to the high lantern, she thought of the poor fishers of the coast, and of the troubled women in the villages round about, whose hopes might even now be buried under the raging waves, to which her own husband and daughter were also listening uneasily, though it is strange how habit uses us to all things.

"My poor little bit of garden will all be a-missing, I am afraid," sighed Grace, now a delicate girl of about twenty, thinking of a little patch of greenery she had been tending so carefully on the rock at the foot of the lighthouse. "It's an ill night here, isn't it, father? Hark at the wind; I am glad you're not a sailor in such weather."

"It'll be an ill night for many a good ship out yonder. I trust there's naught between this and St. Abb's Head, or it's just like some will never see or know of it more." And the keeper wandered off restlessly, to look if his light showed her best to warn of its whereabouts, and to wonder how far its rays could pierce through such a thick sea fog.

But there was a large, handsome steamship beating and battling out yonder. It had started from Hull, and was going to Dundee, going famously with wind and tide, until the blue sky had darkened suddenly, the wind had roused itself angrily, and just at the worst of the tempest



GRACE DARLING.

the unfortunate discovery was made that the steam-engine was out of gear, would not work, and that the ship was at the mercy of the elements, not at the command of the helmsman. So the *Forfarshire* drifted and tossed and drifted all night, till at the dawning rose the fearful cry of "Breakers!" as the sailors saw the foaming waves boiling and foaming and frothing over the stones; and yet, because of the state of the vessel's

engines, they could do naught to hinder her headlong rush towards the dreaded Farne rocks, which lay in wait, as it were, to waylay and destroy her. At length she came with a crash upon them, then, lo! another mighty roar and rush, and another wave struck her off the rocks, and down, down she went in very deep waters.

It was pitiful to see and hear what followed. Many of the sailors managed to cram into a boat, which was picked up by a ship; the rest clung as well as they could to a cleft in the rock, while the cruel rain beat, and the waves tried to tear them away from their one poor chance of life. Poor, indeed! for who was to see and save yon shivering mass of humanity? fathers and mothers, and children, dying in the dawning.

More as a matter of habit than anything else, Darling, the keeper, went out and took a survey of the still rough waters, while his wife and daughter were getting breakfast ready. Fortunately he noticed the rock and its load of human figures; but it was far over the seething waves, and in his boat he dared not venture.

"Nay, lass; I could not row it alone, in such weather too, much less get those miserable creatures aboard," he cried, as he rushed down to the beach, and looked at the clumsy boat, and shook his head despairingly. Grace would not despair.

"Father, father, we *must* try. We cannot let those poor souls yonder perish. Come! I can, I will, help you now. Let us try—let us do our best; and the good Lord be with us, that we may save them. Come, if you would not have me go alone; and, mother, pray for us and them."

Tying a little plaid shawl over her head to keep the wind from deafening her, the girl leaped into the boat, and seized an oar. What could her father do but follow? and then they both bent to their work, sober and silent; for it was a desperate task—an old man and a slight girl to cross the rough frothing waves that lay between them and the trembling group clustered on the slippery weed-covered rocks beyond.

What a fearful watch it must have been when once the poor creatures saw the approaching boat, and ascertained that those two rowers were coming to their aid! How those failing hearts must have revived, and how those white lips must have muttered prayers and blessings on the noble pair.

Yes, in spite of tossing waves, and angry spattering foam, that grey old man and his only daughter held their way. Soon they were both drenched to the skin, and very, very weary, but they neither paused nor doubted, their eyes and hearts fixed on that dark group yonder, they rowed as for their own lives, on and on, the chill repellant wind blowing fiercely into their pale faces, and ever the constant ceaseless roar of the breakers to remind them that their return journey must be more dangerous than this, even supposing they should rescue that helpless heap yonder; unless some of them could assist, their own arms, however willing, must fail, for then only at ebb-tide could the boat pass between the islands, and the tide would soon be flowing. All this the twain knew too well, but they never lingered or paused even to look back to where "mother" was wringing her hands in an agony of prayerful terror for those two dear ones who had taken their lives in their own trembling hands, to adventure in aid of the strangers, whose names even they did not know.

A rash venture indeed, but as we know a successful one, for the whole were somehow dragged off the wreck and stowed in the little coble. One was a woman with two drowned babies, and they were tearful and terrified people, who lay still and fainted now. The peril was past, and luckily there were some able to aid the rowers, or that laden boat could never have returned.

Once more Grace and her father were in Longstone Lighthouse with those nine they had saved from the very jaws of death. It is easy to fancy the thankful wife and mother doing her little best to comfort the poor rescued ones, who had well-nigh cost her a husband and child. For some time yet the storm raged too fiercely for any one to be able to depart, but, without even a thought that her heroic deed would make her name a household word, the girl tended all with bright smiles and sympathetic words. Brave, kind, womanly Grace! When the world, presently hearing of her doing, praised and thanked her, she wondered and blushed at every one's enthusiasm, saying "she had only gone to the rescue because she could not bear to stay safe at home when poor folk were drowning."



A THIRTY YEARS' SEARCH.

"NOT HERE, THE WHITE NORTH HAS THY BONES; AND THOU,
HEROIC SAILOR-SOUL,
ART PASSING ON THINE HAPPIER VOYAGE NOW
TOWARDS NO EARTHLY POLE."

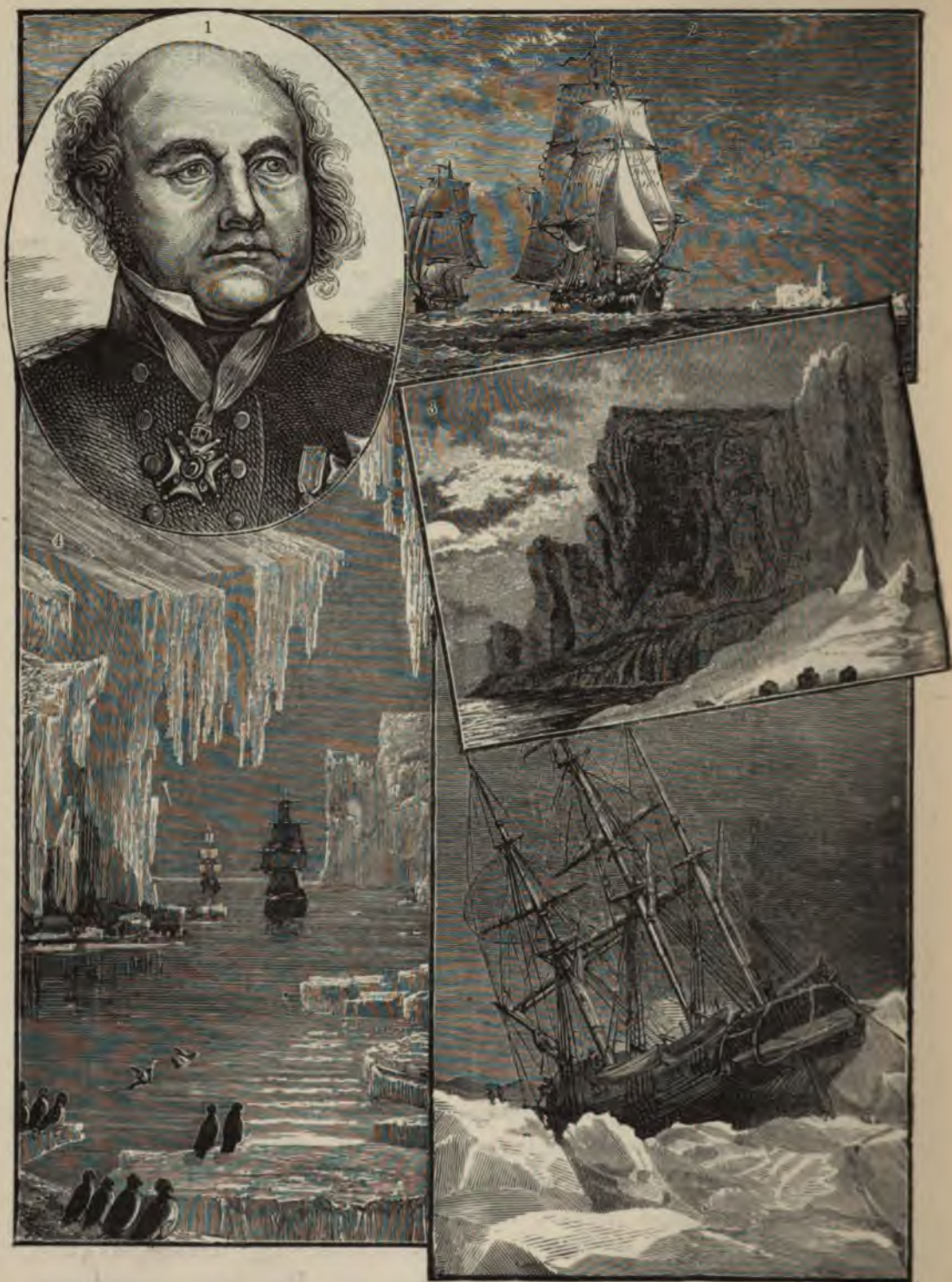
Lines in Westminster Abbey.



ON the 25th of April, 1818, the first Arctic expedition undertaken this century went sailing merrily down the Thames. It was composed of only two rather ugly brigs, bound for the Pacific by way of the North Pole; and one of the two was commanded by Lieutenant John Franklin, who not long before had been gathering laurels with Nelson on the Nile.

In those days there was a supreme ignorance of all the difficulties connected with Arctic navigation, and a headstrong confidence, founded on this same ignorance. British sailors, who never were stayed or daunted by anything, need surely not be baffled by ice or frowning cliffs. Time, perseverance, and more especially an English Jack's "pluck," must surely carry them safely through all difficulties, and enable them to discover the North-West Passage or anything else in nature.

Away they sailed, blithe and hardy and hopeful as Norse kings, away and away till they reached the chill domains of the frozen north; yet soon it was discovered that Franklin's brig was but a leaky, unseaworthy vessel. Then, when within view of the Spitzbergen Mountains, they were nigh buried in hard frozen snow-flakes and chilled sea-spray, while every rope grew stiff as a pine-branch, and almost as unmanageable. Sometimes they could not stir the brigs; sometimes



1. SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

2. THE "EREBUS" AND "TERROR" ENTERING THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

3. FRANKLIN'S WINTER QUARTERS IN 1845-6.

4. THE "EREBUS" AND "TERROR" AMONG ICEBERGS.

5. THE "TERROR" NIPPED IN THE ICE.

they had to "take a pack," that is, dash through what looked like a black chasm, but was in reality an opening in the ice, beyond which foamed and heaved a line of fearful breakers, that threatened to smash the vessels all to pieces or to sink them in a moment. Against such difficulties it was useless to contend any longer; and slowly and with difficulty the lately hopeful band managed to retrace their way. They were sick and sorrowful, the brigs, disabled and battered, staggering over their homeward route like weak and wounded creatures, showing the hurts and scars of a late engagement that had nigh proved fatal.

In 1823 Captain John Franklin showed his wife Eleanor a second summons from his country to proceed on another Arctic expedition. The captain was elate, yet full of sorrow; for she was so ill and delicate, there seemed small chance of their ever meeting again—as, indeed, they did not; yet she urged him bravely to accept the task set before him, and with weak and faltering fingers worked a flag he was to unfurl to the winds as he reached the Polar seas.

"Only give me one thought then, and I shall be rewarded, dear John," said the heroic wife, without doubting that he must win this time, for, like all true wives, she believed in her husband's infallibility.

Franklin was married twice; and surely no man was ever blessed with the love of two such women, such noble types of good, heroic womanhood—the first unselfishly urging him away to his duty, even with her dying breath; the second sacrificing wealth and patrimony, and living in humble lodgings that she might spare the more to learn the true story of the fate of him who had passed away with his gallant crew in the dread realm of frost and silence.

Before he started on this last fatal journey, Sir John had been for some time Lieutenant Governor of Tasmania, as we now call Van Diemen's Land; and here a young midddy on a visit describes him and his second wife—Lady Jane—whose name was to become a household word in England. He says:—

"I was greatly struck by the contrast between Sir John Franklin and his wife. Sir John had already acquired fame as an Arctic explorer. He was a tall, portly, florid-complexioned man, with a head slightly

bald, of very commanding presence, and with a cheerful, benevolent countenance. Little Lady Franklin seemed like a fairy by his side. She was a slight, delicate-looking woman, with gentle, interesting features, and a soft low voice." And yet, how strong and brave of heart she proved to be, in the long years of unrest and trouble before her, the record of those days tell.

When, in 1844, it was decided that the good ships *Erebus* and *Terror* should be sent out on another expedition, there were plenty ready to take the command; but who more ready than Captain Franklin? yet, because of the risk, the authorities persuaded him to stay at home, and let stronger men take his place.

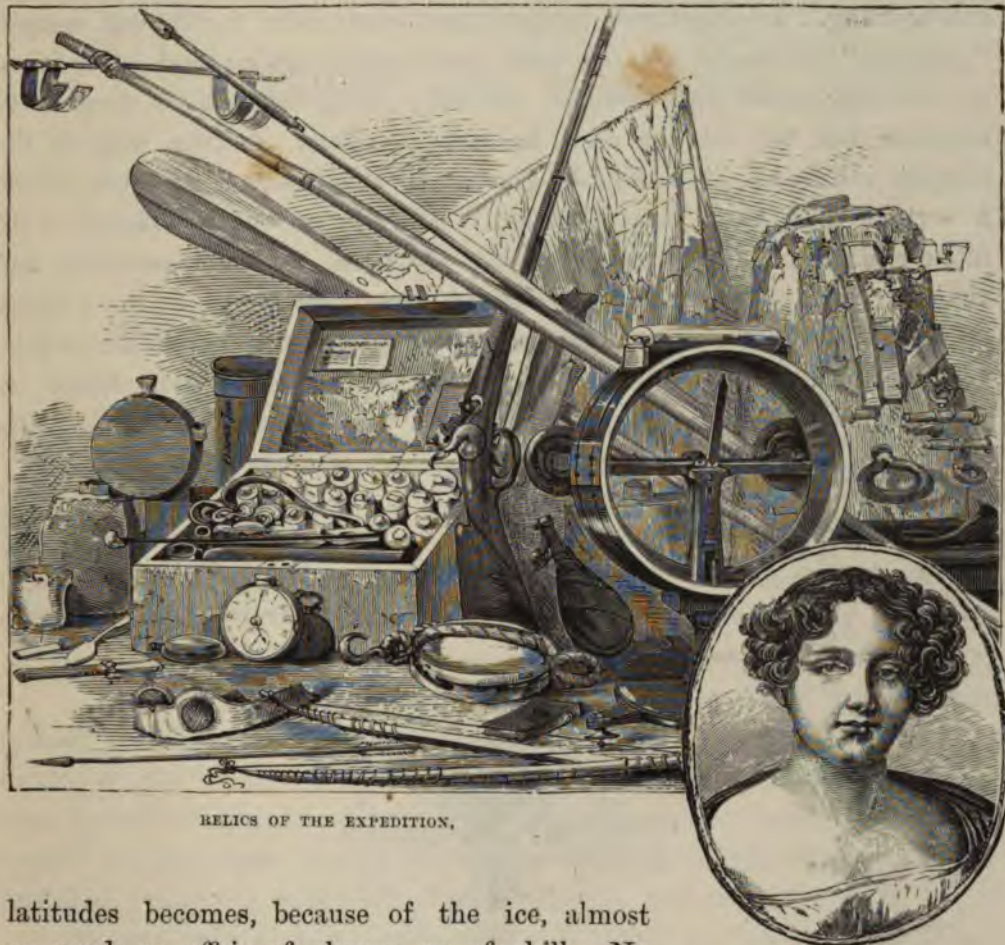
"We might find good excuse for not letting you go, in that tell-tale record which says you are sixty years old," said one kindly-meaning friend.

"No, no, my lord," cried Franklin eagerly, "I am only fifty-nine." So he it was that took the command of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, two fine vessels, that he was right proud of.

The expedition, provisioned for three years, and with 139 men, sailed away hopefully on the important mission; and though nothing was heard of it, no great anxiety was felt at first. When, however, weeks and months passed by the appointed time, public and private feeling was roused, and relief parties went out one after another, seeking and searching for the missing ships; but in vain, until the *Resolute* and the *Assistance* and the brave little *Fox* found traces of them at last.

To get an idea of the horrors of an Arctic voyage, we need only remember what a terrific thing even one glacier is—when, as in the Polar regions, it extends from the shore, and protrudes its craggy form into the wild waters. Large floating masses become detached, and form icebergs, ice-floes, and drift ice. Sailors term this "the calving of the glacier;" and the disruption is heard for many miles. These bergs, or mountains of ice, are often between two and three hundred feet above the sea-level, with as much as seven-eighths of their entire mass hidden beneath the waves. Sometimes they look like Gothic buildings or vessels in full sail; so that it has happened that boatmen have rowed up to pilot the lumps of ice, mistaking them for ships, into harbour.

Even worse than the bergs are the flat floating ice-fields, or floes, as much as hundreds of miles in length, sometimes lying so close together that it is easy to leap from one floe to another; at other times drifting apart. Altogether it is easy to see that navigation in high



RELICS OF THE EXPEDITION,

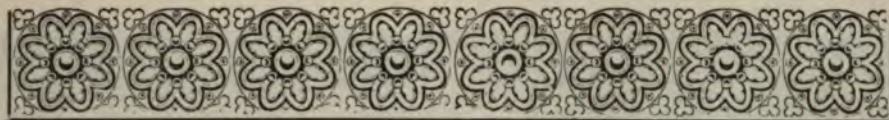
LADY JANE.

latitudes becomes, because of the ice, almost as much an affair of chance as of skill. No conclusion can be drawn from one season as to the nature of the next.

When in the winter—such winters!—the ice gathers round the ship, and holds her fast and tight until the spring returns, and when the influence of summer rouses into activity the fountains of the deep, a dangerous time arrives for the vessel: the loosened masses, rough or

smooth, as it happens, moving in the direction of wind or tide, or both; and the great effort of the navigator is then to avoid getting into the "pack," as he calls the broken masses; for, once in there, the vessel is surrounded and perhaps "nipped" and crushed between the moving ice. To avoid this, he hugs the shore, and waits the chance of any temporary safe opening. It sometimes happens that even when a ship has escaped "packing" it cannot get out into open waters again; and as it is no use drifting about purposelessly, the only thing then to be done is to abandon her, and for the crew to make the best of their way to the nearest inhabited or habitable place. If they cannot do that within a certain time, their fate is sealed. Thus it was with Franklin's ill-fated expedition. In June, 1847, the ship had to be abandoned, and the survivors, taking what they could carry, endeavoured to journey southward; but it was too late—as the Esquimaux reported afterwards, they dropped as they walked. Some of their skeletons were found by the members of the *Fox* expedition just where they fell, while here and there were collected very sad mementoes of that gallant band.





STUDENT AND PROFESSOR.

"Is learning your ambition?
There is no royal road;
Alike the peer and peasant
Must climb to her abode.
Who feels the thirst for knowledge,
In Helicon may slake it,
If he has still the Roman will—
'To find a way, or make it.'"—*G. Saxe.*



ONE Sunday morning in the year 1801 a shabby little "paper boy" stood at the door of a customer's house, waiting for it to be opened. He was not considered a particularly clever boy by anybody, but only rather much given to asking questions which were not easily answered. Just now, tired of waiting, he must needs poke his head and half his body through the railings that separated this house from the next one, and, standing so, considered deeply which side he was really on. Mike never settled the question to his satisfaction, for suddenly, the street door behind him being opened, he drew back, hitting his nose so violently that all other questions vanished before the immediate inquiry after a pocket-handkerchief.

He was only a poor blacksmith's son, living in Jacob's Well Alley, near by. He knew a little how to read and write, but he had soon to give up his poor schooling, and turn half-errand, half-newspaper boy; but four years after this the "paper boy" was one day promoted apprentice to the bookbinding business, and "because of his faithful service, no premium was asked," which was lucky.

This was a grand improvement to waiting about at doors. Such a



FARADAY LECTURING TO CHILDREN.

lad worked honestly, we are sure, but he did not like the business. He loved reading scientific books, and later on practising experiments in chemistry and electricity, such as he could pick out of the "Encyclopædia" and other volumes that came to be bound. He had a liberal master, who was glad to see the young fellow spending his few spare pence in such matters, and allowed him to attend lectures in the neighbourhood.

But there was a joy to come, which influenced Michael Faraday's life, and that was a ticket for four of Sir Humphry Davy's lectures at the Royal Institution. Henceforth he could think of little else. He wrote and re-wrote notes of all that he had heard, making out the matter with neat pen-and-ink drawings. At last a brilliant idea struck our simple apprentice—he wrote of his hopes and aims to the then President, but had no reply from that magnate. Most folk would have been disheartened by this failure, yet at twenty-one years of age, having steadily gone on studying in all spare moments, he plucked up fresh courage, and sent his neat volume of notes to Sir Davy himself.

This time he had better luck. Sir Davy, who had gone through a somewhat similar experience, saw, heard, and sympathised, praised the young man's zeal, power of attention, and memory, and finally obtained for him the proud position of assistant in the laboratory of the Royal Institution, for which he would receive twenty-five shillings a week, and two attics to live in. Now, indeed, was Michael happy.

Never pausing in his system of self-help and self-education, he soon started a sort of "mutual improvement party," consisting of some half-dozen young men, all intellectually eager as himself. They met every Saturday in his shabby little rooms, to read together, and improve each other's pronunciation and construction of sentences. Meanwhile "the assistant" was ever busy, besides making close observations and remarks on lectures, apparatus, diagrams, experiments. Writing of these things to a friend, he humbly says:—"It may appear singular and improper that one who is so entirely unfit for such an office, and who does not even pretend to any of the requisites for it, should take upon himself to censure and to commend others, to express satisfaction at this, dissatisfaction at that, according as he is led by his judgment, when he allows that his judgment is unfit for it." But it was always so; even at

the height of his reputation, he kept his simple and naturally modest manner. Again he wrote, in the same cheery irrepressible spirit:—

“As when on some secluded branch in forest far and wide, sits



MICHAEL FARADAY.

an owl, who, full of self-created wisdom, explains, comments, condemns, ordains, and orders things not understood, yet, full of his importance, still holds forth to stocks and stones around, so sits and scribbles Mike; so he declaims to walls, stones, tables, chairs, hats, boots, pens, shoes, and all inanimate things that lie around him; and so to the end of the chapter.”

Later on he was taken by Davy on a scientific tour over the Continent. This trip, lasting for a year and a half, gave Faraday a higher opinion of Sir Humphry's powers than ever. He had compared him with French philosophers, and was now about to see him engage in those experiments on fire-damp and flame, that culminated, as we know, in the glorious invention of the miner's lamp.

Faraday was but twenty-four when he began to lecture at the City Philosophical Society on "the general properties of matter"—lectures which he first wrote out with close care. He always had great ideas concerning the duties of a public lecturer, and we hear of him attending a course of oratory, long after he might have been quite satisfied as to his own capabilities, and taking one hundred and thirty-three pages of notes on the subject. In those early days he always lectured with a card before him, on which was written "Slow," and another was at hand with "Time," in case he should confuse or weary his hearers.

Faraday annually gave some most interesting lectures to the young, with whom he was always popular. At one time, when the world was astir with spiritualism, table-turning, and other such things, he said at the finish of such a lecture:—

"In conclusion, I must address a few words to the intending philosophers who form the juvenile part of my audience. Study science with earnestness, search into nature, elicit the truth, reason on it, and reject all which will not bear the closest investigation. Keep your imagination within bounds, taking heed lest it run away with your judgment. Above all, let me warn you young folk of the danger of being led away by superstitions, which, at this day of boasted progress, are a disgrace to the age, and which afford astonishing proofs of the vast floods of ignorance overflowing and desolating the highest places.

"Educated man, misusing the glorious gift of reason which raises him above the brute, actually lowers himself below the creatures endowed only with instinct, inasmuch as he casts aside the natural sense which might guide him, and in his credulous folly pretends to dis sever and investigate phenomena which reason would not allow, and which, in fact, are absurd.

"Let my young hearers mark and remember my words. I desire that they should dwell in their memory as a protest uttered in this institution

against the progress of error. Whatever be the encouragement it receives elsewhere, may we, at any rate, in this place, raise a bulwark which shall protect the boundaries of truth, and preserve them uninjured during the rapid encroachments of gross ignorance under the mask of scientific knowledge."

Surely such words as these are worth preserving for the young of all time and of all lands.

Being interested in the question of ventilating mines, Faraday conducted the inquiry concerning a dreadful explosion at the Haswell colliery, spending hours in the galleries where the loss of life occurred. He was horrified with the carelessness of miners. Chancing to ask in what way they measured the rate at which the current of air flowed through the mine, an inspector present took a pinch of gunpowder out of a box, just as he might have taken a pinch of snuff, and dropped it through the flame of a candle, which he held in the other hand, noting on his watch the time the smoke took in going a certain distance.

"Accurate enough for our purpose," remarked Faraday; "but how about powder in such a place? Where do you keep it stored?"

"Oh, it's all right; it's safe enough in a bag that's tied up firmly," was the indifferent answer.

"But where *is* the bag?" insisted the troublesome Londoner, who had some misgiving on the subject; and well he might have, as it appeared, the large sack being soft and yielding, they had, he found, favoured him with it as a seat of honour; but we may imagine how quickly the learned commissioner would spring up, and how unceremoniously he would hold forth on their wicked heedlessness—they who should set examples of vigilance to men hourly in danger from the least carelessness; but they were only proving the force of habit and the truth of the old adage—"Familiarity breeds contempt."





TWO BOLD EXPLORERS.

"ONCE FOUND, WHICH YET UNFOUND, MOST WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IMPOSSIBLE."—*Milton.*



BRUCE won the source of the Blue Nile; Speke and Grant—or, as the Africans called them, "molleggé" (the bearded one) and "masangar" (the elephant's tusk)—won the Victoria source of the great White Nile; and Sir Samuel Baker, at his own expense, fitted out an expedition, and succeeded in completing the Nile sources, by discovering the great reservoir of the equatorial waters of the Albert Nyanza, from which the river issues as the entire White Nile.

On this errand Baker and his faithful young wife started in 1861, travelling side by side into the very heart of Africa, and passing unflinchingly through all imaginable dangers and difficulties till success was theirs; but this was only after five years of perils that one shudders to read of, wandering over scorching deserts and thirsty sands, through swamps and jungle and interminable morasses, dealing often with savages altogether unable to understand their mission, and allowing them to advance only after they had robbed them of all they could under the name of gifts, for which they had an insatiable thirst, the greatest chiefs being in most cases the greatest beggars. They asked for everything they saw, useful or not; for instance, Umbogo entreated for a gift of soap, as he had determined to become the founder of a white race, and he believed that black men were only black because their ancestors used clear water to wash with, while those of the white men had always used soap.

But I am hurrying on too fast. I should tell that the leader of our expedition notes how well-provisioned they were at first for such a journey.



BAKER EXCHANGING BLOOD WITH KAMRASL.

and what curious degrees of luxury and misery follow on an African journey; how, one by one, the wine, spirits, bread, sugar, tea, and other things, are dropped and forgotten, "like the feathers of a moulting bird," and yet, he adds, "we go ahead contented."

Another time he mentions that some kisras, a sort of dry brown pancake, eaten in lieu of bread, is free from sand, remarking:—

"I must have swallowed a good-sized mill-stone since I have been in Africa, in the shape of grit rubbed from the moorhaka, or grinding-stones, which weigh when new about forty pounds; upon these, corn is rubbed with a cylindrical stone held in both hands. After a few months' use half of the original grinding-stone has disappeared, the grit getting mixed up with the flour, so that in time the whole grinding-stone itself may be eaten." After that there is not so much to be wondered at in the digestion of an ostrich.

It was a slow, wearying river journey, and so any little excitement was welcome. Once as they were towing through the high reeds they disturbed a young hippopotamus, and in a minute twenty men jumped into the water to capture it; but it was bigger than they thought, and there followed a fine tussle, some holding its legs, while others threw ropes over its head to keep it fast. The beast, not at all pleased with this, rapidly went off, dragging ropes and captors towards the open river, so that Baker was obliged to shoot him at once. He was found scored all over by the tusks of some other hippopotamus that had been worrying him. Many of the Arabs declared that it was his father's doings, others voted that it was his unnatural mother's, and over this knotty point they argued and squabbled all day long. At night there would have been a fight on the subject had they not luckily decided to appeal to the white captain, to whom they came trooping, hot and noisy, demanding:—

"Was it his father?" "Was it his mother?" that had so mauled him. And the referee gave as his opinion that it was more likely to be his old uncle's doings, upon which there was a general cry of *Wah illahi sahé!* ("By Allah! that is true"), and a sudden calm fell over the assembly as they cut up the fat object of the argument for splendid soup.

This happened as they were on the White Nile, towing through

swamps, tugging by the long grass, and poling against a strong current—a horrible journey: marshes, mosquitoes, dead flats, and light winds.

Had we followed our enterprising party inland, we should have found them engaged in different scenes—have seen a crowd of Africans pressing round four white persons, at whom they stared with much wonderment, though not with such amaze as at their horses, these being a kind of animal which they had not met with as yet; oxen being their ordinary beasts of burden. They shouted and halloed inquiries, which the strangers could not understand, and waved their long arrows and lances in rather an alarming manner. At last the leader of that exploring band was delighted to see an exceedingly ugly little humpty man step out of the crowd, and hear him inquire in Arabic:—

“Who are you? Have you come to trade for ivory or slaves?”

“Neither,” was the answer. “I am a mere traveller, not a trader;” at which there was a burst of incredulous laughter from the crowd.

“But,” continued the man, “have you plenty of cows?”

“Not one; but plenty of beads and copper, which will be here soon;” and the traveller pointed in the direction he was expecting his followers to come with the baggage.

“What countryman are you?” was the next question; and when the answer was “An Englishman,” he shook his head, saying, he had never heard of such people. And when he shared the information with his fellows, they also shook their heads blankly.

“And is that your son?” he asked, pointing to the speaker’s companion, a slight young figure, dressed in loose serge trowsers, blouse, belt and gaiters, the only difference being that the bigger and stronger traveller had his muscular, sun-burned arms bare from the shoulder, for coolness’ sake, and that in his hands he held ready a revolver and a rifle.

“My son? No; it is my wife,” was the unexpected answer, at which the man laughed loudly, and exclaimed “Katab!” which, translated, means, “that’s an untruth.”

“It *is* my wife, I say, who has come with me to see the women of this country,” and humpty interpreted with a twinkle of unbelief in his glistening black eyes.

The people now pressed about most eagerly, and were evidently making all sorts of impertinent remarks about the lady, when, luckily, a friendly chief appeared on the scene, one who knew something of the adventurers, and attention was further distracted by the camels and donkeys with the followers and luggage that were now seen approaching; and presently the chief and the interpreter were made happy with beads; as to the



SIR SAMUEL BAKER AND PARTY ON THE WHITE NILE.

crowds, they rushed off to stare at a red Abyssinian monkey—"Wallaby"—Lady Baker's special pet, that returned these complimentary attentions by flying at their bare legs.

At Latooka the chief's head wife and daughter came to visit the stranger. They were in their best suit of red ochre and fat, with an elegant tattoo for a background, and they stared at the white man and woman in unmitigated astonishment when he asked

them what they thought of his wife. They told him frankly that her appearance might be very much improved by extracting her four lower front teeth, and painting her hair with red ointment. They also advised piercing her under lip, and wearing through it the long, pointed, polished crystal—something like a pencil—which is a fashionable thing in Latooka. It hangs straight down, and, in order that it should not slip through, a bit of twine is wound round the top inside the mouth. As the tongue touches this through the opening made in the teeth, it waggles about in a most comical manner when the wearer is talking. Certainly fashion *is* a tyrant, even in African wilds.

Many and miserable were the difficulties that followed; but their worst experience was in delays from various causes, high grass imprisoned them, and their servants were inactive. At Obbo, notes Sir Samuel, "there were lions roaring every night, but not visible. I set men to construct a fortified camp—a single oblong of palisades; the lazy scoundrels are sulky in consequence of this interruption to their daily occupation of drinking beer, sleeping, and strumming on the rataba; while the women quarrel, one ebony sister insulting the other by telling her that she is as black as the kettle, and jeeringly recommending her to eat poison."

The horses having all died, three oxen were trained—"Steaks" "Beef," and "Suet"—"Beef" being the finest, until the poor fellow had been so worried and bitten by flies that his owners changed his name to "Bones."

When they left Obbo Lady Baker sat boldly on her ox. But her husband, very weak from fever, and not so sure of the good behaviour of his horned steed, preferred having him first driven with the rest, to accustom him to his novel position; suddenly, however, the beast bolted into the high grass, saddle and all, and was never more seen; then a fly having stung Lady Baker's ox, up went his hind legs, so that she was flung far overhead, and not a little hurt, as we may imagine. Indeed, she became so ill that she had to be carried in a litter, while her husband was held on his ox until he fell off for very weakness, and lay on the ground for five hours, sick almost to death. Well might he cry, "Heaven help us in this country!" He thought they should never see England again, and dreaded that his death might leave his wife unprotected.

At length, by slow degrees, they reached Kamrasi, a chief visited by Speke and Grant, and one who could help them on to the longed-for lake. Baker was still so ill that he had to be carried on a mat to the king—a handsome king this, dark as an Abyssinian, and he sat upon leopards' skins, surrounded by his chiefs.

At first he made difficulties when the Englishman declared he had come to visit Lake Luta Nzigé, that he was weak with the toil of years, but that yet he would not return without seeing it; if he died, his queen would think he had been murdered, and send her men of war to destroy Africa, and Kamrasi. For threats they cared not. "The lake is six months farther on," answered the unblushing chief.

But Baker showed him gifts—rugs, and beads, and a gun, which last he fired off, to their great consternation; the chief, however, could not decide, and weeks went idly by. Yet, to show friendly intentions, Kamrasi offered to exchange blood—that is, that a cut should be made in the traveller's arm, and the flowing blood touched by the lips of the chief—a strangely ancient custom. Common enough it appears to be among these African tribes, even as it was in a slightly-modified form among the Scandinavians of old time, with whom an exchange of blood meant a sworn brotherhood in which two or more could join, each wounding the palm of the hand until blood flowed in a stream, and commingling formed a small pool, over which the hardy Norsemen joined the wounded hands, and vowed to serve, protect, and revenge each other's wrongs. Any disregard of an oath so taken was considered shameful, and I believe the African version of it is also held very solemn and binding. It is mentioned as such by several travellers.

"Give, give, give," was the African's motto; and only when there was nothing more apparently to be had, it really seemed that Kamrasi would carry out his promise, and speed them with an escort to Maginago, whence they could see the issue of the Nile, and then send them on by canoes down the river. All seemed fair at last; yet now Baker's strong heart almost failed him, he was so weak and sick with the horror of being delayed yet another year in this godless land; but the brave wife cheered him on, imploring him to bear up yet a little, and all would be well: that she had no thought but to push forward, and view this lake: indeed,

nothing would now persuade her to return—besides, the chief was friendly, and inclined to keep his word. Baker again appealed to him in very desperation.

“Yes,” said Kamrasi, amiably, “I will do all I have promised; but as a parting present you must give me your wife.”

We have heard how it is the last drop that causes the full cup to overflow, so I leave you to imagine the scene that followed. Suffice it to say, the wife was *not* given, and that the lake was reached on the 14th of March. Then, writes the explorer, delightedly:—

“The sun had not risen when I was spurring my ox after the guide, who, having been promised a double handful of beads on arrival at the lake, had caught the enthusiasm of the moment. I hurried to the summit; the glory of our prize burst suddenly upon me. There, like a sea of quicksilver, lay far beneath the grand expanse of water, a boundless sea horizon. England had won the sources of the Nile. It was no dream. A witness sat before me—a face still young, but browned like an Arab’s with years of exposure to a burning sun, haggard and worn with toil and sickness, and shaded with cares, the devoted companion of my pilgrimage, to whom I owed success and life—my wife.”

Truly, as we close this most interesting record of difficulties overcome by perseverance, endurance, and determination, we are reminded of those words of Washington Irving:—

“No man knows what the wife of his bosom is—no man knows what a ministering angel she is, until he has gone with her through the fiery trials of this world.”





THE IRON DUKE.

“Thy calm mien
Recalls old Rome, as much as thy high deed;
Duty thine only idol; and serene
When all are troubled, in the utmost need
Prescient: thy country's servant ever seen,
Yet sovereign of thyself whate'er may speed.”—*B. Disraeli.*



EVERY one is familiar with that pretty fable of the “Ugly Duckling.” Every one knows how the poor young thing was reviled and slighted by handsome kin, because of its awkwardness and its grey colour. Why, it could not even quack like the rest of the family. It was—well—it was only the “ugly duckling,” and the less one saw or heard of it the better. And yet by-and-by, when it so unexpectedly developed into a stately swan, how proud and glad those poor shabby relatives must have been when the noble and dignified creature condescended to look their way; and how they must have preened their scanty feathers and glorified themselves in his state, and admired the very shadow he cast on the smooth lake.

There have been “ugly ducklings” among families of boys and girls. Of one such let me gather a few facts, for there are but few known. The “man” never cared to talk or tell of his childhood, which of itself is a sign that it was not as happy a memory as it might have been.

There were four brothers, I believe, in the old house. Three of them, bright good-looking lads, were carefully educated and attended to; the other, little Arthur, was nothing to look at, and giving small promise of turning out a scholar, was sent to a cheaper school at Chelsea, where



WELLINGTON AT WATERLOO.

there seems to have been more play than work. Not a bad thing as yet, for a little delicate pale-faced boy of ten years old, who was so slow that he was openly declared by his own mother to be the family dunce, and she kept him in the background accordingly.

But young Wellesley had neither strength nor spirits to romp and tumble with those big strong lads at Mr. Brown's, with whom, as one can easily imagine, he was no great favourite. The master considered him indolent, and heavy, and careless, and frowned upon him in class or as he came slowly lagging out of the schoolroom. Instead of joining the rest full of laughter and fun, he would take his stand against the trunk of a big old walnut-tree that stood in the middle of the ground, and, with both hands in his pockets, watch the noisy frolics in which he could never be persuaded to mingle. Sometimes the lads would make a rush, and fairly drag him from his vantage-ground; but then he would get cross, hit out right and left, and struggle his way out of their hold and back to his tree, where he would generally be left at last to his sullen dejection, out of which he was only roused when he saw any unfair advantage taken or rule of the game broken. Nothing of that kind escaped his observant eye, or failed to be at once loudly announced to the whole party, who always chose him as umpire.

The boy seemed to care for nothing but music, of which all his life he continued to be very fond. Perhaps he inherited the taste from his father, Lord Mornington, who composed sundry odd pieces that we still find in our old music-books. "Here in cool grot reclining," a glee for four voices, is still a great favourite with many of our best singers.

So time passed on, Arthur stumbling through his lessons as best he could, which was as badly as a boy well might; his clever and proud lady-mother spoke of his sullen idleness with haughty impatience, instead of trying to charm it away with loving words; and only once, to his great wonderment, his elder brother called at the shabby school-house at Chelsea, and magnificently tipped his young brother to the extent of a shilling—no great thing for a young lord to do, when it would have to be shared with so many boys, but enough for "our Arthur" no doubt.

Such a boy as this was not likely to figure proudly at Eton, where

he was just as idle, dreary, and shy as ever, making little advance and few friends. Indeed, one cannot help fancying that he was somewhat provoking and quarrelsome in those early times; for we read that one day, seeing Bobus Smith bathing in the Thames, Arthur must needs stop



NAPOLEON AT WATERLOO.

and throw a clod of wet clay full at the swimmer, who called out indignantly that if young Wellesley did that again, he, Bobus, would land and thrash him. Dab came another clod, and out of the water scrambled Smith, who, catching his schoolfellow, administered a hearty slap in the face, which was immediately returned; and then the two fell to fisticuffs, and the injured Bobus decidedly got the worst of the fray, which, no doubt, made him wroth at the time, though in after life

he used to say gleefully—"I was the Duke of Wellington's first victory."

When the holidays came, the lad spent them with his grandfather, at Brynkinalt, in North Wales, a quiet little place, where the boy had nothing better to do than first to form a great friendship, and next to have a violent quarrel with, the son of Hughes, the village blacksmith, whom he considered to have wronged him in some bird-nesting matter. They fought the quarrel out bravely, giving and taking hard blows; but, truth to tell, the future "Iron Duke" got decidedly the worst of it, and was treated to a severe thrashing. Yet, as Hughes remarked when he told the story, "Master Wellesley bore me not a pin's worth of ill-will for the beating, but made me his companion in many a wild ramble after the fight, just as he had done before"—rambles which he must have enjoyed far more than studying at Eton, where, however, he did not remain long, his father dying poor, and his proud mother taking her "ugly boy" with her to Brussels, where they might live cheaply. And here, again, we hear of his playing well on the fiddle—the only indication he had given of any taste or talent. Certainly at this time he had no thought and no wish to be a soldier; indeed, I fancy a civilian's quiet life would have been the lad's own choice had circumstances permitted, or had not that strong-minded mother of his ordained, when he was eighteen, that he should go at once to the military school of Angers, and prepare for the army, where her family interest could promise advancement, and his scholarship would not particularly matter.

Then we lose sight of Arthur altogether until we hear of his appointment as ensign, and next as lieutenant, in a foot regiment. Just as shy and diffident a young officer as he had been a schoolboy, nobody took much notice of poor Arthur. It is told how one night he went to a grand ball, and not having the courage to engage a partner, hung about the band, luckily a very good one, the whole evening, listening to the dance music. When the party broke up, and every one was chatting merrily, young Wellesley was ignored as if by common consent, and left to travel homewards with the fiddlers as best he could.

Yet one thing was remarked by those who cared to notice, that from the time he reached man's estate he read a great deal, fell into the way

of acquainting himself with everything worthy of notice that went on about him; no exhibition of a new discovery, no display of skill or ingenuity, however seemingly absurd, failed to interest him; and he was quick and ready at drawing inferences, illustrating in his own person a remark he was heard to make, that in many cases "sound sense is better than ability," though, as he proved in after life, he had plenty of both.

Many years afterwards, when at the height of his fame, the Duke of Wellington calling at the house of a French nobleman, met an old nurse with a pretty little girl in her arms. He was always exceedingly fond of children, their ways and doings, and when he saw this one looking at him with scared blue eyes, he held out his own arms and would fain have taken her in them; but she turned from him with a shrill cry of aversion, clutching her nurse round the neck as though to protect her from him, and beginning to cry in the most frantic fashion:—

"But why?" asked the soldier, in vexed wonderment at the frightened angry mite.

"He—he beats everybody," she whispered at last. "No doubt," said the Duke, when he laughingly told the story, "no doubt she had heard the nurse say so, and thought I should beat *her*."

Yet if the little creature could only have known it, Wellington had no desire to beat any one but the foe in the field, and this he did with right good will and valour. Calm, and cool, and observant in the battle-field, as becomes the leader of hosts, he took command of our armies at a time when the military character of Britain had become of small account, and other nations, trained to arms by continual warfare and aggression, derided all her warlike operations, declaring that whatever victories she might have achieved in past times were the result of chance, and that such a nation had better attend to home traffic than seek to hold its own with other nations.

This was the general opinion when Wellington came upon the scene, and changed the face of affairs by stepping from victory to victory. This is no place for a long list of campaigns, nor am I fond enough of "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war" to do more than hint at the various battles in which our Commander was engaged—Corunna, Talavera,

Badajoz, Toulouse, Vittoria—but this last reminds me how Wellington became Field Marshal of England, and held the baton of such.

Spain and Portugal had of late been one great battle-field, upon which tens of thousands had been slain. To understand the why and wherefore, you must refer to the many volumes indited on the subject. Here I can only tell you that the French forces, commanded by Prince Joseph Napoleon, were collected at Vittoria, and that they were threatened by an allied army commanded by our Iron Duke, who was determined to drive them out of it. A very desperate battle followed, and the French were at length forced to retreat, fighting bravely as they went, struggling gallantly, but in vain, against their determined adversaries. After many hours they were completely routed, and obliged to fly, Joseph himself and Marshal Jourdain riding off at last, leaving all their arms and baggage behind them. A great amount of money was also captured, which was mostly pounced upon by thievish camp-followers—those very disgraceful circumstances of “glorious war;” but they brought Wellington the French Marshal’s forgotten baton, having first stolen its gold tip. This wand of office the commander at once forwarded to King George, or, rather, the Prince Regent, as a token of English victory. In hot haste came a return messenger with a letter of warm gratulation and regard. It concluded thus:—“You have sent me among the trophies of your unrivalled fame the staff of a French Marshal, and I send you in return that of England.” Truly enough there was the soldier’s sceptre fairly won.

For now my “ugly duckling” had indeed become a full-fledged swan of the most magnificent description. Lord Chancellor Eldon remarked in the House of Lords, “It is a fact unprecedented in the history of England that in little more than four years this commander has been raised to the highest rank the crown can bestow, and not one title has been bestowed without its appropriate meed. Arthur Wellesley, whether as knight, viscount, earl, marshal, marquis, or duke, has paid the price of each successive step by some heroic deed that will illustrate the pages of British history when perchance the pages of the British peerage will cease to be consulted.”

Wellington continued steadily to retrieve the military reputation of his country, routing all the most distinguished officers of Napoleon one

after the other, and on the field of Waterloo finally defeating that most able and successful commander, "the Child of Destiny," as his adherents loved to style Napoleon.

At one period of this battle, the Duke, surrounded by his staff, had evidently become the special object of the fire of a French battery. The shot fell fast about them, striking and tearing up the ground where they stood. The horses turned restive, and Wellington's own favourite, Copenhagen, so fidgety that his master became impatient, but not wishing to leave the spot said, coolly, "Gentlemen, we had better divide a little." Presently an officer came up and told the Duke that he had a distinct view of Napoleon, attended by his staff; that he had the guns of his battery well pointed in that direction, and was prepared to fire full upon the Emperor.

"No," cried the Commander, emphatically, "no, I will not allow it. It is not the business of commanders to be firing at each other."

The battle ended, Wellington had to ride back to head-quarters, over the bodies of so many brave men that he had trained to arms and led to victory, that hot regretful tears came into his eyes, and he declared that he had never yet fought such a battle, and hoped never to fight such another. And the great general had his wish, and for the future served his country in courts instead of camps. After a long and useful political career, in which he displayed the qualities which had rendered him so successful as a military leader, namely, firmness, caution, and foresight, he died at Walmer Castle in 1852, and was buried with great state in St. Paul's.

"Victor of Assaye's orient plain,
Victor of all the fields of Spain,
Victor of France's despot reign,
Thy task of glory done,—
Welcome! from dangers greatly dared,
From triumphs which the vanquished shared,
From nations saved, and nations spared,
Unconquer'd Wellington!"



THE HERO OF CAWNPORE.

"Pray for rescue, wives and mothers—
Pray to-day!" the soldier said;
"To-morrow, death's between us
And the wrong and shame we dread."

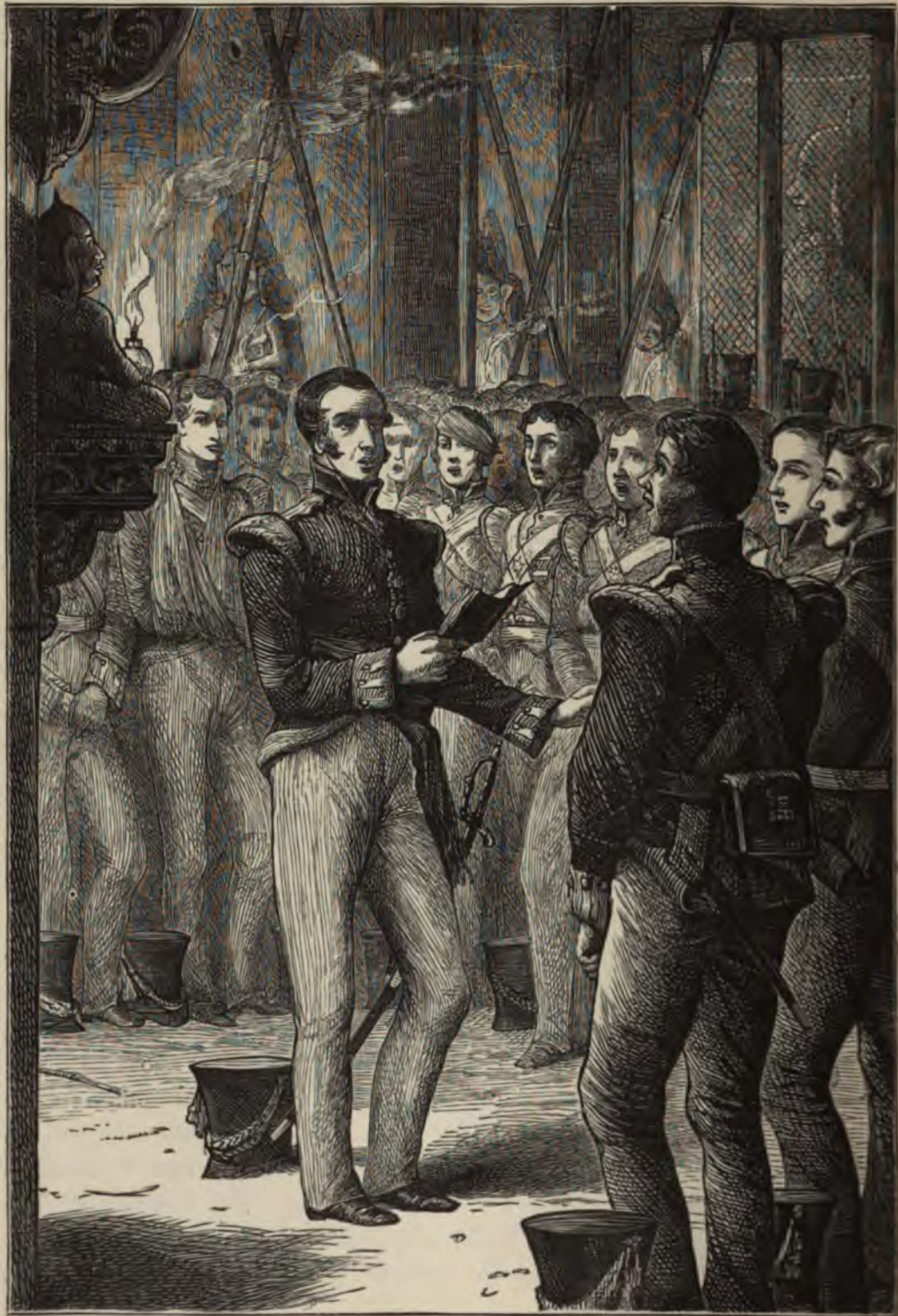
Oh! they listened, looked, and waited,
Till their hope became despair,
And the sob of low bewailing
Filled the pauses of their prayer.

Then up spake a Scottish maiden,
With her ear upon the ground:
"Dinna ye hear it? Dinna ye hear it?
The pipes o' Havelock sound!"

Then a burst of wild thanksgiving
Mingled woman's voice and man's:
"God be praised! the march of Havelock!
The piping of the clans!"—*Whittier.*



YHEN Henry Havelock was a lad nothing pleased him better than to hear the family traditions, which certain old friends had at their finger ends. His father was a matter-of-fact shipbuilder now; but his fathers of long ago had been Danes, and had built ships of far different fashion, in which to scour the seas. One such Havelock, it was said, was, in the dim past, handed over to a fisherman, with stern strict injunctions that the child should be thrown into the Humber. But Grime had done no such cruel thing; he had saved and carefully reared the infant, who by-and-by had grown into a warrior renowned for strength and prowess, and



HAVELOCK CONDUCTING SERVICE IN A TEMPLE AT RANGOON.

proved himself the long-lost son of a Danish king. It must have been all true; for was there not a metrical romance concerning "Havelok the Dane?" Besides, Grime himself, as every one knows, lived to found the town of Great Grimsby, at the mouth of the Humber, the very seal of the corporation still bearing his effigy, having in hand a scroll, on which is inscribed "Havelok!" And though it is not particularly easy to trace the family pedigree clearly and definitely to the brave Dane, there seems reason to believe that the loyal Christian general who, in 1857, made his name so popular, may really have been a modern Viking; and in some ways he certainly resembled the sea-kings of old.

Like most men who have developed into good soldiers, little Henry was self-reliant and rashly bold in his childhood. When but a small curly-headed urchin of seven years he scrambled into a tree-top to possess himself of a bird's nest; and just as the longed-for prize was almost within reach, snap went the branch and down came the boy all unconscious. I do not know who picked him up and restored him, but whoever did it anxiously asked the little, bruised, tearful fellow how he had felt while falling; whether he had not been very terrified at the crashing branches as he came through them headlong.

"Oh, no; I hadn't time to be so very frightened," said the child, gravely considering it over. "You see I was thinking all the poor pretty bird's eggs would be smashed, and trying to hold them fast; so I hadn't time to think of myself falling." And so it seemed to be with him always; he had no time to think of himself.

"Old Phlos" they called "the Hero of Cawnpore" at Charterhouse, where Addison, and Steele, and Westley, and so many others, have spent their boyish hours. "Old Phlos!"—not a very ceremonious appellation, but no doubt a very apt one, boys being pretty good judges of each other's peculiarities, personal or mental. This grave and meditative youth, more fond of looking on than of joining in their boisterous sports, struck them as resembling one of the ancient philosophers they read so much about, and so they abbreviated the whole into "Old Phlos." It might have been worse.

A God-fearing soldier and a strict disciplinarian did the earnest, grave-faced schoolboy of Charterhouse become in future years, ever de-

voting himself to the spiritual as well as bodily welfare of his men, the 13th Light Infantry, assembling them often, when there was leisure, that they might hold religious converse, or join together in the old familiar home tunes and hymns of long ago. Once, when the town of Rangoon was captured, and there was great fear of wild, unmanly excesses to follow in the first flush of victory, the noble chief, after successfully exerting all his power to keep his own men within bounds, led them away to an empty Indian pagoda, where, amid monstrous idols, he stood surrounded by a hundred soldiers, all as calmly reading and singing psalms as though they had been in some quiet village church in far away old England instead of in a fallen enemy's town. But for all that—nay, because of all that, and perhaps, too, because of his ancestors the Danes, Havelock was a bold, unflinching soldier, shirking no difficulty or danger, one who had many narrow escapes with his life. At Sobraon a cannon-ball entered his charger through the saddle-cloth. Down went horse and rider in the dust, but up sprang the soldier, and continued to fight a-foot without staying for another horse. Once, during what was called "the night of horrors," Sir Henry Hardinge found him asleep, his head on a sack of gunpowder. When roused, he simply remarked, "I was so tired." Of course, there were plenty ready to sneer at the 'parson soldier,' who always hoisted a flag over his tent on Sundays, and invited all who would to attend prayer. Some officious persons reported his prayer-proceedings to the Commander-in-Chief. "He baptises men," they complained; "he converts them, too." And the commander not quite understanding the charge, caused strict inquiries to be made into the real state of Havelock's regiment compared with others.

"Less drunkenness, less flogging, less crime, far less imprisonment," came the report, which there was neither doubting nor contradicting.

"Take my compliments to Colonel Havelock, and tell him he is at liberty to baptise the whole army, if it will produce such a result," said Lord Gough. And on an occasion when he anticipated desperate fighting work, he cried hastily, "Turn out the saints. Havelock never blunders, and his men never drink!" A splendid testimony from such a commander.

I like to figure the men whose brave lives have been of service and

consequence to their country ; so here I must pause to describe this hero of mine. At the time, when lately escaped from shipwreck, he landed at Calcutta, the usually gay 'City of Palaces,' was dismal enough just then, for from afar spread the great and black shadow of evil days to come ; of the fierce deeds of that blood-thirsty Mahratta chief, Nana Sahib, and his mutinous companions ; of the blood of those unoffending victims of Cawnpore. It was even said that already the rebel hosts were on the march, and that on the 23rd of June, the anniversary of Clive's great victory of Plassy, every European in India was to be exterminated. At this time Havelock was about sixty years of age, slim and pale, and seeming altogether, as some remarked, very like a Puritan of old—those men at once children of the Bible, and masters of the sword—simple in life, and strong in battle. He was a man who might never have attracted



STATUE OF HAVELOCK IN TRAPALGAR SQUARE.

attention at all, and so quiet and self-restrained, that his merits only appeared in time of need, that infallible test of heart and hand. Quickly he began the march to Cawnpore at the head of that small army which was to preserve the honour of England. No room here to tell of its work, or how the sepoys, being well armed, tried to stay it, first at Futtehpore, then

at a village named Aong. Several desperate engagements followed, until the English arrived within about four miles of Cawnpore, where a hundred women were imprisoned, and there face to face they encountered Nana Sahib's forces, strongly entrenched, and so sheltered by walls that it seemed hopeless to attack them. But Havelock rode up to his Highlanders, saying, "Those guns must be taken; and, men, remember I am with you." And though it was through a fierce fire, they *were* taken, and other such bold deeds done, that the enemy, defeated and routed, fled from Cawnpore, and the British troops entered it, not to free the poor ladies and their little ones, but to find that they had all fallen victims to the ferocity of the Nana.

The only thing to be done now was to hurry to the relief of Lucknow.

The rest is a matter of history. All I have room to tell here is that "Braveheart," worn out by fatigue, died in the hour of victory, saying to Sir James Outram, who could find no words to tell his sorrow at parting, "For more than forty years I have so lived that when death came I might face it without fear." Surely he had faithfully considered that fine passage in the pages of the old divine he had loved to study from his youth up, and had taken to heart its meaning:—"He that always waits upon God is ready whensoever He calls. Neglect not to get your accounts even, for he is a happy man who so lives as that death at all times finds him ready to die."





PLOUGHBOY AND PRESIDENT.

"THE GATES OF DEATH ARE OPEN NIGHT AND DAY."—*Dryden.*

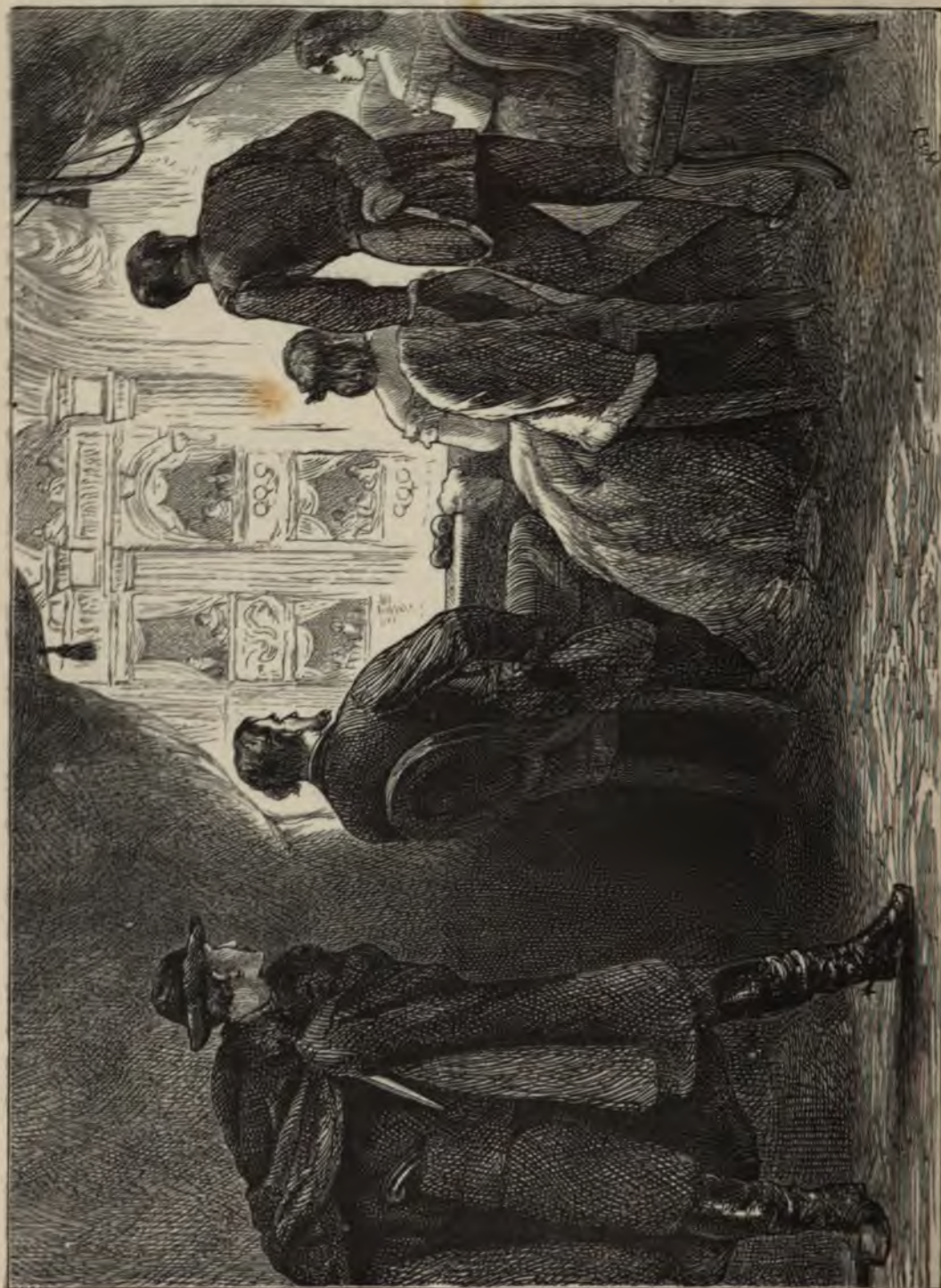


LITTLE Thomas Linckern, Linckoun, Lincoln—what you will—went slouching about the country, doing nothing in particular beyond sitting in stores or under shady trees, chatting with all who would listen. For a living he took to doing rough carpentering work and odd jobs at Joe Hanks's, in Hardin county; and there he met and married pretty Nancy Hanks, a highly-educated girl for the place and period, for she actually could read and write—acquirements that in due time so impressed her husband that he got her to teach him to sign his name, instead of as heretofore merely making his clumsy mark.

Little Abe's parents settled on a farm near Knole Creek, whose clear waters fell splashing into Rolling Fork and so into Salt River and the Ohio; a famous place for an active little boy to grow up in, to dabble in water after fish, or to scramble up trees after winged and finny things. Once when attempting to "coon" across the river by the aid of a sycamore tree, the future President went over headlong, and was only saved by the frantic exertions of another boy, who held on to his jacket and screamed till some one ran to the rescue.

Then came a time when Abe's sister was sent to school at odd hours, and Abe's father bid his little son "git along" with her, much to the boy's delight, for he knew that his big parent admired "muscle" more than learning, and began to doubt if he should be allowed to learn anything except farm-work at home.

Yet this longed-for schooling was not easily got at, for Caleb Hazel,



ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

renowned more for his power and readiness to "lick" big boys than to impart knowledge to studious little ones, resided four miles away, over very rough road, and the poor children had to trudge that distance, carrying as best they could ragged books, and a dinner consisting generally of corn bread and apples.

So the years flew by, and as little Abe grew tall, his father grew discontented and quarrelsome. He wanted to be moving on—to emigrate to another part of the country. So he built a boat, and launched it on the Rolling Fork, put his carpenter's tools on board, and four hundred gallons of whiskey, with which he intended to trade. Then away went our adventurer, his ramshackle bark floating with the current until it reached the Ohio safely; but here, from some cause or other, it came to sudden grief, capsized, all the lading vanished, and Thomas narrowly escaped drowning.

But Abe's father was not easily disheartened. He fished up a few stray tools and most of the whiskey, righted the boat, and floated on until he landed safe and sound in Indiana, where he sold his boat, left his things in charge of Posey, an old settler, and trudged off to select "a location," which he fixed upon some sixteen miles farther. Then he turned, and walked all the way back to Knole Creek, in Kentucky, loaded what few goods he had there upon two borrowed horses—clothing, bedding, one oven and lid, one skillet, and tin ware—and with one wife, one little girl Nancy, and boy Abe, "packed through to Posey's," camping out at nights, and, luckily being a good marksman, shooting provisions enough to keep them till they reached the friendly settler's shanty. There he hired a waggon, loaded it with his things—not forgetting the whiskey—and away to the now famous "Lincoln Farm," which had yet to be evolved out of the forest properties.

A strange, wild place, this "location"—a sort of untrodden wilderness then; not a large village now. It was situated between Big Pigeon and Little Pigeon Creeks, in a country covered with a dense overgrown forest of oaks, beeches, walnuts, and sugar-maples, all so closely packed that the energetic new comer had to hew a way for the waggon to advance. There he set down his chattels "for good," building a half-faced camp—that is, a camp about fourteen feet square, with no flooring,

enclosed on three sides and open on the fourth. It was built of poles, not logs—that made the difference between camp and cabin in such places. One good thing was the plentiful supply of provisions, for the whole neighbourhood abounded in bears, deer, turkeys, and game.

It was a miserable house, however, for its owner preferred out-of-door work to putting up windows or laying down a floor. He made a bedstead of poles stuck in the cracks of the logs, and resting boards on this threw over it a shake-down of leaves and the skins of wild animals. There were a few three-legged stools, a table fashioned out of a hewed puncheon, a few tins and pewter platters; as to the rest, it was “fingers before forks,” in all its primitive simplicity. In the wall were driven a few rough pegs—not to hang clothes on, but for Abe, now nine or ten years old, to climb up to his sleeping-loft by.

Thus much for our “ploughboy.” Let me describe the “President,” or, as he was generally termed, “old Uncle Abe,” who, to begin with, was over six feet four in height, long, lean, and wiry in figure, blue-eyed, and black-haired, with the complexion of an octoroon, and a thin face, which, though by no means handsome, beamed with such genial good humour that it was pleasant to look upon. He spoke in a slow, diffident manner, but with a sweet-toned voice that could become eloquent, and he used many of the quaint Western idioms he had picked up in his youth. He moved about in a slow way, too; a friend pictured him thus:—

“His towering figure, sharp and spare,
Was with such nervous tension strung,
As if on each strained sinew swung
The burden of a people's care.”

There is no space here to tell of his public career. Of his character as leader it has been said that no man in our era, clothed with such vast power, ever used it so mercifully; no ruler holding the keys of life and death ever pardoned so many, and so easily. When friends said to him they wished he had more sternness, he would answer:—“I am just as God made me, and cannot change.” His doorkeepers had standing orders from him that no matter how great might be the throng, though senators or representatives had to wait, or to be turned away without an audience, he must

see, before the day closed every messenger that came with a petition for saving life. A friend came to him very late one night, when he was faint and wearied out with a long day's troublesome labours, and begged of him to interfere in the case of a young deserter sentenced to be shot. He heard the whole account with his usual patience, and then with a sweet smile stealing over his plain, honest, care-furrowed face, he scribbled his name



BIRTHPLACE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

to a form of pardon, remarking, as he placed it in the eager hand of his visitor :—

“Some of our generals complain that I impair discipline and subordination in the army by my pardons and respites; but it makes me rested, after a hard day's work, if I can find some good excuse for saving a man's life, and I go to bed happy as I think how joyous the signing of my name will make his family and friends.”

Once when there was a question as to what was the right course to pursue, he cried earnestly and enthusiastically :—

“Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.”

That is one peep. For the next we need only turn to the New York papers dated April 25th, 1865; and if we wonder why they speak of general consternation and distress, of tolling bells and flags half-mast high, we shall soon see the cause, for here it is on the first page:—

“ Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, was assassinated in his private box at Ford’s Theatre, Washington, while sitting with his wife and two friends. The assassin quietly entered the box during a pause in the performance, and shot the President, then bounded forward on to the stage, and brandishing high a large dagger, cried, ‘*Sic semper tyrannis*’ (the well-known motto of the States of Virginia); and before those near him had rallied from their consternation, he had reached the door, mounted a horse ready bridled, and off and away into the shadows of night.”

Poor “Abe Lincoln!” he had not lived long to enjoy the power and popularity he had won. When the news was brought to him, at Springfield, Illinois, in May, 1860, that he had been nominated at Chicago as President, his thoughts instantly flew to the dear wife so soon to be widowed, and his first words were—“Well, I guess there’s a little woman down at our house would like to hear that. I’ll go and tell her.” Poor woman, how sad for her to see him murdered by her side! She was consoled, however, with the knowledge that the great aim of his life was accomplished, and that slavery was abolished in the United States.





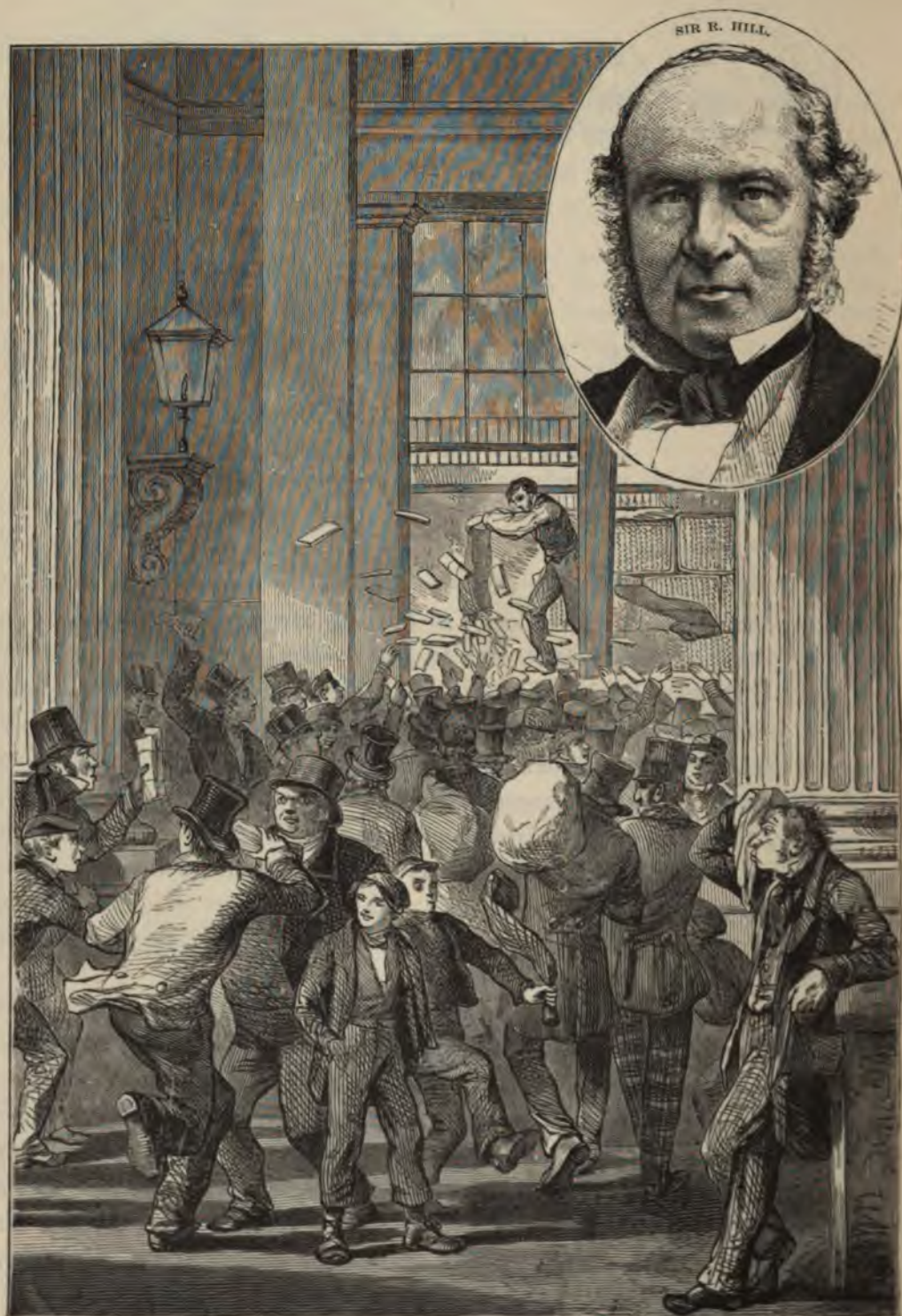
SIR ROWLAND'S "PLAN."

"MY MIND WAS SET
SERIOUS TO LEARN AND KNOW, AND THENCE TO DO
WHAT MIGHT BE PUBLIC GOOD, MYSELF I THOUGHT
BORN TO THAT END."—*Milton*.



IT has been well said that in the case of inventors, it is not so much what a man "does," as how he learns to do it, and how he does it, that we all want to know. We so soon come to think that what *is*, has always been, that our curiosity is not much excited about the origin of the conveniences of modern life. We accept the improvements themselves as a matter of course, yet if to get them adopted there is a hard struggle with ignorance, routine, indifference, and jealousy, then our interest is at once aroused. Now this is why I think you will care to read of Sir Rowland Hill; but, as usual, I want to interest you in the youth of my hero before I tell of his doings as a man; doings by which you, and I, and everybody about us, are benefiting every day of our lives.

"The history of a man's childhood is the description of his parents and environment"—so wrote Carlyle; and Rowland's parents were folk worth describing, though the father left his children no other inheritance than habits of industry, the example of his own virtuous life, a detestation of tyranny and injustice, and an ardent zeal in the cause of civil and religious freedom. With perfect truth those words might have also been applied to his mother, of whose grandmother such a "brave tale" is told that I must linger to record it here, even though our hero himself be kept waiting in the shadow of the London General Post-office.

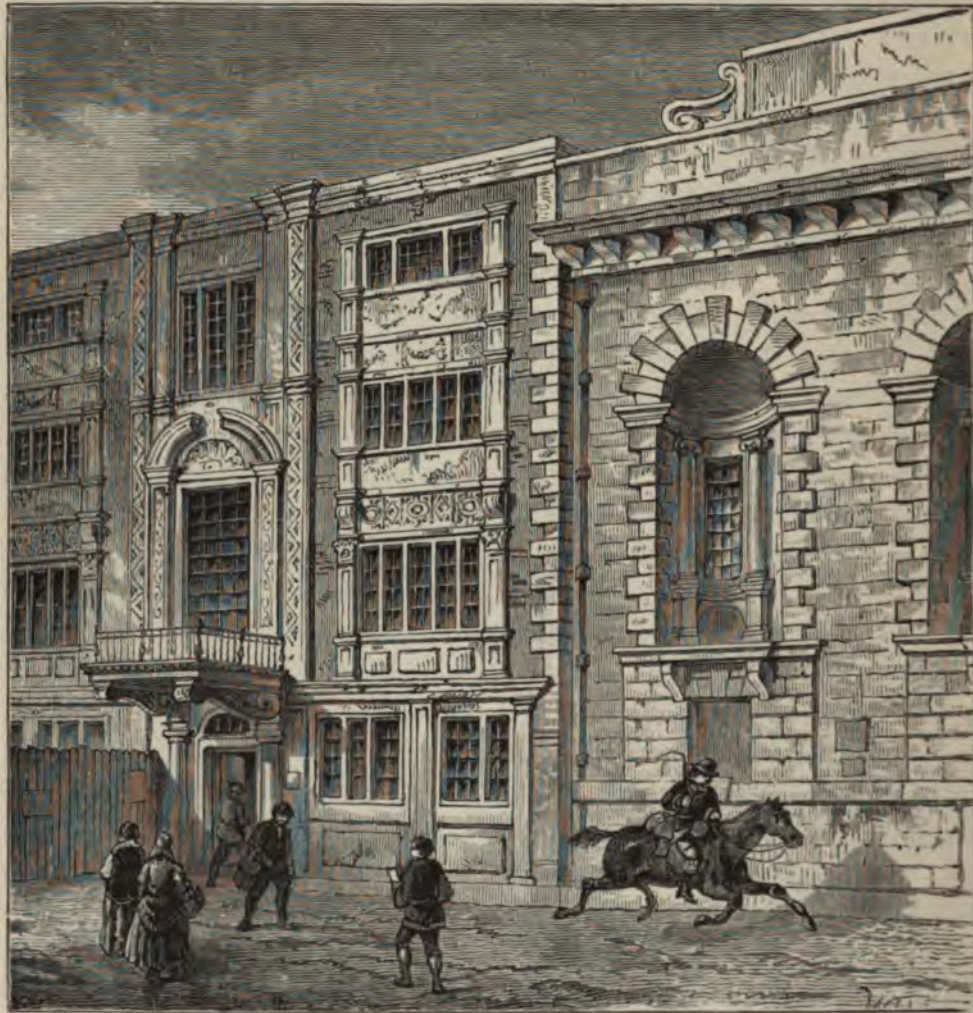


THE FIRST DAYS OF THE PENNY POSTAGE, 6 P.M.

Long years ago, pretty Sarah Simmons, losing her parents, was left with her and her fortune in charge of some very strict, cold, and formal folk, that carried family discipline to extremes even in those rigorous days, when young people were scarcely allowed to have wills or wits of their own. These unamiable relatives at once ordained that the girl should marry a man of their choosing, for whom she had neither liking nor respect. Then, because she naturally enough objected, they locked her up, and treated her very harshly; until, half heart-broken, she managed to escape, with an old soldier's coat wrapped high about her shoulders after a fashion then common enough among poor women. Once out of the house, away she sped toward Birmingham, fifteen miles off. On the way she was stopped by her uncle's servant, who, mounted and in hot haste, called on this dusty wayfarer to know if she had seen a pretty, well-dressed young lady pass that way; too startled to speak, she only shook her head, and he, never suspecting her, sped off on his wild-goose chase.

Once hidden away in Birmingham, Sarah sought out work, and being clever at spinning supported herself entirely, never claiming the property that her relatives held; not even when in time she married a hard-working, honest man, with whom she lived very happily until a terrible fever broke out in the town—one of those fearfully contagious fevers that people dreaded so much—that when a poor neighbour died of it, his friends went off and left his body unburied, to the great danger of all those in the vicinity. But Sarah, thinking it better that one should take the risk of infection than that many should be in danger, ordered a coffin, and herself laid the poor deserted body in it and saw it buried. Then she came back and cleared away as thoroughly as she might all traces of the late dread visitant, thus staying the further spread of the disease as far as others were concerned. But she, poor wife, soon sickened and died, leaving four children, and her husband refusing to be comforted, was laid by her side ere the year was out. This brave woman's eldest child—a girl—was worthy of her. She was only thirteen, yet she would not let those little ones be taken from her, declaring she could and would support them somehow, and, unlikely as it appears, this young maid did so. Spinning untiringly from morning till night, she managed, with a little aid, to keep them alive, and as soon as she was strong enough went into service and

earned good wages that apprenticed the boys. A girl more heroic, surely, than many a lady of high degree. One is glad to hear that she married



THE OLD POST OFFICE IN LOMBARD STREET.

her master's son William, a well-to-do farmer, who loved her for her noble self. Her daughter it was who became the mother of Rowland Hill, of whom it has been said, "He stands pre-eminent and alone among all the members of the Civil Service, as a benefactor to the nation."

Rowland, as a child, was a delicate little fellow, and did not really learn anything until he was seven years old. Then his energetic mother persuaded his clever, though impracticable and dreamy father to start a school, thinking that, at any rate, their sons would get properly educated. But what her sickly boy loved better than study was working in a little out-building where there was a forge, and vice, and benches. He was always a capital mechanic, but then though he spent all his pennies in nails and things, how to get more was a continual puzzle, and we hear of all sorts of odd shifts—simple things enough in themselves, but that show the spirit of the eldest young Hills, an instance or two of which I must relate here. One Good Friday morning Rowland and Matthew, having been sent with a big old basket to town to buy a large store of hot cross buns, heard, as they were returning homewards, the usual Birmingham street-vendors' sing-song cry:—

“ Hot cross buns ! hot cross buns !
One a penny, two a penny, hot cross buns !
Sugar 'em, and butter 'em, and clap 'em in your muns,
One a penny, two a penny, hot cross buns ! ”

Boy-like, on their way they began to mimic the cry, which Matthew—one day to be Town Recorder, and to have a statue erected in his honour—did to such perfection that sundry folk came demanding penny-worths. The lads, half-laughing, half-ashamed, disposed of their store, emptied their basket, and ran back into the town for more, having cleared quite a large profit between the wholesale and retail prices, and then people were glad to purchase the buns close at hand.

But even before this, Rowland had been a dealer on his own account, for in his new garden he found growing a crop of tall horehound, which some one told him would fetch money in the market. The little fellow, hearing this, cut all the herb properly, tied it into neat bundles, which he put in the basket, and with his small brother Arthur, marched off to the town market-place. Here he took up his stand in right business fashion, sold his wares for eighteenpence to a woman, who remarked gruffly that he must tell his mother to tie up the herb in bigger bundles next time.

Most of the boy's money was spent in tools. With what wood they could collect, he and his brothers once set about building a flat-bottomed boat, in which they planned to sail through the Birmingham and Worcester canal and up the Severn to Shrewsbury, not knowing that the canal had not yet been carried half-way to the Severn; they actually finished the boat, which proved only just strong enough to carry them across a horse-pond; nevertheless it afforded them much enjoyment.

Rowland would have got on well with lessons but that he was so often ailing, and then, too, he had to come and go and make himself handy in all sorts of ways. A weaker-minded man would not have cared to mention this when he had made name and fortune, but he was honestly proud to tell of early struggles, and wrote words that may serve as an encouragement to some lads of to-day, who may have mistaken grievances of a similar kind.

"I was called upon at a very early age to perform many offices which in richer families are discharged by servants—to go on errands, to help in cleaning, arranging, and even repairing; in short, to do any work that lay within my power. By this means I gradually acquired a feeling of responsibility, and habits of business, despatch, punctuality, and independence, which have proved invaluable to me through life."

When he was aged but eight he was given a volume of "Early Lessons," and had to attend to a class of small children. He managed to stumble along pretty well until they came to the word "mezereon," which he had to pronounce and could not, so he just skipped it, gravely informing the tiny listeners that this was a word that was always passed over, as no one had ever yet found out how to read it properly!

At twelve, Rowland regularly taught in the school, and got but few more lessons himself except by home intercourse with his clever father, and by attending various lectures which he gave. Some of these being on electricity, the lad set to making an electrical machine for himself, over the difficulties of which he toiled for a year and a half, at the end of which he noted:—"I shall never forget the joy I felt on taking the first spark from the prime conductor."

We will leave the boy to grow into manhood. Then we soon begin to hear of his "plan;" for from that time forward it was the object of

his life, and he did not rest until he had made it generally known. High and low talked of it at last, though few believed in it.

"Of all the wild and visionary schemes I ever heard of, this one is the most extraordinary," cried Lord Lichfield, the great postal authority of the day.

"You mean this nonsense of penny postage," said clever Sydney Smith; while shrewd Lord Monteagle smiled down the topic when it was broached at evening parties, and lifted his eyebrows at the credulity of a world which could suppose so visionary a scheme would ever be tried. "A letter carried all over the kingdom for a ——— Bah! what next."

And yet it was very tempting, as far as most people were concerned, to have a penny postage throughout the whole of the United Kingdom. At this time every letter travelling beyond the narrow limits of the London postal district's office had to be paid for at the rate of from fourpence to one shilling and eightpence each single sheet of paper, and for the least little extra scrap of paper, the epistle was charged double. No wonder that the world stood agape at a plan by means of which ever such poor folk might swiftly hear from absent friends, mothers from their sons at school, and wives from their husbands, away perhaps seeking work; mill-hands and country people hear from their mates at work in another town, without spending on the welcome lines as much as would more than buy them a needed meal, for it was on the poorer classes that the tax fell heaviest, as richer people often found means of sending letters and getting news, the nobility and such as had friends in Parliament, whose signature "franked" letters, and sent them going gratis. It was not usual for such missives to be prepaid, and there were sometimes very pitiful scenes enacted when a longed-for letter came to some poor cottage home where tenpence—the average rate—could not easily be raised to pay for it. Women would offer their little bits of treasures—perhaps a spoon or other small thing for the folded paper that told of the health and whereabouts of some dear one, and bitter tears were shed as they saw the precious message carried off unopened.

It was surely some such scene as this that first set Rowland Hill thinking over the subject and devising a remedy; for he says:—

"I early saw the terrible inconvenience of being poor. My mother

used to talk to me more than all the others together, of our difficulties, which were very grievous. She used to burst into tears as she talked about them. One day she told me she had not a shilling in the house, and she was afraid lest the postman might bring a letter she was anxiously wanting, before she had money to pay the postage."

He was for months and years perfecting a possible means, studying and calculating indefatigably, meeting with opposition and difficulties at every turn, though need I say that when the plan—Rowland loved to call it "my plan"—was fairly stated and understood, 2,000 petitions were presented to Parliament praying for it to be carried out. Need I also say that visions of all kinds of insurmountable difficulties were conjured up by people in power, according to whom the Post-office would become bankrupt and a charge on the Government, and every one would be sending letters everywhere, which would never be paid for at all.

But they had to do with a man who, once possessed with an idea, was not to be worried out of it; one who by enduring early hardships had attained a thorough self-mastery. In everything but work the most temperate of men, Rowland, whatever happened, never repined over the past, or when he had once taken a step fretted at the result, though his health was weakened by the long struggle and constant strain and anxiety and responsibility. For the last years of his life he could seldom leave his room, and his nerves were so weakened that he could not bear the slightest sound or stir; yet he still could write, though with weak and faltering hand:—

"I accept the evil with the good, and frankly regard the latter as by far the weightier of the two. Could I repeat my course, I should sacrifice as much as before, and regard myself as richly repaid by the result."

Such was the man who, never resting till his good aim was attained, made "this nonsense of a penny postage" a fact, dating from 1840.

Oxford made him a Doctor of Laws, and the Queen, a Knight Commander of the Bath, and in his eighty-third year the city of London gave him its Freedom, and Westminster Abbey a grave, whereon might well have been inscribed those words of Johnson's, "Great works are not performed by strength, but by perseverance."



THE LIBERATOR OF ITALY.

“THIS WAS THE NOBLEST ROMAN OF THEM ALL.”

He only in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, “*This was a man!*”—*Julius Cæsar.*

“**T**HERE is but one hero in Europe, I do not know a second, and all his life is as a legend.” So wrote Michelet, the historian. So felt every English heart, when the liberator of the two Sicilies landed on our shores in 1864, the sailor who had struck the crown from the head of an autocrat Bourbon king, and with a leaky ship and a thousand volunteers had attacked and overthrown a government commanding an army of 15,000 men and a war fleet of 98 vessels. Truly it has been said, that no king, no emperor, was ever received as that simple, honest, blue-eyed soldier-sailor, in scarlet shirt and grey mantle, was by hundreds of thousands of Englishmen, who pressed forward to do him the homage he accepted so humbly—accepted, not for himself, but for the good cause that he was the representative of. Diamond-hilted swords were of little consequence to him, except as presented by a free and honest people, whose good wishes had been his through all ills, and who believed in the sanctity of his motto—“*Dio e il popolo*”—and the unselfish faith with which he had upheld it in the face of all opposition and danger and difficulty.



GARIBALDI AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE IN 1861.

Giuseppe Garibaldi—the very name means “war-bold” or “spear-bold” among the Germans—was a very humble lad, the son of a fisherman, whose bark was ever out, morning and noon, in search of a precarious livelihood for his family. Though his parents would fain have had him become a priest, this child took to the sea as a bird does to the skies. He loved not such scholarship; and once when they insisted, he actually persuaded two or three other urchins to set sail in a small bark for Genoa, a hundred miles away. Luckily, though to their great disgust, they were observed and brought back. Another time the same little party drifted off in a boat. One of the boys toppled over into the blue waters of the Mediterranean. There was a loud, helpless wail from the others, but Giuseppe took a header, and seizing hold of the drowning lad, managed to save him. At eight years old he clutched a washer-woman overbalancing herself in the stream, and held her fast against the tide until she could be rescued. Truly a brave life and noble from the first, and happily encouraged; for Giuseppe was the son of a good mother, of whom he said long years after:—

“I am not superstitious, yet I will affirm this—that in the most terrible incidents of my life, when the ocean roared under the keel of the ship, tossing us about like a cork, and when bullets were whistling around us like hail, I constantly beheld my mother praying for me, and felt that no harm could happen to me when such holy prayers ascended to heaven.”

He was a sailor first, until at twenty-eight he was captain of a small bark. Handsome, bright, and cheery, he could sing, navigate, and fight. Being gallant, and honest always, he declared later, “I have never been disheartened in all my life, and I have always found persons ready to assist me.” Who could wonder? He was always so ready to serve others. Above all things he loved his country, and travelling about the coast, heard much of her people’s wrongs, and her tyrants’ ill-doings, till his heart throbbed with a noble ambition to serve and save her from thralldom. Then a comrade whispered of a band of patriots that were dreaming of the same noble task, and the young sailor joined their company. They thought of freeing their land at one blow, but they were watched; each had to fly for dear life. Giuseppe Garibaldi cast off his sailor’s dress, and disguised himself as best he could, for a big price was put on his head. So

he vanished no one knew where, and for fourteen years Italia saw him no more. Sometimes a drover, sometimes a farmer, and sometimes the commander of a trading vessel he continued busy, biding his time in South America.

Yet meanwhile the cause was progressing at home, where there were plenty of bold patriots ready to lay down their lives for Italian unity and independence; but among the boldest and bravest was Giuseppe Mazzini, who had by word and deed inspired his countrymen with the loftiest ideas of patriotism. Neither promises nor threats had the slightest effect on him; there was no silencing either his eloquent tongue or pen, no seizing upon the troublesome personage, who seemed ubiquitous. For all the heavy price put upon his head, it passed safely before the very eyes of those who would have given the great price for it. All the troubled Governments in Europe were against him and the doctrines he taught. They were fain to have been delivered from such a man, and many were the spies and detectives employed to stay him, yet he passed where they congregated most, and none could ever stay him. Once they had tracked him to Genoa, and he walked along a railway platform, calmly smoking his cigar, and entered a train that some of his pursuers were gazing at. Another time they even followed him into a room, but he hid behind a wainscot; and when, bewildered and surprised at not finding him, they went tapping about here and there, he followed their steps, placing his back against the woodwork to prevent its returning a hollow sound.

Garibaldi, the man of action, soon became acquainted with this man of thought, and together they worked for their dear land, Mazzini scattering his opinions far and near by means of *Young Italy*, a newspaper, the possession of which was considered a crime, and the perusal of which was punished as treason. Freedom of thought was ruthlessly suppressed. These decrees, too, were not entrusted to the slower mercies of the law courts, but to a military tribunal, that seized upon men for a few careless words, if those words only suggested independence, and shot them in the back, to make the sentence the more ignominious. A terrible time, surely, when one who survived it wrote, "They put irons on my legs, and I was removed to a loathsome dungeon, where the windows were double barred, and the doors double locked. I could see my neighbour



GARIBALDI AND VICTOR EMANUEL ENTERING NAPLES.

through a chink in the wall. He had irons on, too, and a guard on each side of him, with drawn swords, as he lay upon his bed, and an armed man at the door, none daring to speak. One day he was led out to execution.

He was led a long way round, that the route might pass his dwelling, where his wife, children, and sister lived, yet he smiled at their wicked craft, and said, 'They forget that there is that in the world which I love more than them. Viva l'Italia!' and he loudly bade his guard quicken their steps that he might the sooner meet his doom."

One day, at Rio Grande, young commander Garibaldi saw a group of laughing girls busy at their household work. They took small note of him, or how the sailor's bright blue eyes rested long and earnestly on one, the fairest and busiest among them; but when she stood alone on the shore he went straight to her side, and taking the little sunburnt hand in his, said, in his soft Italian, "Maiden, thou wilt be mine," and she, it seems, answered her handsome, frank wooer with as frank a "Yes;" for soon we hear of Anita as his well-beloved wife, who adored him passionately, and who, sometimes in man's clothing, followed him by land and sea, in the troubled days yet to come, proving herself a very Amazon, and for love of her hero doing brave deeds.

Garibaldi himself, who never wearied of the subject, tells how once, after a long five hours' engagement with an imperial ship, "I had one of the most cruel emotions of my life, for while Anita on deck was cheering our men sword in hand, there came a cannon-ball, which knocked her down, as well as two men near her. I sprang towards her, expecting to take up my dead, but she rose unhurt, though the two were killed. 'Go below now,' I implored. She said, 'I will, but only to drive up the cowards who have gone there to hide.' And she did so, and they came looking terribly ashamed because of that woman behind them."

Another time, when Menotti Garibaldi, whose name became so associated with that of "il Liberator," was a little baby, his mother was captured on the battle-field, where she had been surrounded by soldiers, and when called upon to surrender, had spurred her horse, and dashed past their ranks; but a bullet had gone through her hat, and her horse falling, she was seized and brought before the commander, who treated her courteously, granting the one thing she begged—that she might seek for her husband's body; for he was thought to be among the slain, and Anita would not leave it there. Then the faithful wife went forth through the dreary forest, and for hours looked from one white face to another,

until at last her heart beat high with hope as she entered a house where she chanced to see his cloak, which somehow had been found, and left there. She exchanged her own for it, and in the darkness of the night slipped out, and made her way until she met with one who gave her a horse. Then away she fled, along roads where ambushed imperialists fired on every passer-by; and once she came to a river where they had stationed men to stay fugitives, but nothing stayed Anita, for she crossed, clinging to the horse's mane, and presently, all worn and weary, lay safe in her husband's arms.

Such was the wife that our leader of men chose on that summer's day by the sea; such the wife that he saw droop fainting by his side in a midnight flight towards Ravenna. He caught her in his strong arms, and carried her into a little wayside farm, where the poor folk laid her on their bed, and did all they could to aid; but suddenly Anita died, and the farmer dug a grave, and they laid her in it with pious care. There her heart-broken husband, the patriot soldier, left her he loved; for Italia's need was great just then, and the Austrians on his track wreaked their base vengeance on the good farmer, for they slew him among his people on his own homestead, because he had sheltered a dying woman, the wife of a chief they hated and feared.

When, in 1848, there seemed a fine chance of effecting the independence of his dear "Italia," Garibaldi was there and doing with such experience as made him a splendid commander; but he had to fly, and sought an asylum in the United States, where they would have given him an ovation, but he would not. His work was but begun, and he was content to wait in obscurity. From being a general in command, he became a candle-maker at Staten Island.

Garibaldi a candle-maker! Why not? He must live and wait. His shop was next a tobacconist's, kept by another patriot who had but lately been Minister of War. An old shipmate found him with his shirt-sleeves tucked up, dipping wicks. "How glad I am to see you," he cried gaily. "Shake hands—if you don't mind the grease, and tell me of Italy."

He did not remain long at Staten. He sold his tallow shop, and became captain of a vessel trading with China, and raised money enough one way and another to buy a farm on the tiny island of Caprera, then

almost a desert spot, where he cultivated cabbages, and hewed stones, and kept a look-out, until war between Austria and Sardinia brought him to the rescue of his country. The chance had come at last, and Garibaldi seized upon it eagerly.

Before he returned to his island home, the tyrant of Naples was driven from his throne. All Italy, except the Papal dominions and Venetia, was one united nation, and possessed a constitutional king, Victor Emanuel, by whose side the "Liberator" entered the rejoicing city he had freed; for well did all know that it was the magic of Garibaldi's name, the fire of his patriotism, his genius for command that had accomplished the work. When he wanted men he called them, and they came; when he desperately wanted means, the Lombard women sent him their treasured heirlooms of necklaces; when he wanted enthusiasm, he had but to appear, and the people shouted "Viva Garibaldi!"

And for the reward of all, what would the "Liberator" accept? What honours were great enough to offer one who had done so much? He wanted nothing. All they could do for him was to let him return and look after his dear little farm. He was tired of noise, and din, and applause. He wanted to look after his lambs and sugar-canes; besides, he was always ill as soon as the need for excitement was over, racked with the pains of old wounds, or rheumatism, and yet the moment there was a call to arms, he forgot his weak body's troubles. Now that his task was ended, he felt the green close sward and the song of the lark suited him far better than martial music or the thundering "vivas" of a grateful population. And on this pleasant isle of the sea Giuseppe Garibaldi lived his honoured life, carrying out to the last that motto which was found inscribed in English on his "testamento"—"Overcome evil by good."





THE ZINCALI'S FRIEND.

I AM NOT OF A GENTLE CLAN;
I AM SPRUNG FROM GIPSY TREE,
AND I WILL BE NO GENTLEMAN,
BUT AN EGYPTIAN FREE.—*Translated.*

THE DOG THAT WALKS FINDS A BONE.—*Saying.*



SINGULAR fancy for a staid English gentleman to feel a particular sympathy for the wandering race; but he remembered no period when the very name of gipsy did not awaken feelings in his mind, hard to be described, but in which a savage pleasure predominated. When he mentioned this to the gipsies themselves, they were in no way surprised, accounting for it by declaring that the soul that now inhabited his body had, no doubt, at one time tenanted that of one of their people; for, like the followers of Buddha, they imagined that their souls by passing through an infinite number of bodies attain a state of perfect rest and quietude—the only idea of heaven they can form, when they care to form any; the more strange because that they certainly do not long for such enjoyments on earth. As we can see for ourselves even in England, the little tent and the covered cart are for ever on the move; even when there seems not the slightest necessity for stirring, the gipsy must have change. Strangely enough, wherever gipsies are found, and that is pretty well everywhere, they resemble each other in limb and feature, in the cast and expression of the eye, in the colour of the hair, in walk and gait. Everywhere they have the same strange tendency to hunt for their daily food in preference to working for it. They do not



A ZINCALI VILLAGE NEAR SEVILLE.

cultivate the earth—they live on its products; and if they must work, they are tinkers or smiths, singing in chorus as they hammer the bar of hot metal and send the sparks flying in every direction:—

“More than a hundred lovely daughters I see produced at one time, fiery as roses, a hundred in one moment gracefully circumvolving.”

One day long since, our Englishman was standing at the door of a little posada at Badajoz. He had lately travelled through Portugal, then infested with robbers and desperate characters, and was now on his way to Madrid; but as he stood there, thinking how sad it was that so fair a land should be lost in ignorance and anarchy, and wondering also how he could best teach some of the poor natives the truths of that Word which he was secretly, and at great peril, distributing among them, there came by two men wrapped in cloaks. As they passed up the deserted street, he caught sight of one of their swarthy faces; and as the bright, dark eyes glanced at him, he put out his hand, and stopped the men with an unexpected word or two, which acted as a spell.

They were Zincali, or Spanish gipsies; and well might they start and show their white teeth and smile, to hear their Romany language spoken by this traveller from afar. They answered all his questions readily; told him that they, and those of their tribe, lived by trafficking mules and asses, but that they of Badajoz were all very poor. Peeping under their big cloaks the Englishman saw that they were in rags, though they soon strode away, talking as freely and boldly as lords. However, they only went off in such haste to carry the news to others, that at the inn was a stranger who spoke Romany like themselves—one who had the face of a gitano. He seemed to be of the blood. In less than half an hour the street before the inn was filled with men, women, and children, poor, in rags, and dirty; but they pressed unceremoniously about the stranger, asked him all sorts of questions, felt his hands, face, and clothes, and unanimously decided that he was a gipsy, and then retired chatting excitedly.

That evening, as Mr. Borrow was sitting in the middle of the one large room the inn afforded, thinking over the evil expression of his morning visitors, and how little a single face among them could be trusted, the two gitanos marched in, and, flinging aside their cloaks, sat down, and began to smoke their cigarettes, and to talk; they were

both in rags. One was awkwardly tall and bony, with odd, whimsical features, that were for ever twisting and changing; the other, a kind of Hercules, with shaggy black hair, ferret-like eyes, an immense mouth, big white teeth, and a withered right arm. He was named Paco, and did the talking.

"In truth," he cried, "I little thought when I saw you standing by the door of this posado that I was about to meet a brother, and one, too, right well dressed, yet not afraid to speak to a poor gitano. But tell us, brother, from whence you came. Are you a Moor?"

"No," said the Englishman. "I was born in an island of the West Sea called England. I suppose you have heard it spoken of." This scene, remember, took place in 1836, when travelling was not so general as now. This gipsy, however, had heard of England—nay, remembered when the English soldiers clambered over the walls and took Badajoz from the French. He, Paco, was but a child then, but knew that the streets ran red with blood and wine.

"But," he asked, with sudden surprise, "are there gitanos among the English? And do they get their bread as we of Spain? Do they shear, and trim, and buy and change beasts? and," in a lower voice, "do they thieve a little?"

"Ay," said the traveller, "the men do all these things; and the women tell fortunes and perform tricks, and gain more money than their husbands, by means of fair falsehoods, and the cards and palmistry, too."

"So it is with us," cried the visitor, joyfully. "A gitana will earn gold, while her silly husband will be toiling with his shears for a few coins."

Yet when the traveller asked, "Do not the gipsies of Spain relieve each other if in distress; it is so with them in our country?" the man only shook his head, and said, in a shamed sort of way, "The king has destroyed the law of the gipsies; we are no longer the people we were once—ready to assist each other at all times. Very frequently the gitano is the worst enemy of his brother. Those of Andalusia are many, and they follow the gipsy law, which, you know well enough, brother, is—at least, in Spain—cheating the Christian on all possible occasions, and being true to those of the blood in life and death."

And both these strange creatures jumped up, and shouted excitedly,

"Chachipe!" (it is true) ; and then they sat down, and told boastfully of many evil, dishonest things that they had done.

This meeting with the Zincalis so interested the Englishman that,



THE ZINCALI FORTUNE-TELLERS AND THEIR VISITORS.

instead of leaving Badajoz as he had planned, he stayed on, hoping that as they so strangely trusted and believed in him as one of their own, he might be able soon to tell them a little of the great truths they knew so little of. "Surely," he considered, "my work is before me here. Should I travel to the end of the universe, I could find no people so utterly in need of that Christian teaching which none could impart, who knew not their

peculiar language; for though they often use holy names and words, these have no meaning to them whatever. I will alter this evil state of things, at whatever difficulty to myself. They trust me. I can surely explain to them something of religion and faith."

George Borrow was so in earnest that he carefully translated certain suitable portions of Scripture into their dialect, and assembling as many gipsies as would come, read to them the simple parable of Lazarus, and that of the Prodigal Son. The history of poor and suffering people and of human love and charity, he hoped, would appeal to the most untaught; he hoped, however, in vain. But though they listened with a sort of wondering admiration, it was only because their jargon could be so written and read; nobody cared to remember the rest. Only once a woman said:—

"Brother, you tell us strange things, though perhaps you do not lie. A month since I would sooner have believed these tales, than that at this day I should see one who could write Romany."

Such are the Zincali, the gipsies of Spain, the purest specimen of which, the black men of Zend, or Ind, I am told, are to be found amid the dilapidated walls and ruined convents in the environs of Seville, where they flourish in all their natural glory and dirt. Here the men are busy and noisy, some hammering out shoes, others trimming the fetlocks of horses, or shearing their mules or borricos. The younger men wander off to the town, where they ply the same sort of work; while the younger women trail about with piles of rush baskets, which they are very clever at fashioning, and sell for whatever they can get; at their heels run chubby, ragged elves, black-haired and wild-eyed, who roll and tumble, squabbling in their shrill Romany tongue. As to the old women, they are apt to betake themselves, with their wares or their chaffing-pans, to the banks of the Guadalquivir, and there, squatting on the ground, they light a charcoal fire and roast chestnuts, which they sell to passing Sevillians. Maybe, too, they make some appointment with a shy Maritana who believes in the cunning of those whining old hags, ever ready to promise a fair fortune to all maids possessing a few maravedi, and unwitting acting in opposition to the gipsy's own proverb, "Although thou seest me dressed in wool, I am no sheep."



THE BOYHOOD OF DICKENS.

"A LITTLE SORROWFUL, DESERTED THING."—*Hood.*



GADSHILL HOUSE stands on high ground in the main road between Rochester and Gravesend. Once a traveller, driving by, had a curious fancy as he passed. It is worth telling in his own words:—

"So smooth was the old high road, and so fresh were the horses, and so fast went I, that it was midway between Gravesend and Rochester, and the widening river was bearing the ships, white-sailed or black-smoked, out to sea, when I noticed by the wayside a very queer small boy.

"‘Halloa!’ said I to the very queer small boy. ‘Where do you live?’

"‘At Chatham,’ said he.

"‘What do you do there?’ said I.

"‘I go to school,’ said he.

"I took him up in a moment, and we went on. Presently the very queer small boy said, ‘This is Gadshill we are coming to, where Falstaff went out to rob those travellers, and ran away.’

"‘You know something about Falstaff, eh?’ said I.

"‘All about him,’ said the very queer small boy. ‘I am old (I am nine), and I read all sorts of books. But *do* let us stop at the top of the hill and look at the house there, if you please.’

"‘You admire that house,’ said I.

"‘Bless you, sir,’ said the very queer small boy, ‘when I was not more than half as old as nine, it used to be a treat for me to be brought to look



"HE READ ALOUD THE BOOK WHEREIN THE MASTER HAD WRIT OF 'LITTLE NELL.'"

at it, and now I am nine I come by myself to look at it. And ever since I can recollect, my father, seeing me so fond of it, has often said to me, "*If you were to be very persevering, and were to work hard, you might one day come to live in it,*" though that's impossible,' said the very queer small boy, drawing a low breath, and now staring out of window at the house with all his might.

"I was rather amazed to be told this by this very queer small boy, for that house happens to be *my* house, and I have reason to believe that what he said was true."

And true it certainly was; for the speaker wrote on the 14th of March, 1856, "Paid £1,790, the purchase-money for Gadshill Place;" and the first thing he had done on taking possession was to hang up an illuminated scroll, on which was this inscription:—

THIS HOUSE, GADSHILL PLACE, stands on the summit of Shakespeare's Gad's-hill, ever memorable for its association with Sir John Falstaff in his noble fancy.

"But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning by four o'clock, early at Gad's-hill! There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses. I have vizards for you all; you have horses for yourselves."

Although many alterations and additions were made inside, the exterior remained very much the same as when the queer little boy had first admired it—a plain, old-fashioned, two-storeyed, brick-built country house, with a bell-turret on the roof, and over the front door a quaint, neat, wooden porch with pillars and seats. Only a week before his death in 1870, Charles Dickens said to his youngest daughter, as he showed her the new conservatory, "Now, Katie, you see positively the last improvements at Gadshill." She had often said he never would be done improving.

Charles Dickens was a very sickly boy, fit for no active exertion, no cricket, nor even marbles, peg-top, or prisoner's base, because of a sudden

troublesome spasm that would come unexpectedly and take away his breath. Yet he loved to watch other healthier lads at play; and soon he loved to read and learn, first at his mother's knee, and next at a day-school with his little sister, in a funny back room over a shop, where the governess always wore a big beaver bonnet, and sniffed discontentedly as she nursed a very snappy, puffy pug dog.

As he grew older he fed—nay, crammed—his eager mind with the contents of shelf-loads of old books—"The Vicar of Wakefield," "Robinson Crusoe," "Roderick Random," "Don Quixote," "The Tatler," and the "Arabian Nights." Travels he devoured, and he tells us how for days he went about armed with the centre-piece out of an old set of boot-trees, the perfect realisation of Captain Somebody of the British Navy, in danger of being beset by savages, and resolved to struggle desperately for his life. No wonder that the boy took to writing scraps of stories and reciting pieces, which latter he did standing on chairs and tables that all eyes might the better mark the small speaker.

Chatham was a pleasant place for such an imaginative small boy to grow up in. There were always gay regiments coming and going, plenty of martial music, the banging of drums, and the too-tooing of bugles, not to mention parading, firing, sham sieges, and, beyond all, the shining waters of the Medway, flecked with the white sails of ships; then there was quaint romantic Rochester itself, with its bulging houses, its swinging signs, and its grand old castle and cathedral. But when he was nine years old the scene was changed. The pleasant country house was given up; the family were packed in a stage coach, smelling of musty straw, and in a heavy fall of rain driven to far-off London, and settled in poor lodgings, where there was no garden, no river, no merry boys. His parents were sad and disheartened because of the poverty and trouble overclouding their lives; and our "queer small boy" had a very miserable time of it, getting neither smiles, nor books, nor schooling. The only treats he had now was when he was taken to visit his godfather at Rotherhithe, who made masts and oars, and loved the old-fashioned boy, calling him openly "a real prodigy," because of his shrill-toned comic songs, and odd sayings.

Worse and worse happened yet, for the father was imprisoned for

debt, and the poor boy was almost broken-hearted. Little by little all their things had to be sold, even the small library. Charles took the books he so loved and got what pence he could for mother to buy dinners with; so that gradually every one vanished from his possession, and he had now to work in a very miserable way, for he was put in a situation at a blacking-maker's, and left to do as best he could in London, no one taking further thought about him than if he had been a stray kitten—not even his parents, who seem for a time to have forgotten his existence.

“It is wonderful to me how I could so easily have been cast away at such an age. It is wonderful to me that, even after my descent into the poor little drudge I had been ever since we came to London, no one had compassion enough on me—a child of singular abilities, quick, eager, delicate, and soon hurt, bodily or mentally—to suggest that something might have been spared, as certainly it might have been, to place me at any common school. Our friends, I take it, were tired out; no one made any sign. My father and mother were quite satisfied; they could hardly have been more so if I had been twenty years of age, distinguished at a grammar school, and going to Cambridge.”

So wrote Dickens, the famous novelist, long years afterwards, shuddering still as he recalled the miserable time when, still only “a queer small boy,” he was sent to cover pots of blacking in a tumble-down, dirty old warehouse by the Thames, being paid at the rate of six shillings a week: with which six shillings he had to keep himself; and being so young, and all inexperienced, it was a difficult matter not to spend a trifle over his income at the beginning of the week, and so go very hungry at the end. Poor child! he was left to do as he could, and wretched work he found it—alone in London, without advice, counsel, or encouragement. “But for the mercy of God, I might easily have been, for any care that was taken of me, a little robber or a little vagabond.” Far worse than hard and scanty fare was the rough and rude companionship of such lads as he had to mix with—Bill Fagan, and Poll Green, and the carman. Yet over these, the queer small boy quietly managed to assert himself; for they got to talk of him as “the young gentleman;” and once, when Poll Green sneered and rebelled at such distinctions, tall Bill Fagan pommelled Poll vigorously. The “young gentleman” was too honest and

proud to complain, or shirk his work; that was not his way of showing superiority; neither did he boast of his relationship to the master of the blacking-warehouse. No; to man or boy he never gave the slightest sign.



GADSHILL PLACE.

CHARLES DICKENS.

"How much I suffered it is utterly beyond my power to tell; but I kept my own counsel, and I did my work. I knew from the first that if I could not do my work as well as any of the rest, I could not hold myself above slight and contempt." He might well boast of this, for in it lay true innate bravery; it makes us understand something of the man, something of

his success and "thoroughness" in after years. Would that every worker could as honestly say, their life's work done, "Whatever I have tried to do in life, I have tried with all my heart to do well. What I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely; never to put one hand to anything on which I could throw my whole self, and never to affect depreciation of my work, whatever it was, I find now to have been my golden rules."

No need to mention what Dickens's work among us has been, from the days when, under the shade of his little brother's pet name "Boz," he ventured to write a first timid paper, to that later time when his own was a household word among us, and when from over the sea came such a heartfelt and pleasing tribute as this of Bret Harte's:—

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rough humour, painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form, that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth.

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
To hear the tale anew.

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the fire-light fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy—for the reader
Was youngest of them all—
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall.

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray;
While the whole camp with "Nell" on English meadows
Wandered, and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes—overtaken
As by some spell divine,
Their cares dropped from them, like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire,
And he who wrought that spell !—
Ah, towering pine, and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell !

Lost is that camp, but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory
That floods the Kentish hills.

And on that grave, where English oak and holly
And laurel wreaths entwine,
Deem it not all a too-presumptuous folly—
This spray of Western pine !

THE END.

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